

# PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S  
FASHION  
AUTHORITY

25¢

JUNE

JEANETTE McDONALD  
By Paul Hesse



THE MARRIAGE PLANS OF GINGER ROGERS AND HOWARD HUGHES

Complete Novel in this Issue **LILLIAN RUSSELL** The Loves of a Beautiful Woman of Destiny

SUMMER FASHION CARNIVAL Exciting Pages of Star Clothes You Can Buy





# "Then why have I never married?"



*She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.*

*Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.*

*some months later to a most attractive man.*

## **It's Unforgivable**

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)\*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning,

*Telling meant losing a good patron . . . one who might return again and again, probably bringing friends equally well off. Yet it seemed cruel to withhold the secret\* . . . to let her go on, living the lonely life into which her ignorance had plunged her. So I told . . . and my reward was the announcement of her marriage*

and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

## **Makes Breath Sweeter**

Some cases of halitosis are caused by systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE for HALITOSIS**





Cary's Wires Get Crossed And His  
Wives Get Crosser, In The Merriest  
Marital Tangle In A Millenium!



IRENE DUNNE • CARY GRANT  
In Their First Hit Together Since "The Awful Truth"  
"My Favorite Wife"  
With RANDOLPH SCOTT • GAIL PATRICK  
A LEO MCCAREY PRODUCTION  
Directed by GARSON KANIN • RKO RADIO PICTURE  
Written for the Screen by Bella & Samuel Spewack

Two Blazing Brides — And Only One Blushing  
Bridegroom!...Don't Miss It When They  
Mix It Over Who's Married To Cary





# A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone ... A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her ... grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth ... Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



## VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

*in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's*

## WATERLOO BRIDGE

with LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD  
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel

Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN



# PHOTOPLAY

THE PHOTOPLAY  
MAGAZINE-MEDAL  
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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## Sleepers

HOLLYWOOD has an expression borrowed from racing lingo to describe a picture or a player who unexpectedly achieves kudos.

One of the most impressive "sleepers" of recent months is the little picture that was photographed in Albany, Georgia, as the first producing venture of Gary Cooper's right-hand man, Jack Moss, and presented with the unattractive title, *The Biscuit Eater*.

Although young Billy Lee is fine, a dog and a little colored boy are the unexpected hits of this charming, sentimental low-budget picture. I doubt if *Promise*, the dog, or Cordell Hickman will ever be stars, but we shall watch eagerly for both of them in other pictures.

Producer Selznick has spoken so much of his faith in Joan Fontaine as a star that we were not as surprised by her brilliant performance in *Rebecca* as by the unexpected characterization of Florence Bates in the very minor role of the wealthy social climber.

In a similar manner, we have expected for a long while that Walter Pidgeon would emerge as the potent star he proves himself to be in *It's a Date* (in contrast how colorless he seemed in *The Dark Command*), but the real "sleeper" of *It's a Date* is the genial gentleman with the strange name of S. Z. Sakall. You of course remember him as the German dramatist struggling with the English language.

Albert Basserman in *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, Queenie Vassar in *The Primrose Path*, Ian Hunter in *Strange Cargo*, all these are "sleepers" who deserve our applause. So is the picture *And One Was Beautiful*, which no one expected to be anything but a little B but which reveals Jean Muir as a potential star of real beauty and talent. Three years at another studio failed to prove these potentialities. In the same picture is Laraine Day, whose performance in another movie, *My Son, My Son!* puts her in that classification which makes such an amusing game of going to movies—the "sleepers."

Ernest V. Heyn

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# SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

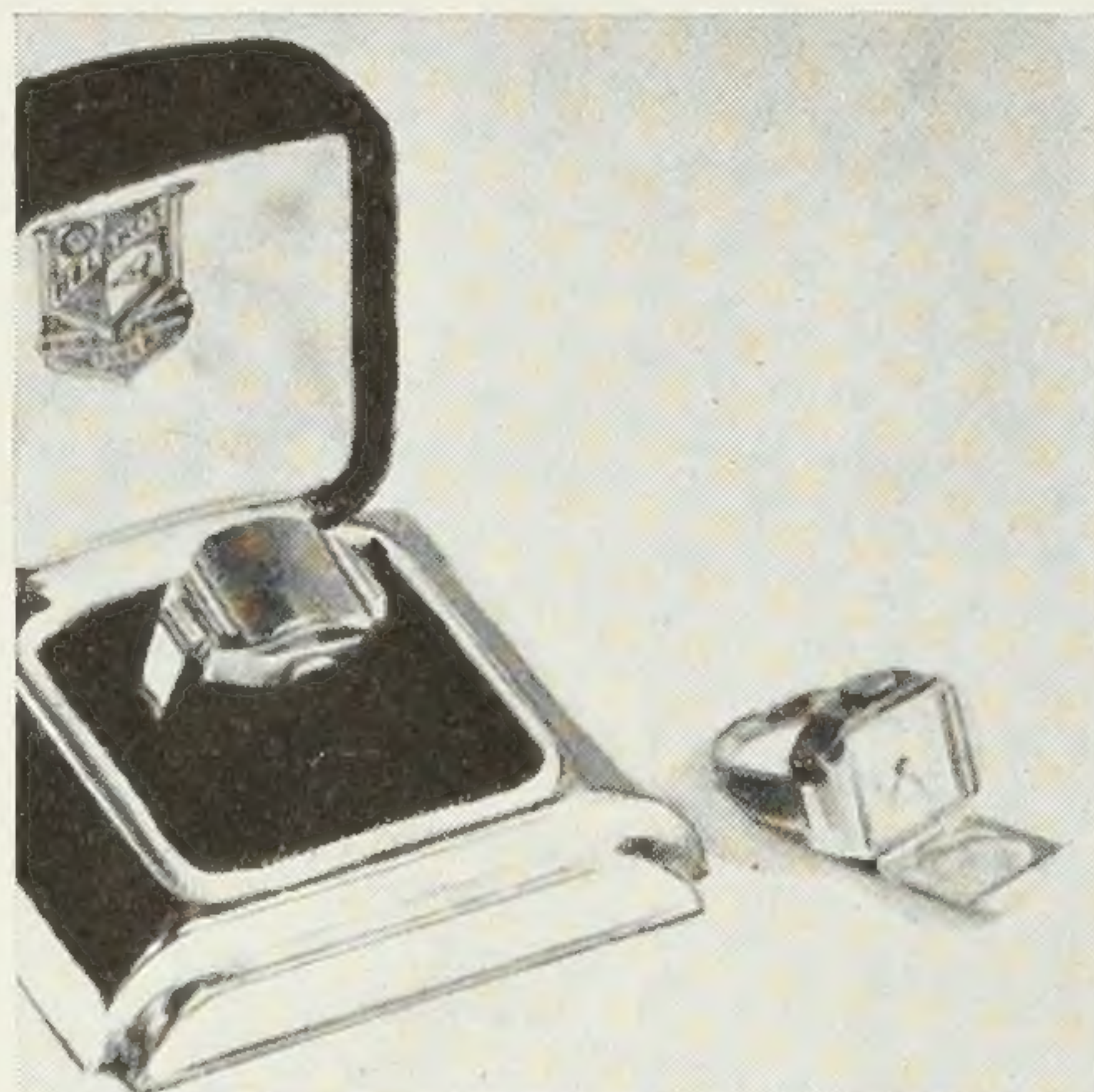


BY FRANCES HUGHES

Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Here it is spring—and all there is to us is just one mass of yearning! But we know what will fix it! Something new! A new coiffure—or better still—brand new color hair. Why not? If the stars can change from golden to raven beauty and vice versa at the drop of a hat, why not we—or you? And what about a new perfume—a new make-up . . . new shoes . . . new gloves? But leave money in the bank for wedding presents . . . graduation presents . . . new vacation luggage, too . . . and write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City about those that interest you most. We'll tell you where to find them.

## 1. HAIR AND HEARTBREAK

For the 35,000,000 gals in the U. S. A. who are over twenty-five, there's a horrid ogre lurking loathsomely 'round the corner—fear of those first grey hairs. "But," say we, "have none of it!" Take \$5 to \$7.50 and be off to the nearest beauty shop. Ask for "Inecto with Lustrum" and your trouble's over. You'll see!



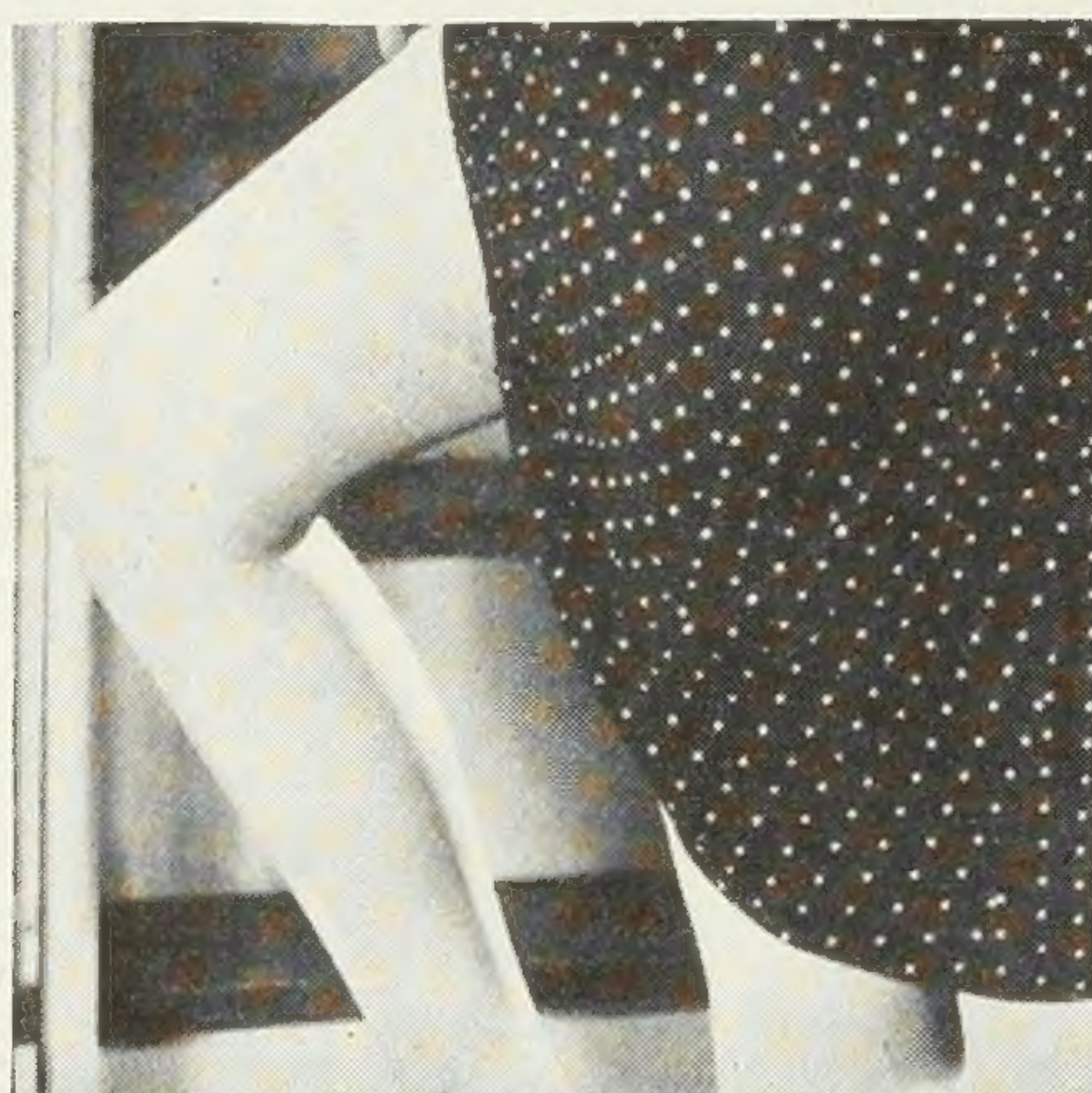
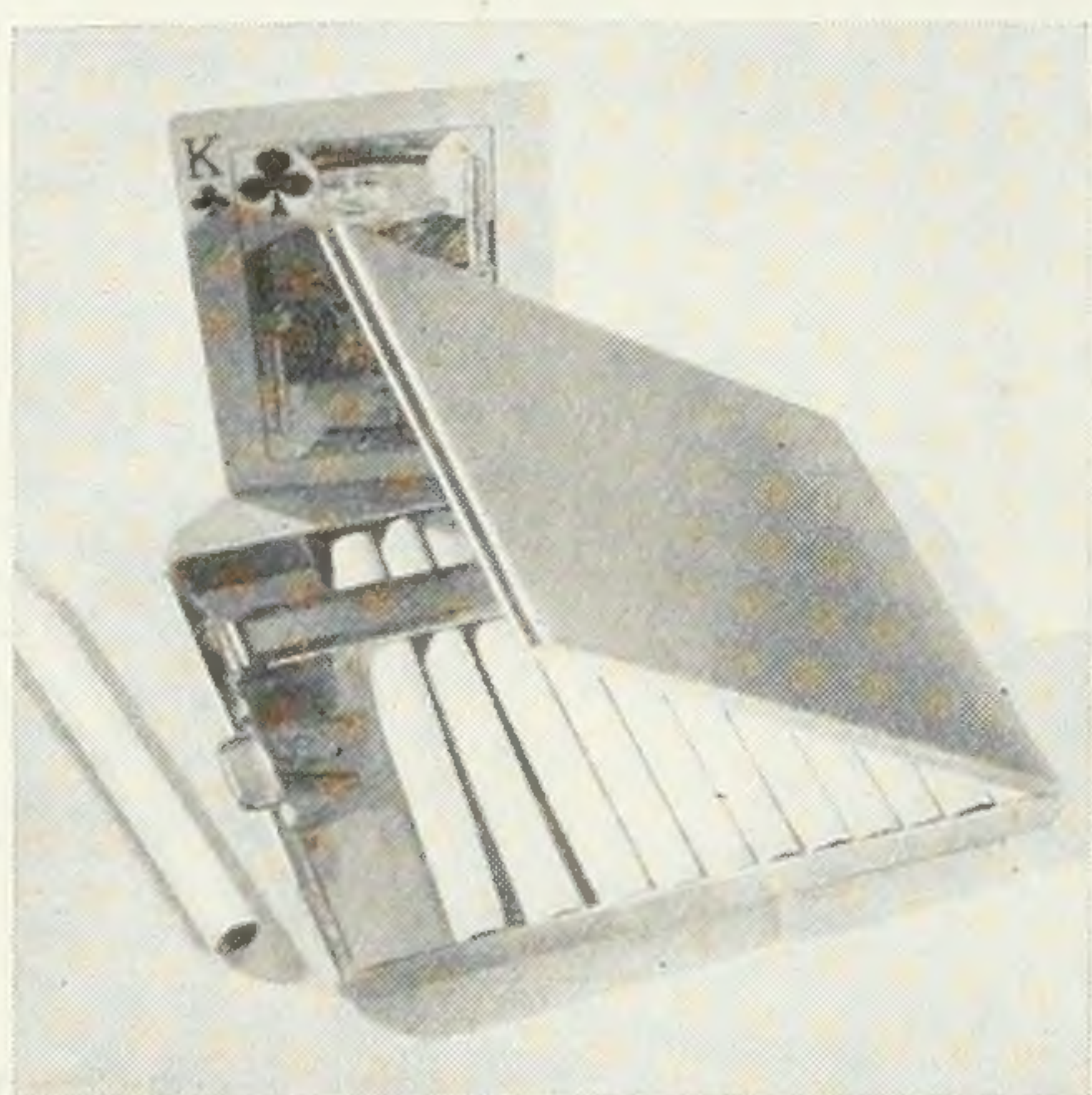
**IMPORTANT CORRECTION:** Max Factor's Pancake Make-Up was wrongly quoted at \$1.00 in MAY PHOTOPLAY. The correct price for this favorite foundation for the movie stars is \$1.50.

## 6. TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Time on your hands, yet well concealed in Helbros' Monogram Watch Ring. The watch—you may be sure—is one of Helbros' finest—17-jewels and accurately timed. The ring in which it hides away so cunningly has a spot for a monogram on its golden lid and a spot for your darling's photo underneath—\$29.75—and it's yours!

## 2. HAVE A CIGARETTE

Be the first little siren in your set to switch to "king size" cigarettes, but carry them properly in Volupté's new "king size" case. This proves you're "up" on your smoking fashions and impresses your friends. Cases come in gold or silver or colored enamel—and fourteen cigarettes should amply see you through the day. \$2.

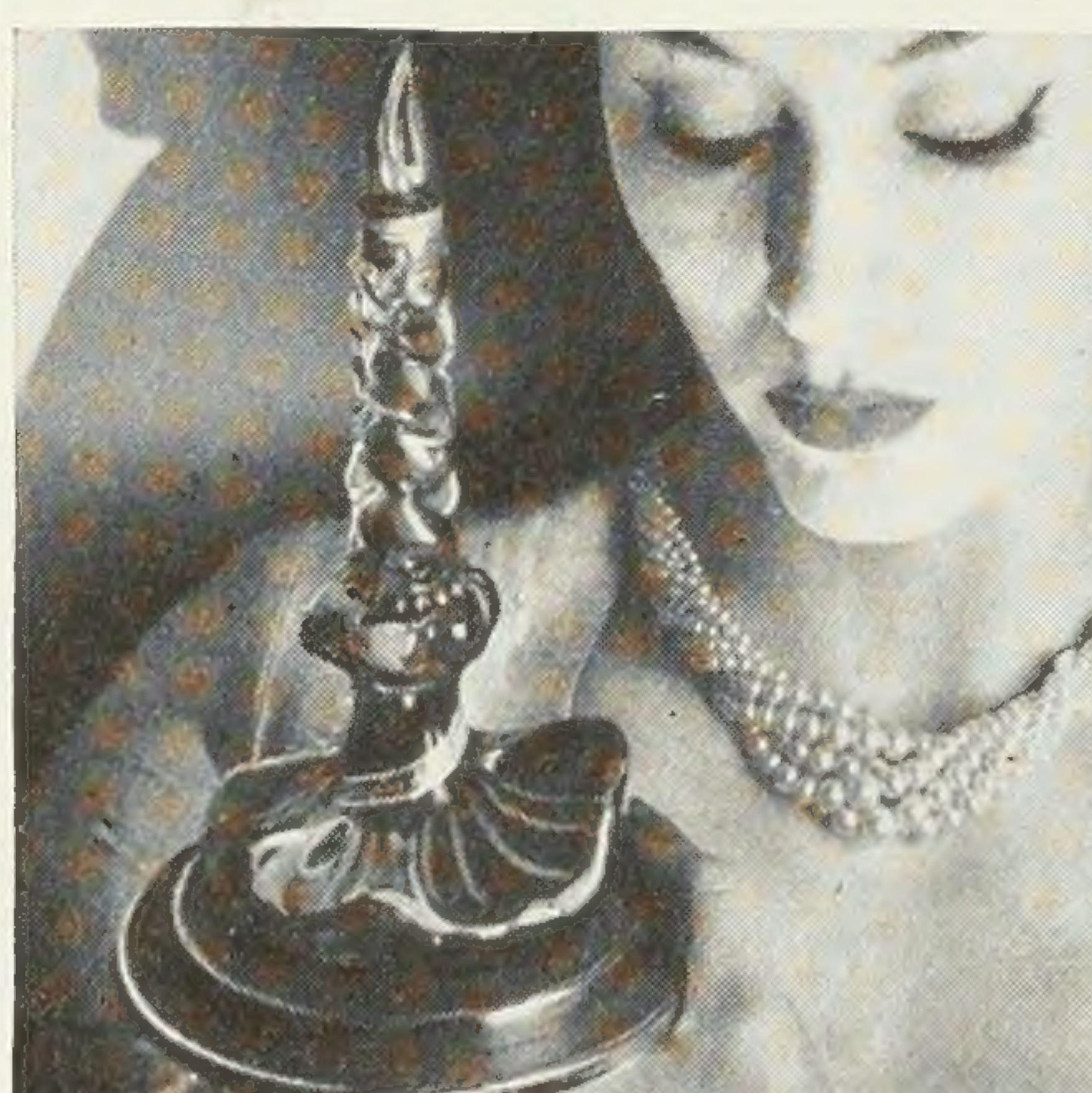
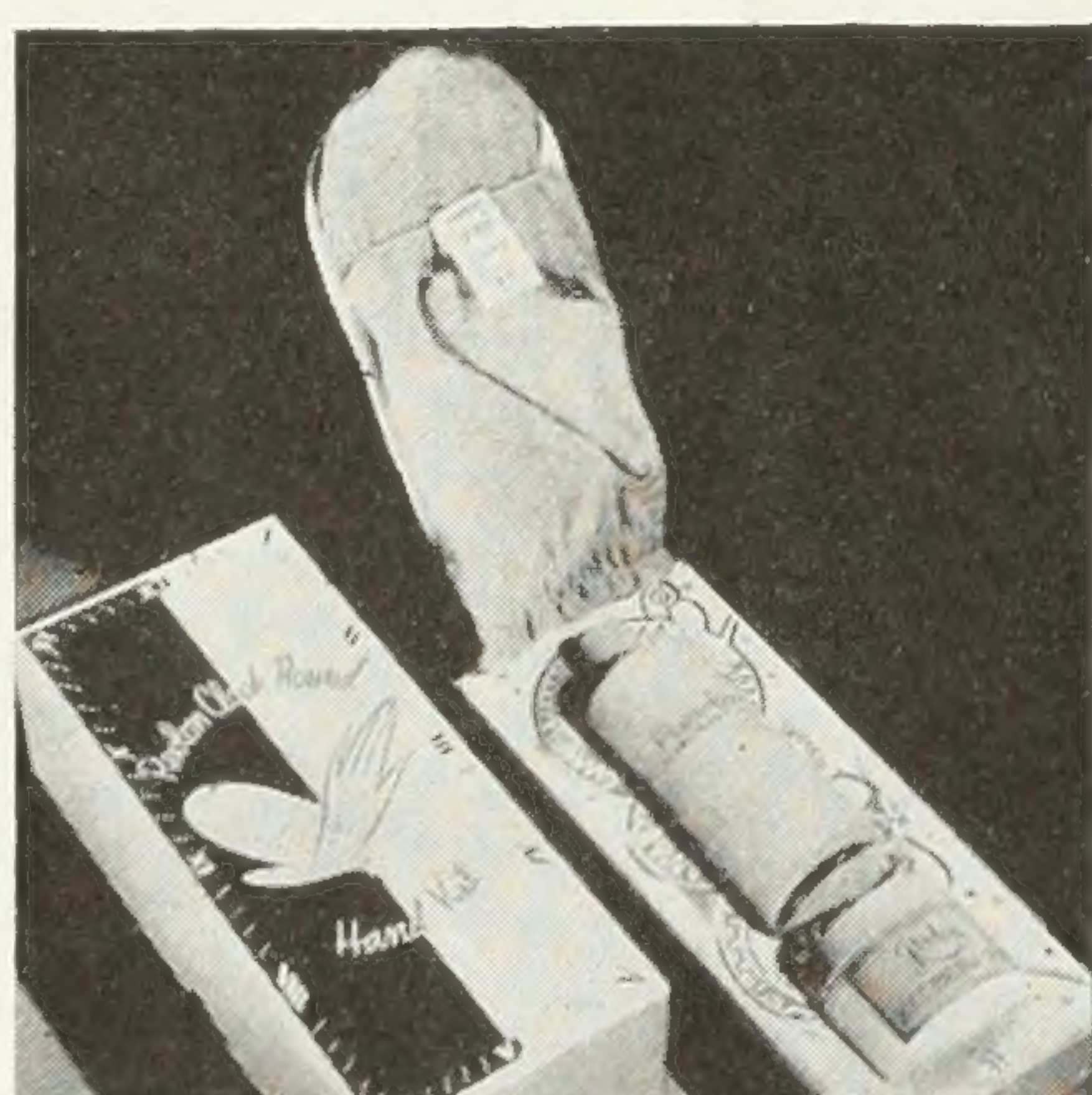


## 7. ONE QUARTER OF YOUR COSTUME

One quarter of your costume consists of—guess what—Stockings!—so they'd better be good, since that's where appraising glances usually come to rest. You can be socially secure in Rollins Runstop Stockings, thanks to their super Dura-Glo finish and lock-stitched tops that defy those devastating garter runs. \$1 a pair.

## 3. 'ROUND THE CLOCK HELP FOR HANDS

Thank you, Revlon. First you provided our favorite nail polishes. Next you cooked up lipsticks to match. And now you've taken our hands in hand—and about time, too—with a "Round the Clock Kit" that provides a lubricating cream to wear at night under protective mitts, and a pearly hand lotion to use by day—all at \$1.45 complete.

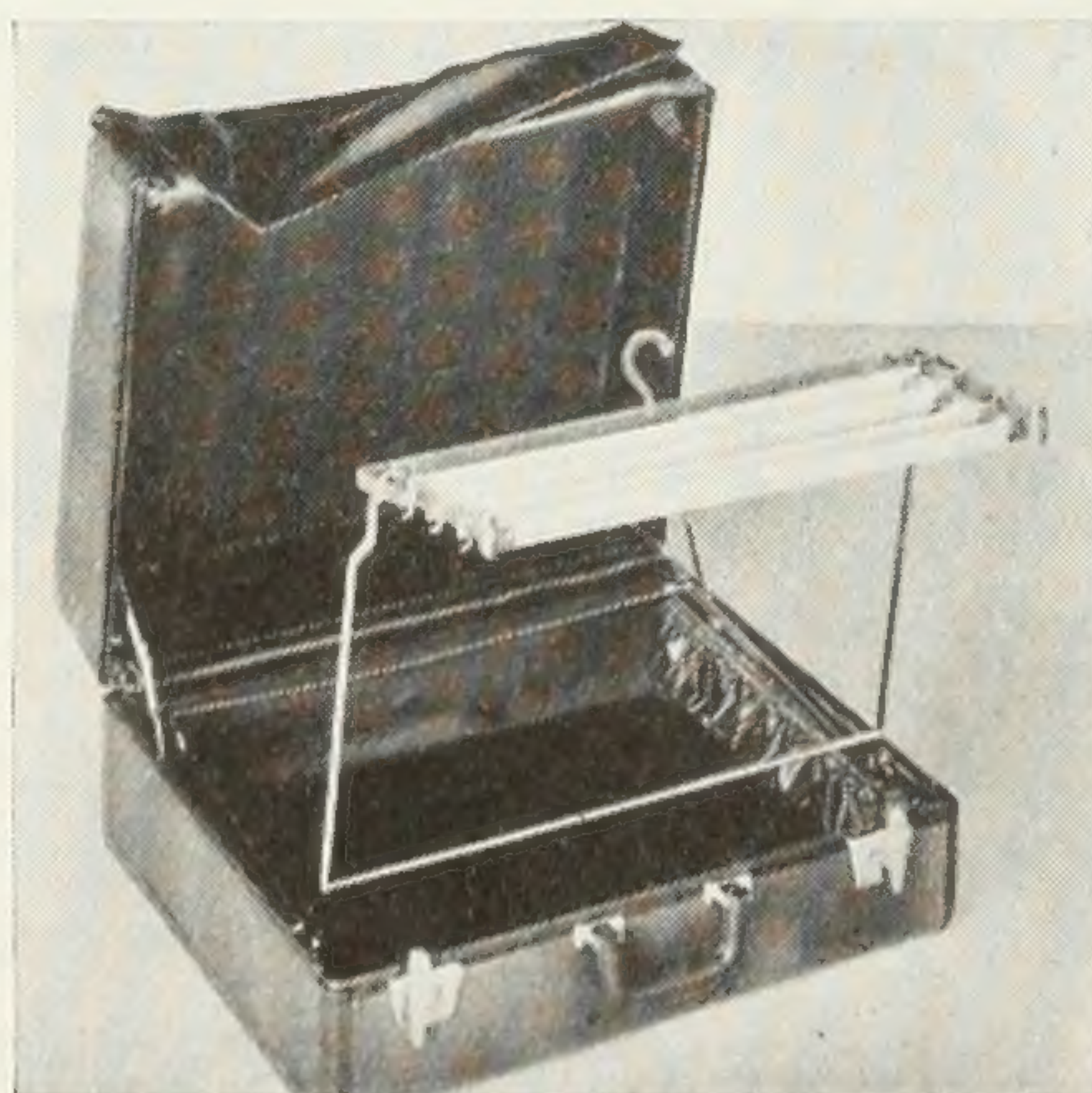
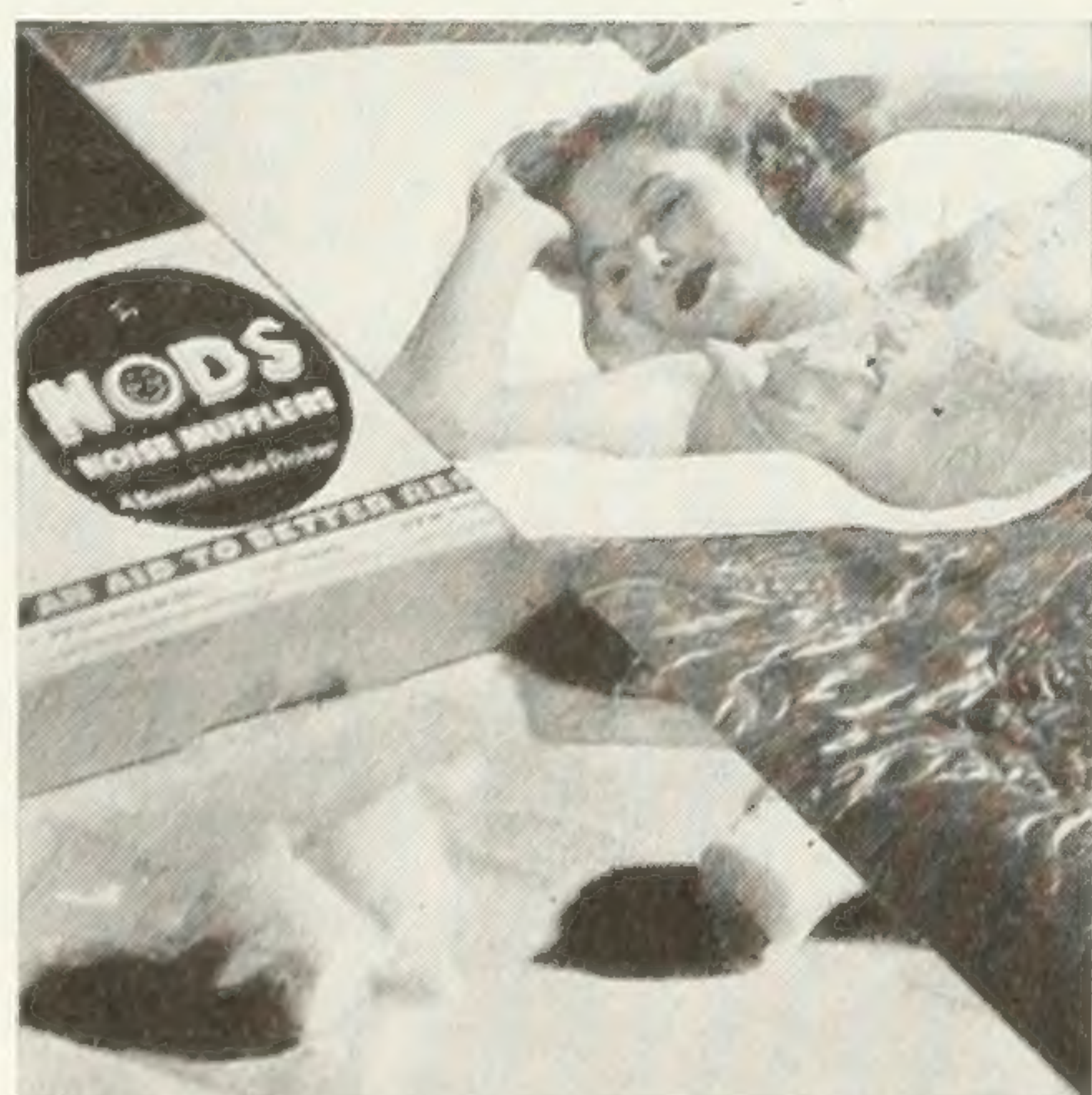


## 8. "SLEEPING" BEAUTY

The best little waker-upper we've met is Schiaparelli's new "Sleeping"—the most exotic perfume yet distilled. It comes from Paris, of course, in such limited quantities that having it at all puts you into a class of your own. A four-ounce crystal candle comes topped by a snuffer of gold and "Sleeping Blue." \$55 a shock.

## 4. WINKEN, BLINKEN AND "NODS"

It's one thing to count sheep on a grassy meadow, but quite another to count them at night 'cause you can't sleep. What you need is "Nods," nice little pink noise mufflers of Goodyear's Airfoam latex and wax. Even a city slicker relaxes into deep, untroubled sleep—and isn't that something for the simple sum of \$1 for three sets!

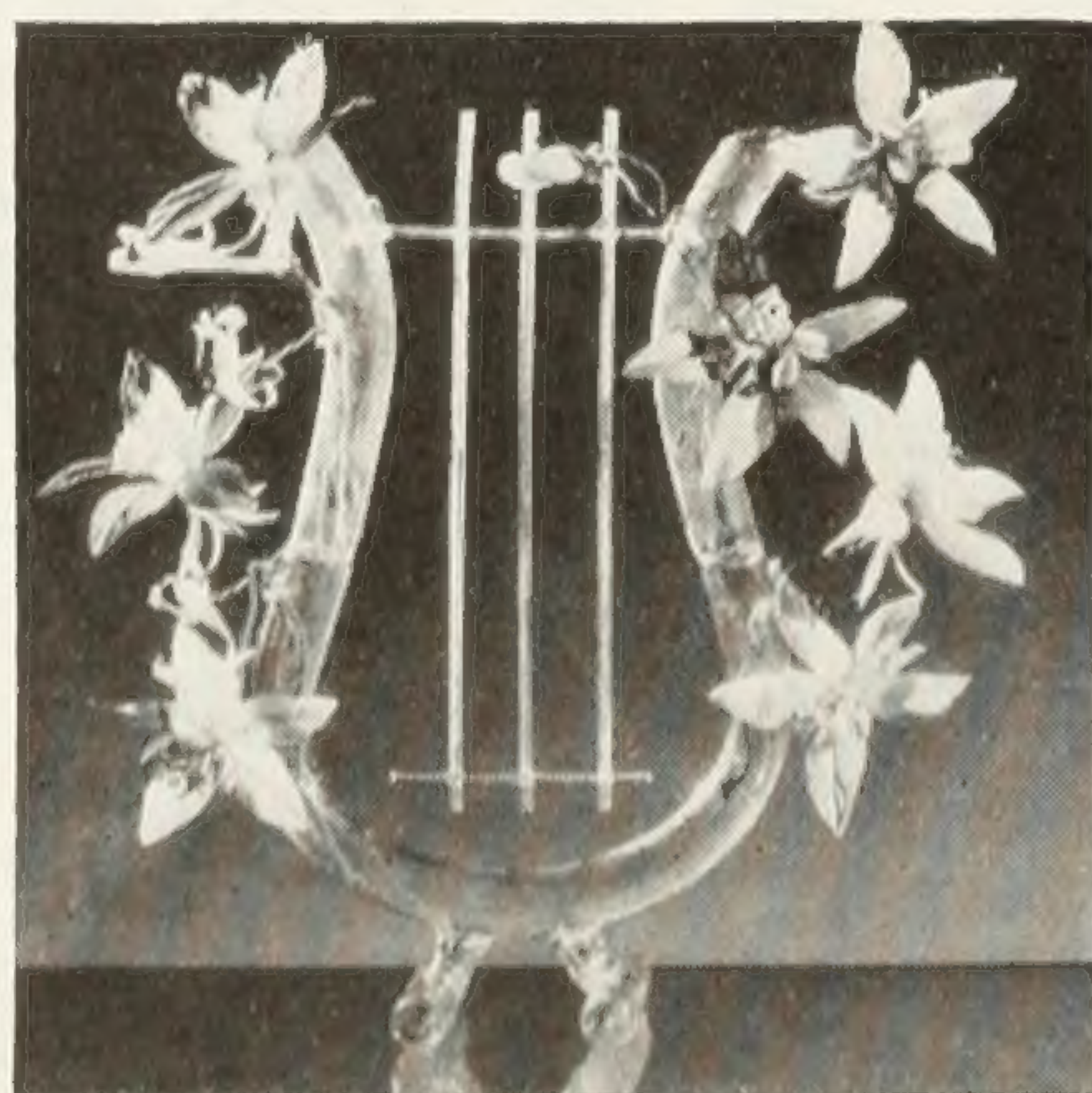


## 9. GOING PLACES?

You'd scarcely think of setting off in a horse and buggy, so why travel with antiquated luggage? Why indeed—when for \$10 cash you can be the proud possessor of Samsonite's streamlined "Ladies Wardrobe Hanger case"! To all but the expert eye, it looks like expensive rawhide, with hangers, pockets and a neat protective curtain.

## 5. FREEDOM FOR FINGER TIPS

Gloves, at last, that allow for finger tips and nicely nurtured nails! No one thought of such a thing till Merry Hull freed our fingers, but now her emancipation program includes even tips and nails. Ona Munson wears finger-tip gloves. Why don't you? They're from Aris—in solid or contrasting colors. \$5 a pair.

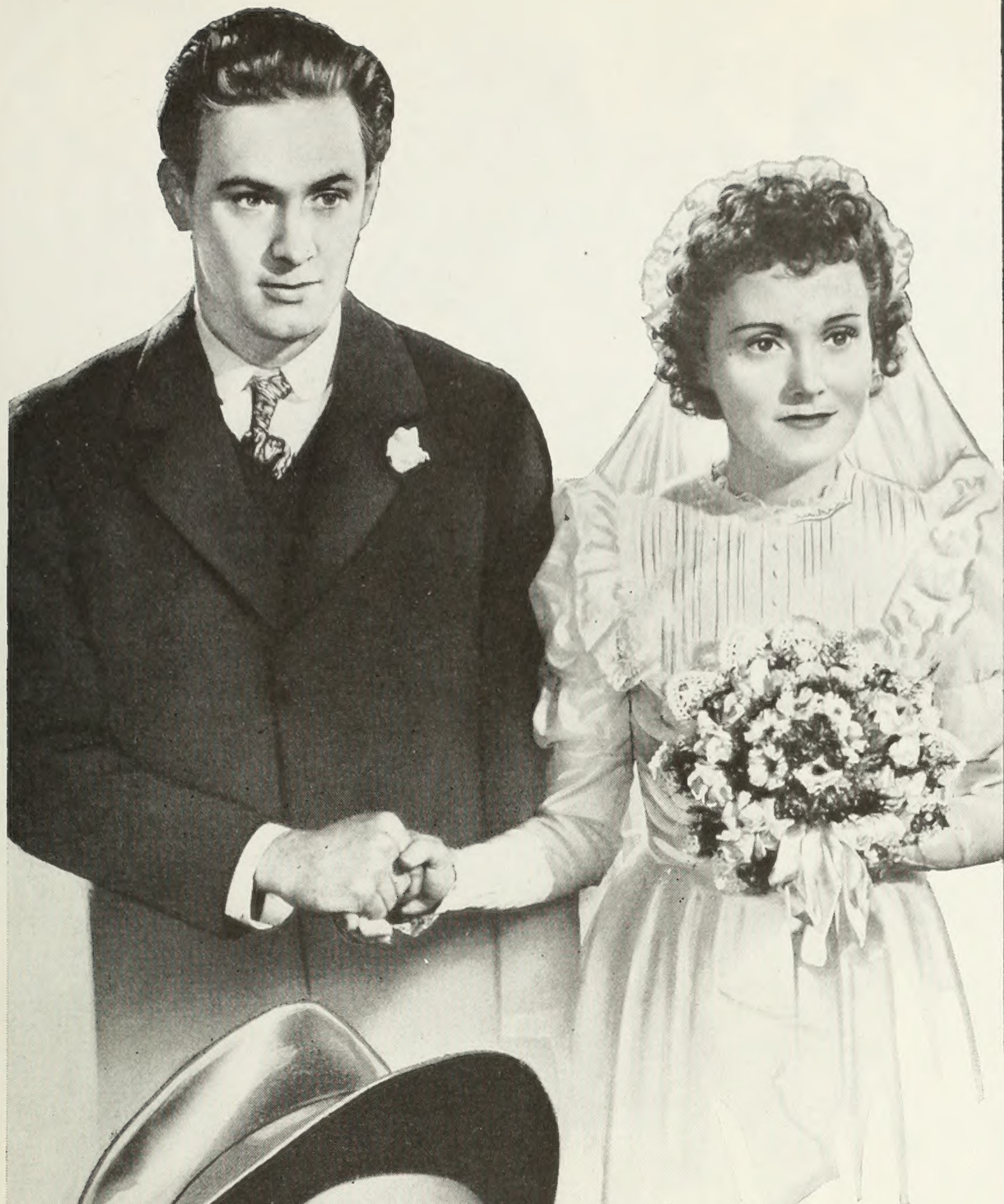


## 10. FLOWERS . . . MUSIC . . . LET'S EAT!

And dinner's twice as festive when there are lovely flowers on the table. Expensive? Not necessarily . . . not while Norton makes crystal centerpieces like the "Lyre Log Tube" that costs only \$2 but permits the most unusual flower arrangements that can be worked out with as little as six blooms!

(For More Shopping News, See Page 88)





# The Story of a Love Affair *that lasted a lifetime!*

It's a real, human story. It's got real love in it—the kind that begins in childhood and then bursts out in a flame of romance that's more thrilling than anything in the world. And it's got real drama—so true and powerful it won the Pulitzer Prize as a play. Don't miss OUR TOWN.

SOL LESSER *presents*

# OUR TOWN

*from the Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder*

WILLIAM

MARTHA

HOLDEN • SCOTT  
FAY BAINTE • BEULAH BONDI  
THOMAS MITCHELL • GUY KIBBEE  
STUART ERWIN • FRANK CRAVEN

Directed by SAM WOOD ("Goodbye Mr. Chips")

Released Thru United Artists

*Coming soon to your favorite theatre*





# Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

## ★ ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. Raymond Massey is extraordinary as the Lincoln of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (Apr.)

## ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

Superior jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the ingratiating George Brent and John Loder appear to advantage, but which doesn't offer much opportunity to Isa Miranda as the lady crook who goes straight against her will. (Apr.)

## ★ BAKER'S WIFE, THE—Marcel Pagnol

She ran away with a handsome shepherd, and the baker (Raimu) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It's farcical, but so true to type it seems a real slice of Provençal village life. It's French, with John Erskine's English subtitles. (Apr.)

## BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (March)

## BLACK FRIDAY—Universal

Put Boris Karloff in the role of a doctor who transplants the brain of a criminal into the cranium of his professor-friend, Stanley Ridges, and you'll have a trend of events that will keep you enthralled. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty. (May)

## BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia

Blondie has a yen for a fur coat, Dagwood wants to join a club he can't afford. Toss in a girl-friend to make Blondie jealous, and let Baby Dumpling turn on his charm. There you have the latest effort of Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (May)

## ★ BLUE BIRD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple reveals her maturing art in a genuine characterization, as the rather naughty Maeterlinck heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (Apr.)

## ★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M

It's a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musical in some two years. Fred and George are a dance-hall team, until George gets a Broadway bid to co-star with Eleanor, and the fun—lots of it—begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (Apr.)

## ★ BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners

This rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) gums up everything. Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Good will have you yelling for more. (March)

## BULLET CODE—RKO Radio

George O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There's plenty of action. (May)

## CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the suavity we've come to expect of Vance. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (March)

## CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical. (March)

## CHILD IS BORN, A—Warners

A re-make of that maternity-ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (March)

## CHUMP AT OXFORD, A—Roach-U.A.

Slapstick comedy within the sacred portals of dear old Oxford, with ex-street cleaners, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting their English education the hard way. The humor is forced in spots, but there are some genuinely amusing bits.

## ★ CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothorn and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue witch doctors. You'll like this. (March)

## DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount

A weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine and makes people shrink to the size of rabbits. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thomas Coley, Janice Logan and Charles Halton support. (May)



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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## ★ DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners

Edward G. Robinson takes full advantage of the greatest chance of his career, as the brilliant doctor who fired the first effective shots in the battle against diphtheria and syphilis. It's another of Warners' moving documents of medical history, with Ruth Gordon's work outstanding. (Apr.)

## ★ EARL OF CHICAGO, THE—M-G-M

Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (March)

## ★ ENTENTE CORDIALE—Glass

Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. Wise and witty, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (March)

## EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

Ah, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story—this time it's Ray Milland and Robert Cummings who chase her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (March)

## FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Paramount

A subdued Martha Raye, but still amusing, gets caught up in the cross-fire when a Broadway producer sends his gold-digging girl-

With Randolph Scott and Miriam Hopkins representing the South, and Errol Flynn, a Union Intelligence Officer, Warners' "Virginia City" gives us a page from history of one of the most exciting events in the war between the States

friend to a barn-theater to get her out of town. You'll get plenty of laughs from Martha, Charlie Ruggles and Gertrude Michael. (May)

## ★ FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE—United Artists Film

Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this Pare Lorenz documentary film about the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insuperable odds is unsparingly realistic, possibly shocking, but undeniably powerful and moving. (Apr.)

## ★ FIGHTING 69th, THE—Warners

The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughy who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (March)

## FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox

Like "Hotel for Women," this has a woman's hostelry for background. Mary Beth Hughes gets herself into a murder jam; Lynn Bari holds out on men and lands a millionaire; and Joan Davis is wonderfully funny as a chambermaid. Henry Wilcoxon, Robert Lowry and Chick Chandler make life interesting for the girls. (May)

## GHOST COMES HOME, THE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan's incomprehensible English and Billie Burke's vaporings are okay for comedy relief, but it's all too much in this story of a man who is nagged by his wife into becoming an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast, too. (May)

## GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners

May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (March)

## ★ GRAPES OF WRATH, THE—20th Century-Fox

Steinbeck's unforgettable Joad family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who fled the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompromising newsreel quality of the whole film. (Apr.)

## HALF A SINER—Universal

Schoolmarm Heather Angel goes on a glamour spree; finds adventure in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse and handsome John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comedy. (May)

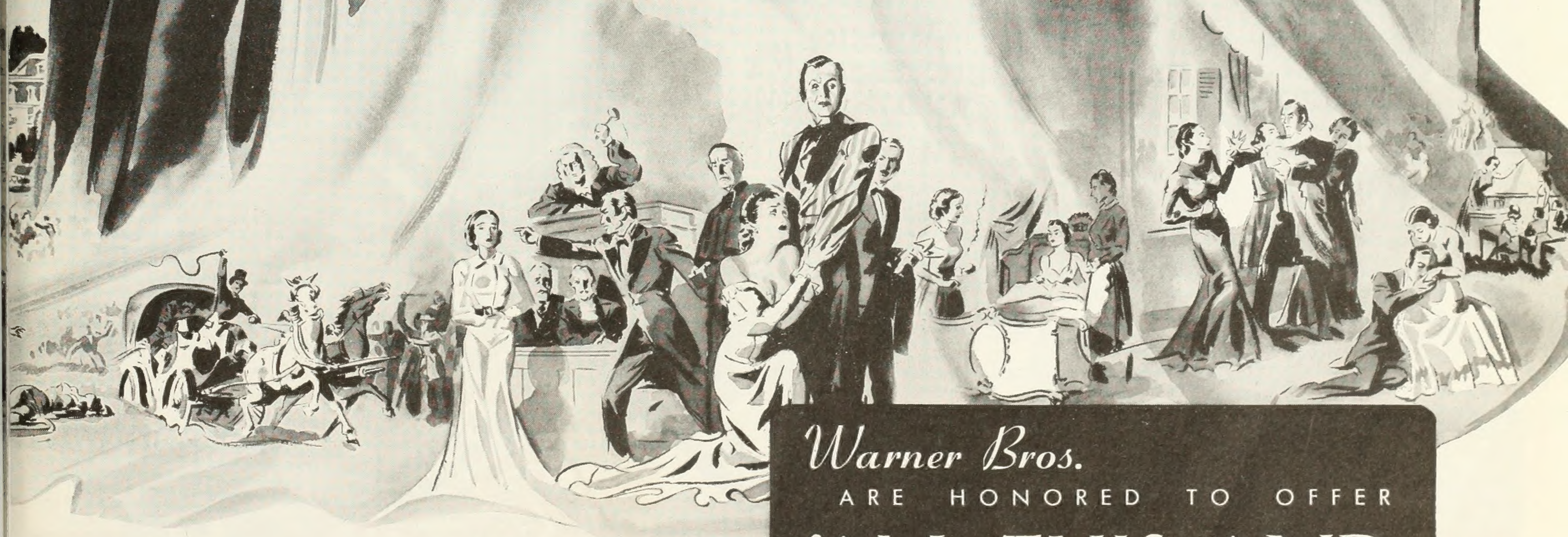
(Continued on page 8)



# BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!



Included in the notable supporting cast are

JEFFREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell

Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.

ARE HONORED TO OFFER

'ALL THIS AND  
HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY

Rachel Field



**HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox**

Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorces Joel because of his penchant for horse races, alimony trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball matron, adds to the confusion. (Apr.)

**HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M**

Vaudevillian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (March)

**★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox**

The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (March)

**HONEYMOON DEFERRED—Universal**

This murder mystery has Edmund Lowe as an insurance-claim investigator who resigns to get married, disappears on his honeymoon to help a pal. Margaret Lindsay, the bride, follows in a state of high indignation, and the outcome is swell.

**★ HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE—Wanger-United Artists**

As a gambler's wife, Joan Bennett is whirled from the heights of luxury to the depths of despair when husband George Raft is sentenced to Alcatraz. Then Walter Pidgeon enters the picture. The social problems of a convict's "widow" make for compelling drama. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's friend. (Apr.)

**HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE—Universal**

Hawthorne's famous classic comes to the screen with Vincent Price as the man sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers George Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. The atmosphere of evil is well created. (May)

**HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—RKO-Radio**

Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bell ringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty as the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke do excellent work. (March)

**★ INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE—Universal**

It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses a

formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent up-coiffure. (March)

**INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners**

What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan. William Holden plays George's weak younger brother. (March)

**I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M**

With lesser stars than Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr—cast as a doctor and his wife, for whom he deserts his poor man's practice—this second-rate story might have been passable. As it is, Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness to a dull film. (Apr.)

**LION HAS WINGS, THE—Korda-United Artists**

Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and other British players contributed their services to this, which is frankly war-time propaganda showing what the Royal Air Force can do—but it's well-done propaganda and a lesson in preparedness. (Apr.)

**LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox**

Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray do some gallant tramping as a couple of happy-go-lucky waterfront people who help Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) launch his invention, the steamboat, but the net result is an opulent masterpiece of banality about the days when Manhattan was young. (Apr.)

**LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE—Columbia**

Warren William plays the not-too-reformed crook who steps back into his nefarious practices to help Joan Perry recover a string of pearls—and gets mixed up in a murder for his pains. It's the old formula, but it's still good. (Apr.)

**MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE—M-G-M**

There's a Civil War background for drama, Wallace Beery and Donald Meek for riproaring humor, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard for romance, and an exciting dash through the Confederate lines for some bang-up suspense. It's all a bit mixed up, but undeniably interesting. (Apr.)

**MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE—20th Century-Fox**

In this remake of "The Valiant," Lloyd Nolan does excellent work as the confessed murderer who refuses to reveal either his name or his reason for the crime. Jean Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as the sister who tries to make him talk. (Apr.)

**MARINES FLY HIGH, THE—RKO-Radio**

An overdone melodrama of two marines, Richard Dix and Chester Morris, after the same girl, Lucille Ball, who needs them to save her plantation from bandits. (May)

**★ MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio**

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman; Alan Marshal the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (March)

**★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio**

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role of an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (March)

**MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio**

Guaranteed to tickle the Penner fans. Joe has a complex that results in hiccups when any pretty girl kisses him, and plenty want to do it. Linda Hayes is the one who finally cures him. (May)

**MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia**

Tony Martin returns to star as a Broadway understudy who's threatened with deportation just as he gets his big chance. He crashes into Rita Hayworth's taxi—comes love—and the result is a pleasant little musical with nice tunes and Andre Kostelanetz to play them. (Apr.)

**MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal**

Mae West is the little flower of the frontier, and W. C. Fields masquerades as a bold bad bandit and shoots Indians with a sling shot. The result is just about what you'd expect—ribald but genuinely comic, with both stars at top form. (Apr.)

**★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U.A.**

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his son everything, and of the boy who ruins the lives of all those near to him. Brian Aherne, as the father, and Louis Hayward, as the son, are superb. Laraine Day's performance forecasts stardom for her. Madeleine Carroll, Henry Hull, Josephine Hutchinson, Bruce Lester and Scotty Beckett are all good in their roles. (May)

**★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M**

The first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, the journey of Rogers' Rangers through the wilderness to attack the Indians at St. Francis, is filmed in Technicolor to bring you a picture so beautiful that it can be labeled epic. Spencer Tracy has never given a finer performance as the man whose indomitable will conquers all. Robert Young is excellent as his young aide. (May)

**OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal**

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp.

You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the title song. (March)

**★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance**

Tearful but compelling is this story of the hopelessly crippled daughter of a brilliant London doctor who goes to a publicity-mad bone specialist as a last resort. Mary Maguire is the girl, George Sanders the specialist suspected of quackery, and the interplay of character is beautiful to watch. (Apr.)

**★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO**

Collodi's fable of the wooden puppet who learns how to become a real little boy and a kind son to woodcarver Gepetto comes to the screen as the finest animated cartoon feature ever made. Characterizations, from tiny voice-of-conscience Jiminy Cricket to enormous Monstro, the whale, compare favorably with the finest human talent. You can't afford to miss this! (Apr.)

**★ PRIMROSE PATH, THE—RKO-Radio**

Not a pretty story, this, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin, and a mother who supports her family by going on parties with men who can afford the money to buy groceries for her brood on *February Hill*. It's a shock, but a pleasant one to see Ginger Rogers' acting in this simple, honest story, and Joel McCrea is the most convincing he has ever been. (May)

**★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.**

It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave *Raffles*, Olivia de Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the inspector. You remember, *Raffles* decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Walton) is in trouble, so *Raffles* goes on the prowl again. (March)

**★ REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.**

The main character, *Rebecca*, never appears in the film, but dominates the whole. She was the first wife of Laurence Olivier. After her death, Olivier marries Joan Fontaine, brings her to his country estate, *Manderley*, and there she discovers—but we can't spoil the story for its success depends on the surprise twists of the plot. The mood for haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided by the superior work of Olivier, Miss Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny. (May)

**★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount**

One of the gayest, most amusing films of the season has Bing Crosby, son of a rich ship owner, desert his fiancée at the altar, root out his laziest pal (Bob Hope), and head for the South Seas where, when they team up with Dottie Lamour, peace goes chattering out the window. Crosby's grand and Hope has never been better. Don't miss this. (May)

**SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE—RKO Radio**

This latest in the modern Robin Hood series gives you plenty of excitement for your money—  
(Continued on page 96)

# "PEPSI AND PETE" . . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



**BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK**

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

**GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES**

It's easy and economical to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.





# How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Bob Young and Helen Gilbert for human interest, a white stallion for the title role in M-G-M's "Florian"

**G**RADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 89.

1. She has appeared in pictures with both her husbands, William Powell and Clark Gable:

**Joan Crawford** ✓ **Carole Lombard**  
**Joan Bennett** **Ginger Rogers**

2. A Washington university gave him the degree of "Doctor of Music":

**Eddie Cantor** ✓ **Rudy Vallee**  
**Don Ameche** **Bing Crosby**

3. Which of these actors is the tallest?

**Gary Cooper** **Brian Aherne**  
**Cary Grant** **Robert Young**

4. Two of these actors have only been married once:

**James Cagney** ✓ **Melvyn Douglas**  
**Spencer Tracy** ✓ **Humphrey Bogart**

5. Two of these actors have been married three times:

**William Powell** ✓ **Clark Gable**  
**Pat O'Brien** **Henry Fonda**

6. Her pals call her "Minnie":  
**Margaret Sullavan** **Mary Martin**  
**Marlene Dietrich** ✓ **Myrna Loy**

7. She never can pronounce the letter "R":

**Claudette Colbert** **Shirley Temple**  
**Alice Faye** **Kay Francis**

8. All Hollywood was disturbed when this actor was reported lost in Mexico:

**Jeffrey Lynn** **Ray Milland**  
**Eddie Albert** ✓ **Joel McCrea**

9. Her real name is Gladys Greene:

**Jean Arthur** **Patricia Morison**  
**Gloria Jean** **Helen Gilbert**

10. He played the title role in "Frankenstein":

**Boris Karloff** ✓ **Bela Lugosi**  
**Colin Clive** **Basil Rathbone**

11. Two of these stars are married to motion picture producers:

**Ann Sothorn** **Merle Oberon**  
**Hedy Lamarr** ✓ **Virginia Bruce**

12. In "The Great Profile," this player will impersonate John Barrymore:

**Warren William** **Fredric March**  
**John Barrymore** **Adolphe Menjou**

13. Two of these players changed their names after they had started their careers in movies:

**Bob Hope** **Mickey Rooney**  
**Anne Shirley** ✓ **Brenda Joyce**

14. Bing Crosby's extra-curricular enthusiasm is:

**Collecting rare books** **Farming**  
**Horse racing** ✓ **Painting**

15. One of these studios issues an annual musical picture:

**RKO** **Goldwyn**  
**M-G-M** ✓ **20th Century-Fox**

16. Clark Gable and Joan Crawford appeared together in which two films?:

**Chained** **Red Dust**  
**Gorgeous Hussy** **Love on the Run**

17. This popular dancer once worked as a coal miner:

**Fred Astaire** **Johnny Downs**  
**Cesar Romero** **George Murphy**

18. Harvard University recently voted this actress as the least likely to gain success on the screen:

**Joan Fontaine** **Martha Raye**  
**Ann Sheridan** ✓ **Rosemary Lane**

19. A Western star, he was once civil engineer in the U. S. Army:

**Ken Maynard** ✓ **Gene Autry**  
**Roy Rogers** **Hoot Gibson**

20. This prominent actor is the author of "Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood":

**Frank Morgan** **Edward Arnold**  
**C. Aubrey Smith** **Thomas Mitchell**

*Lady Esther says*

"Do you know that a

## GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

**R**IGHT NOW you have a *new skin* crowd-  
ing eagerly forward to replace your old skin that is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Lady Esther asks, why let these tiny flakes menace the loveliness of your new skin? Why not help your new skin bring new youthfulness to you?

Each unfolding of your skin can bring you Reborn Beauty, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove gently those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly. My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and other impurities—enables you to whisk them away gently. It helps Nature refine your pores and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

### Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed, if he tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream. But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin...that it helps Nature refine your pores...and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. Use it twice a day or oftener. Try it before you powder. Let my cream help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

### Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube *FREE!*



(You can paste this on a penny postcard)  
LADY ESTHER, (56)  
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



FAMOUS "MAGAZINE COVER GIRL" SAYS:

"Yes, My face is my fortune"

"That's why I use Tangee Theatrical Red Lipstick," says Kay Hernal. "It's such a gorgeous color and so beautifully smooth that any girl who wants to be a success ought to try it."



THE NEW

**Cream Base**

LIPSTICK FOR SMOOTH PETAL-SOFT LIPS

WHEN you try Tangee Theatrical Red, you're going to wonder how you were ever satisfied with an ordinary "grease base" lipstick!

Here's one that goes on more smoothly than you dreamed possible—"shapes" your lips any way you want—doesn't smear or come off—"sets" more quickly—lasts longer—and never gives you that "wet paint" look that smart women of today avoid.

And what a shade! Clear, glowing, glamorous—a smash hit with brunettes—the perfect touch of drama for blondes!

To complete this modern make-up, use Tangee Theatrical Red Rouge—compact, or the even newer creme—and your favorite shade of flattering Tangee Powder. When you want a more delicate pastel effect, ask for the Natural shade of Tangee.

**TANGEE**

*Theatrical Red*

A VIVID RED SHADE



BOOS AND Bouquets

M-G-M's own CCC—(John) Carroll, (Joan) Crawford and (Bruce) Cabot—swing gaily along in last season's Broadway hit, "Susan and God"

#### THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE?

NEVER having complained before, I feel I am entitled to do so now. I sat through "Gone with the Wind" twice, thanks to Clark Gable's excellent performance (and he is not my favorite actor). Everyone I have seen since the picture was shown here was highly enthusiastic over his marvelous portrayal of Rhett Butler. Now it seems he has been completely ignored, and consideration given to a silly and boring performance by James Stewart in "Mr. Smith, etc." Finally the Academy Award was given to Robert Donat. Nice going! It's a wonder to us that Gable's name was even recalled in connection with the picture, now that the profits are rolling in. Oh, we know that he was well paid, but so are the others.

It is not a matter of begrudging any star what the voters believe he has earned, but it is a matter of giving the public a chance to express itself before these awards are made. We pay for it all, and we (my friends and I) think that both Mr. Gable and Miss de Havilland have been unjustly ignored.

Of the men to select from, just who could or would have given as fine a performance in the role of Rhett Butler? Many of us have noticed that when a really big part comes along, such as the leads in "Strange Interlude," "San Francisco," "Men in White," this one and many others, they know where to find Mr. Gable. Well, for our part, it's high time they knew where to find him when thanks are extended!

MARIE ALBERTA CALLAGHAN,  
San Antonio, Tex.

P. S. I heartily agree with the sentiments herein expressed.

THERESA ESTELLE MORIN,  
San Antonio, Tex.

#### HOME-MAID

HEDY Lamarr and Joan Bennett certainly do look enough alike to be twins, but when it comes to real glamour Joan leaves Hedy as far behind as if she were still in her native Vienna. La Bennett also (in my opinion) is far the better actress. Hedy Lamarr emotes through picture after picture without being very convincing to me—which goes to show our American gals still have what it takes and, if it were not for the huge build-up most of these foreign stars get when they first come over, no one would even look at them twice.

ELEANOR ROSE,  
Sandston, Va.

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

#### "IN" WITH THE ARMY NOW

HERE at the Quartermaster Barracks, we have a steady subscription to PHOTOPLAY, so I read it all the time. However, I missed one thing in your latest issue—a picture and caption about Miss Kathryn Adams (remember that name, because there is a girl you will be seeing more of in the movies). She played with Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl," and with Charles Laughton in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Lots of us are so tired of the same old banalities coming year after year from the Dietrichs, Shearers, Crawfords, Davises and Garbos that we yearn for pictures wherein there is less top billing and more top acting.

And, while women may go to a movie so they can get caught up in an emotional rip tide, some of us boys go for entertainment. And we also admire a new personality like Kathryn Adams who gives you a zippy tingle of appreciation of Woman in general.

Of course, many of those who make movies and those who review them probably think a soldier's appreciation of a girl is mostly Sex, capital S. But to us, who eat Army "chow," live often in a boars' nest, and see too many run-of-the-mill male faces, Woman means HOME and her the heart of it.

PAUL T. ROPER,  
Fort Logan, Colo.

#### PAROLE APPLIED FOR

ISN'T it about time Warner Brothers suspended that seemingly endless prison sentence they have on John Garfield? I have just seen the actor in "Castle on

the Hudson" and there is no doubt that he turned in a swell performance as the gangster. But I also have seen Garfield on the stage when he played the romantic hero in "Having Wonderful Time," and the comical taxi-driving brother-in-law in "Golden Boy"—two roles totally different from the type he's been playing in the movies. And he was excellent in both those roles.

Garfield has the powerful personality and acting ability that have marked Paul Muni's rise in films. So . . . why not give him a crack at some of the Muni type of pictures, or even at some "young hero" parts? But please, Warner Brothers, take John Garfield out of the "penitentiary" you've put him in!

GEORGE GILBERT,  
New Brunswick, N. J.

#### PIE IN THE HOLLYWOOD SKY

DOES it occur to you that the only actors today of the good old slapstick comedy, with wigs and false mustaches, are the Marx Brothers?

The time was that audiences rolled in the aisles with laughter, and paid good money to see Charlie Chaplin and the Mack Sennett cops. Recently, one of the studios brought a few of these scenes into a modern film and the younger generation in the theater which I was attending howled (with glee).

Today all our comedians have "gone Hollywood."

There is a gold mine for some studio with a good brace of comedians to become wise to the fact that people will still like to see custard pies hurled and cops fall all over the street; or is there a law against it?

JON H. POUCHER,  
Topeka, Kans.

#### UNRECONSTRUCTED OPINION

THREE years ago, I read a book that word-painted the most moving, intriguing human drama it has ever been my pleasure to read. The author pictured a girl who, from sixteen to twenty-eight years of age, was a shrewd, calculating, fiery, untamed, hypocritical, egotistical, ruthless, courageous, sensuous woman who did not understand her own emotions and could not be bothered with analyzing them. In all, the most dominating fictional character that has yet grown out of the heart-rending conflict that tore a soft-voiced, high-spirited culture to shreds and dragged it in the dust.

I recently saw an interesting, spectacular  
(Continued on page 87)



# A Quick Dab of Mum makes your "After-Bath Freshness" last all day—all evening long!



## Mum every day—and after every bath— prevents underarm odor!

**H**OW WONDERFUL your bath can be! A quick shower in the morning braces you for a long, hard day. A warm bath when you are tired makes you feel *refreshed*. And *any* bath, at any time, leaves you fragrant and sweet... nice to be near *for a while!*

But *no* bath—however fresh it leaves you—can guarantee you *lasting* charm! For a bath removes only *past* perspiration. It does not... cannot... prevent risk of *future* odor. Unless you give underarms special daily care, you can offend and *never know it*. Wise girls face this fact... and make a habit of Mum!

Mum after your bath and before every date *prevents underarm odor*. With a minimum of trouble... it makes you sure of popularity all day or all evening long. More women use Mum than any other



deodorant...for Mum is so *dependable*...so gentle...so *sure* to guard charm!

**MUM IS QUICK!** Your bath may take 15 minutes...it takes only half-a-minute more for Mum! Just a pat under this arm, then under that with this pleasant cream...and you're through...sure that you're safe from odor *all day* or *all evening*—welcome anywhere.

**MUM IS SAFE!** You need never have a worry about even your finest dress...if you always use Mum! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics—no matter how delicate they are. Even after you're dressed gentle Mum is *safe* to use! Mum is actually so extra-gentle that you can use it even after underarm shaving, and it won't irritate your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without attempting to

*At the end of a wonderful evening he hates to say "good night"—for Mum's sure care always keeps you fresh and sweet! Smart girls—popular girls—say no charm counts more than perfect daintiness. And for daily underarm care, they rely on Mum.*

stop underarm perspiration, Mum works in advance to neutralize the odor. With Mum you can be sure your after-bath freshness lasts *all evening long*. Women everywhere use Mum...more of them use this pleasant cream than any other deodorant. (And men like to use Mum, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Why risk offending—even once? Make a *habit* of Mum. Then you're *sure* you guard your charm!

\* \* \*

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS!** More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle... safe... frees you from worry of offending.

## MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# \$3,000.00 "LILLIAN RUSSELL" CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

*Fans!*

Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

**"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."**

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below, and start immediately!

**EASY TO WIN!**



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

YOUR NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON  
"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS  
AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America."

True ☐ False ☐

2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels.

True ☐ False ☐

3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor.

True ☐ False ☐

4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck.

True ☐ False ☐

5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing.

True ☐ False ☐

6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies.

True ☐ False ☐

7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States.

True ☐ False ☐

8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell.

True ☐ False ☐

9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

True ☐ False ☐

10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings.

True ☐ False ☐



**133 PRIZES!**

FIRST PRIZE \$1,000.00

2nd PRIZE ... \$500.00

3rd PRIZE ... \$250.00

5 PRIZES of \$100.00 each

25 PRIZES of \$10.00 each

100 PRIZES of \$5.00 each

**EASY RULES!**

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the Lillian Russell Contest Editor, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.





Give her a hand—for Kay Francis beat Hollywood at its own game when she played to the hilt her role in "It's a Date," opposite Deanna Durbin and Walter Pidgeon

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY

**D**AVID SELZNICK got the Irving Thalberg award at the Academy dinner this year for being the producer who contributed the most to the motion-picture industry during 1939 . . . the award was given for his production of "Gone with the Wind" which is proving itself to be the most successful movie ever made, having already taken in better than sixteen and a half million dollars . . . but now having seen "Rebecca," I think David Selznick has a much greater idea to sell to Hollywood than even the spectacle of his lavish courage in producing the epic of *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler* . . . it's simple . . . yet he seems to be the only producer in Hollywood aware of it . . . to me it's the secret of the success of this man who had never made a really poor picture . . . it's merely this: David Selznick believes that the author of a successful story knew how to write that story, and that, therefore, when the story is transferred to celluloid it shouldn't be changed. . . .

When it came to filming Margaret Mitchell's masterpiece, while it was necessary to drop certain characters and situations due purely to

length . . . every part of the story that could be retained was transferred to the screen just as Miss Mitchell wrote it . . . and the result is sixteen and a half million dollars! When Mr. Selznick produced Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," he produced that just as Miss Alcott wrote it . . . you know what happened to that at the box office. . . .

When it came to Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca," however, he faced a doubly difficult task . . . here was a tremendously successful mystery novel in which the central character never appears . . . I know that if I had been faced with the task of transferring such a story to the screen I would have thought it imperative to show the woman . . . but not Mr. Selznick . . . he had brains enough to realize that, since the public had accepted the book with *Rebecca* absent, the movie public could be made to do the same . . . the film result is an eerie, stirring, utterly "different" picture . . . and, I suspect, several thousand more dollars added to David Selznick's personal fortune. . . .

Yet with the spectacle of the Selznick success due to this policy ever before them . . . no other producer follows it . . . we get a supposed life of Stephen Foster distorted into a silly piece of twaddle called "Swanee River". . . we get a "Lost Horizon" in which the character of a spinster schoolteacher is turned by the scenario department into a prostitute . . . or a "Wee Willie Winkie" wherein the very sex of the leading character is changed from male to female. . . .

**T**HERE'S no sense to it . . . I could give you scores of examples, but those three are enough . . . none of them made the money they were expected to make . . . perhaps they wouldn't have made fortunes if they had been filmed exactly . . . but I'll wager anything that they would have made, in their original form, more than they did in these versions. . . .

The greatest point of weakness in Hollywood today lies in the scenario departments . . . and the fault lies not with the writers hired but in the system under which they have to work . . . there's one studio in town . . . admittedly a small one . . . in which writers are hired to work at twenty-five dollars a week on the story

for a star who gets thousands . . . Hollywood's favorite joke is that writers at that studio are hired on a two-way basis: Writer and janitor . . . but it isn't really funny . . . I have never yet seen a good picture made from a poor script, regardless of the stars or the production lavished upon it . . . and reversely I have never seen a poor picture made from a good script . . . and that goes for the casting and production, too . . . Jimmy Cagney and Eddie Robinson were unknown actors made through good stories . . . so, for a while, was Tyrone Power (let us forget "Day-Time Wife") . . . It was criminal extravagance to waste Clark Gable on a "Strange Cargo," though the studio is righting that wrong now with the story they have given him in "Boom Town" . . . which I have been privileged to read and which I think is just about the best script, for sheer entertainment, I have ever read . . . and a deep bow should be given to John Lee Mahin, who created it. . . .

**I** MENTION these other stars and other studios because I don't want to seem to infer that David Selznick is the only producer out here who knows a good story when he sees one . . . he isn't . . . but I do think that he is unique in his believing that when the public had proven it likes a story . . . then the public is right . . . and that the story, in filming, should not be changed . . . and I repeat if he can sell our other producers that idea . . . we'll all be seeing a lot better pictures. . . .

Of course, good pictures aren't entirely up to the producer and the writer . . . they can go only just so far and then come the stars . . . right now a lot of our leading stars are having "art" attacks . . . at the moment it is our glamour girls and if they don't watch out, all they are going to do is wake up one morning and discover they have made the screen safe for Hedy Lamarr . . . here's spring upon us, spring when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and a young girl's fancy goes even further and what are our laugh-producing girls giving us . . . gloom, that's what . . . gloom and shiny noses. . . .

Consider Miss Carole Lombard . . . she of the glorious humor and the shining hair, the  
(Continued on page 94)





WHY THE WHOLE WORLD  
ENVIES  
*our Bathing Beauty*

Fashion swings to the swing skirt. Interpreted here in a brand new fabric. Rich, dull-surface faille, woven of acetate rayon and "Lastex" yarns. Morning glory print in various colors on blue white ground. Slenderizing treatment in fitted bodice (thanks to that famous stretch) and adjustable shoulder straps. At leading stores everywhere, in company with many other swim suits made with "Lastex" yarn for fit, comfort and control... the suits that rule the fashion waves!

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

... THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

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# - I THE WED

*Photoplay presents its fashion-wise impression of the way Vivien Leigh may look when she becomes the bride of Laurence Olivier late this summer*

ONE Shakespearean tour brought them together; it's only poetic justice that another should serve as prelude for their wedding march! For, some time in August (when their respective divorce decrees become final in England), Vivien Leigh will set aside her *Juliet* cap and Laurence Olivier will step off the stage as *Romeo* to become Mr. and Mrs. in real life. To prove that a second-marriage ensemble—or one designed for any informal wedding late this season—can be every bit as entrancing as the first, PHOTOPLAY envisions this lovely bride-to-be in a dinner costume of faille taffeta that will be a stunning addition to any trousseau after the ceremony. Meanwhile, for the bridal tradition, there's "something old" and "something borrowed" about its little fitted peplum and semi leg-of-mutton sleeves reminiscent of grandma's wedding day. There's "something blue" in its navy coloring (though you may prefer black as pictured here). And there's "something new" in the blush pink that faces the gown and fashions the bow on the lingerie blouse of white chiffon and baby lace that's held tightly to a high, snug waistband on the full, rustling skirt. Then there's a wisp of a pink horsehair bonnet piled with shaded pink lilacs, and gloves to match the deepest hue of the latter. We did all this window-shopping for Vivien Leigh at Hattie Carnegie, New York—then rushed to one of our (and your) favorite illustrators so he could show us all just how sweet she'd look!

No modern love story has been more avidly followed than that of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, which soon achieves a happy ending—inspiring Arthur William Brown, the world-famous artist (see page 48), to "dream up" this portrait of the season's most pulse-stirring bride



ARTHUR  
WILLIAM  
BROWN—  
40





The Durkin sisters—Grace, who is married to Bill Henry, and Gertrude, the wife of Jimmy Ellison—made plans together for babies born two weeks apart

# HOLLYWOOD BIRTH RATE

## *Going Up!*

Chaotic conditions abroad upset the plans of Edward Lindsay-Hogg and Geraldine Fitzgerald for the birthplace of their child



*The world could use some of the faith and courage Hollywood's young married set are showing in starting a surprising new cycle—babies!*

**BY KAY PROCTOR**

**T**HE weeping Willies and moaning Mamies of the country are in for a shock and I have an idea it is going to set them back on their heels for a pleasantly long time. It has to do with the extraordinarily large number of babies due to arrive in the homes of Hollywood's great and near-great within the next few months.

At first glance it began to look like an epidemic was in full swing when, one after the other, the news leaked

out that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Ray Milland, Anne Shirley, Janet Gaynor, Bill Henry, Jimmy Ellison, Geraldine Fitzgerald, John Garfield, Russell Hayden, Johnny Weissmuller, Madge Evans, Pat Ziegfeld and several others were preparing to welcome little newcomers to their families. Laughingly people said a new Hollywood cycle, like gangster pictures, Westerns, and screwball comedies, was running its course.

Then the real significance of it hit, and people no longer laughed. They saw the faith and courage that lay behind it, a faith and courage sadly needed in the world today.

For many years now the self-appointed censors of the other fellow's morals and behavior

Serenity and gratitude envelop Anne Shirley and John Payne in all their plans for the baby expected in July



If it's a girl in the Janet Gaynor-Gilbert Adrian menage, she'll be the best-dressed baby in Hollywood

The John Garfields have no fear of world conditions, as they await the arrival of their second child





have made Hollywood the handy scapegoat for all the real or imaginary ills of the world. From short bathing suits to long fingernails, the battle cry of the critics was the same:

*"Blame Hollywood for that!"*

In a sense, I suppose, there was some justice to it. Hollywood has set the style for many phases of modern modes and manners. But now comes the joker. If the birth rate among young married couples suddenly hits a new high in the next year it quite probably will be because Hollywood again is setting a new style, the style of having babies. For once the sourpusses will have to put away their harpoons and admit:

*"Credit Hollywood for that!"*

THE baby question always has been a touchy subject in Movie Town. For years it was believed a screen hero or glamour queen would lose all box-office appeal if they dared marry and raise a family like the couple down the street. For years it seemed to be true, which was why favorites like Barbara La Marr and Jack Holt tried desperately to keep the existence of their children from the public. Not until Norma Shearer and Harold Lloyd not only admitted the existence of their respective sons and daughters but took public pride in them did the box-office slant on the subject change. And although it was proved time and again that having babies frequently meant the loss of considerable fortunes through time away from the screen and changed physical appearance, childless marriages of stars inevitably were censured severely as "deplorably selfish."

If ever young stars had a legitimate "out" for not bearing children and would be free of that censure of selfishness, it is now in 1940 when all around them they hear their elders, thinking men and women, speak hopeless words about the future of civilization itself. Why wouldn't they have a justifiable reluctance to create new lives when on every side they hear embittered adults talk of "a world doomed to inextricable turmoil," and promise they would bear no more sons for an egomaniac's cannon fodder or daughters for a bomber's target?

Most of them were "war babies" themselves, born at the beginning of the bloody world conflict which was to end all wars forever hence. They saw the hope their parents had and the sacrifices they made. They see now, twenty-five years later, how vain were those hopes and sacrifices.

Yet in the face of international chaos, toppling governments, industrial strife and threatened security, the youth of Hollywood wants no part of this ready-made "out." They want children and are having them.

It is, I think, the most significant answer that Hollywood could make to the charges of the Dies Committee and the accusation of radical and subversive attitude toward the American form of government. In having children they are proving their faith in the future of this nation and democracy.

It is an inspiring example for American youth to follow.

There is nothing heroic about the way these young stars are having their babies, however; they are experiencing the same secret thrill, the same great excitement, and the same impatient longing for the big day to arrive that makes it the same glorious adventure for John and Mary Brown of Main Street. They are one with them in plans and hopes, little worries and problems.

First of the new babies to make an appearance in Hollywood was the six-pound son born to Ray and Muriel Milland on March 6. So anxious was the young gentleman to join his parents, he arrived two weeks ahead of schedule and caught Papa Ray out of town on a brief holiday at Sun Valley. Racing the stork in a chartered plane, Ray arrived at the hospital in time to meet a smiling nurse with a tiny bundle in her arms saying, "It's a boy!"

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Barbara, with her son Dion, is proof that a good mother is the same in any community

THERE'S a general conception that Hollywood stars aren't very good mothers. I hear some American women think of the actress' child as a lonely little fellow, guarded from kidnapers and kept from bothering mama by an army of impersonal governesses and tutors. It's a favorite fiction that any baby unlucky enough to be born into a star's home turns into a precocious, snobbish, neurotic, thoroughly miserable youngster, and that it's all his mother's fault.

Thank Heaven, this is fiction and not truth. The picture of a mother is the same in any language and in any community—and I guarantee Hollywood is no exception. Oh, there may be

some out here who could do with a lesson or two on the subject; a few congenitally inefficient mothers happen to every town.

Naturally, the Hollywood woman is not the homebody type; she's a career girl.

When she has a baby it's because she desperately wants one, which means she will love it, inevitably. She certainly doesn't have it for publicity purposes—that's going a long way for a few lines in papers and magazines. Besides, the expense . . . it costs around \$100,000 for a top star to go through the routine of childbirth. There is time out, and salary out; huge hospital and medical charges; and the slump in career

(Continued on page 78)



# THE MARRIAGE PLANS OF GINGER ROGERS AND HOWARD HUGHES

*It was once an undercover romance—  
now all Hollywood rejoices in the  
perfect love of two happy headliners*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

MISS GINGER ROGERS is wearing an emerald as big as a headlight set around with baguette diamonds huge as pears on the heart-warning finger of her left hand these days.

The heart of Miss Ginger Rogers right now is as spirited as her feathery feet. The eyes of the little dancing girl, who proved that she was a dashing comedienne in "Bachelor Mother," and then a sensitive, dramatic realistic actress in "The Primrose Path," those provocative, saucy eyes of hers are aglow with happiness, with that inner fire, with that throbbing intensity that comes only to the eyes of a woman in love.

For that's how it is with her. Ginger is in love. Ginger is to be married the very moment it is legally possible, which will be March 14, 1941, just one year and a day after she sought her divorce from Lew Ayres.

Ginger is in love this time as she never was in love with Jack Pepper, the vaudevillian who was her first husband, nor with Lew, her second; and it isn't such a wonder at that. For she has given her today's heart to Howard Hughes, the multimillionaire flyer, who is very much a man's man, and by that I mean no disrespect to actors, either, but there's a difference.

There's a difference if for no other reason than that a man's man will stumblingly, but nonetheless tell a woman that he loves her, that she is beautiful, that she is the most wonderful creature who ever trod this earth, and all those much too extravagant things that no keen-brained creature like Ginger would quite believe, but which are sweet to hear nonetheless. With actors, they want the woman to say those things about them, and when it comes to making a girl completely happy, that isn't nearly so good.

Moreover, Howard Hughes has adored Ginger Rogers, and made no bones about it either, since 1931, which is a flatteringly long time for a millionaire bachelor to stay devoted anywhere and at least two blissful lifetimes long in Hollywood. It's true that he has dated practically every pretty blonde who has ever hit Hollywood in that interval, except when he dated brunettes. It is true that a season or so ago he was rumored emotion-smitten by Miss Katharine Hepburn, though the intimates of both of them have insisted that they honestly were that stock Hollywood setup, "just good friends."

Now it seems that through it all Ginger and Howard (she the wife of Lew and Howard the one who flew around the world in a very spectacular and fast manner a couple of years ago, only to have his publicity thunder stolen from him by Douglas Corrigan because the latter arrived at where he said he didn't mean to be and got there backwards) have remained intrigued by one another.

There was never any doubt of Ginger's love for Lew Ayres while it lasted. Her marriage to Jack Pepper was one of those foolish, child escapades, but Lew to Ginger was true romance, the breath of orange blossoms, the voice that breathed o'er Eden and all that sort of tender, youthful emotionalism. Yet their incompatibility was always just as evident as her adoration. Lew is all plodding and brooding, all careful saving and looking into the future, where Ginger is all swift facility, casualness and little-girl joy. She has worked, of course, like a glamorous young slave but still she's had fun working. She climbed her glittering, golden pathway to fame. She built her hilltop mansion. And she evolved, from merely a cute kid into an important star. In other words, she grew up. And growing up, she wanted, as every woman wants, a man in her life. Yet he had to be a special type of man, one of position, one of name, but still not a serious, solemn owl. He had to be gay for Ginger. He needed to be all the things that Howard Hughes is.

The absolute rightness of this romance for the two happy people concerned seems so obvious now that I don't see how those of us around Hollywood who think we are so all-fired wise to what's going on could have missed it all this while. But miss it we did and by miles.

Howard and Ginger were quiet as two crocuses under the snow about the fact that they

were seeing each other in 1939 again, after their first casual dates back in 1931 and 1932. Not so much as an inkling of their serious attachment inkled out until Ginger got her divorce this spring, and even then Hollywood couldn't guess who the man was, though naturally we knew that there must be a man. For in this town, even as in the rest of the world, a woman who has been long separated from her husband doesn't up and get a divorce merely for freedom (even though she always insists that is the only reason). Hollywood began saying "*cherchez l'homme*" the minute they handed Ginger those interlocutory papers. The only trouble was that we didn't know where to look for *l'homme*.

WHERE we should have looked, it comes out, was into a simple little restaurant down in Santa Monica, the prettiest little cottage restaurant you ever did see, overlooking the blue and placid Pacific and set back in the midst of a great flower garden. It's all done up in chintzes and softly candle-lighted. The food is perfection. The quiet and sweetly sly ones of the film colony know this restaurant. It is here that Joel McCrea and Frances Dee used to steal for their courting in those exciting days before they were wed. It is here that many a hero of movies hides out with his particular charmer of the moment, when he's really talking sincerely and not promoting a publicity romance. But for all that, the cameraboys and the reporters haven't generally discovered it since the management lets its celebrities politely alone. The sum of these reasons is why Ginger and Howard Hughes have dined there nightly now for months.

Still and for all that, there were other signs of what was going on in the hearts of the slim redheaded girl and the more slim, most tall flyer if only we'd had sense enough to read them.

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Back in the early thirties, as the above rare candid of Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes proves, the slim redhead and millionaire oil-man and famous flyer were dating—but it wasn't 'til Ginger applied for her freedom this Spring, that blind Hollywood knew that it was all the "Real McCoy!"





Anita Louise, with Cary Grant and Rudy Vallee, proves she can eat her cake and have a figure, too



Thank heavens, boys, Tyrone Power pays Anna-bella's check—for she's another of the "eating girls"



Rosemary Lane wraps herself around ham and eggs as you would popcorn



Manhattan beaux don't remember what they eat—but they can't forget the checks!

# GLAMOUR GIRLS

## *Off Their Diet*

*Famous girl columnist catches Hollywood fragiles on a calorie spree—with incalculable results for you and the stars alike*

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

THERE was a time when I believed the myth that every girl in Hollywood was hungry.

I knew, from what I read in the movie columns and magazines, that Joan Crawford lived on three small lettuce leaves a day, that Priscilla Lane collapsed regularly on the set from dieting, and that the poorest Polish peasant was better off at lunch time than Hedy Lamarr.

As a girl brought up with the highest devotion to what our set called breakfast, luncheon and dinner, these malnutrition items gave me visions of horror about the cinema town. Poor Dorothy Lamour, shrinking in her sarong, being led into Cedars of Lebanon Hospital faint from lack of calories. Bette Davis kissing Errol Flynn without an ounce of Vitamin A. Judy Garland praying for an ice-cream cone and getting melba toast. An empty stomach, I always thought, was a terrible price to pay for an Academy Award.

Then I began observing motion-picture

actresses at mealtime, noting what they order.

And all I know is, they always eat steak when I'm looking. In fact, after spending several seasons watching Hollywood beauties at work with the knife and fork, I will stack them up against any All-American football team and bet on the girls to make the griddle cakes disappear faster. The more beautiful the star, the better the appetite. I will guarantee that Hedy Lamarr's eating ability would frighten an Alabama tackle.

Anita Louise, who looks as if she subsists on bee's tongues, is another belle with the appetite of a transcontinental bus driver. And Rosemary Lane eats steaks, chops, potatoes, roast beef, and ham and eggs the way you eat popcorn.

I asked a young-man-around-town, who had taken Rosemary out frequently on her trips to New York, what she ate when she was with him.

"I don't know," the beau groaned morosely.

"All I remember is the size of the checks!"

I have worked out two possible theories to explain why the celluloid beauties, on their recent visit to New York, have been abandoning those legendary pineapple and rose leaf diets to tear into meals that would embarrass a starving stevedore. I have decided this is due to the fact that (a) cuties are coming back—Lana Turner has more fans at Harvard than Marlene Dietrich, for instance, so the girls don't mind looking robust; and (b) the food in Hollywood is terrible, so in Manhattan they "cram," like kids home from boarding school for the week end.

A casual observer, not bothering about explanations, would take one look around the gilded bistros patronized by the glamour girls and conclude that a diet was something the stars had heard of, but never defined. Let him travel from the Stork Club, where Marie Wilson is munching Welsh rarebit, to Ruby





Eating Champion of Hollywood: Hedy Lamarr, typical of the foreign contingent, and original "second-helping" girl



Runner-up in the tablecloth sweepstakes: Joan Crawford, with Charles Martin

Foo's, where Dorothy Lamour is devouring Chinese seafood, to the Coq Rouge, where Janet Gaynor is tearing into Risotto Milanese, and he will forget that he ever felt sorry for a gal who made \$2,000 a week but couldn't eat it.

And think what this means! Do you grasp the full significance? If the stars, whose very souls are dedicated to glamour, can toss their diets out the window, why can't we? No more anti-waistline campaigns. No more counting to ten before attacking those chocolates.

I always heard Garbo ate spinach. But the first time I ever saw Greta with a knife and fork in her paws, she was eating a giant hamburger.

Mary Pickford is a small woman. But she can wrap herself around wild duck à la presse and show no sign of wear and tear. I have

observed Norma Shearer consume a large plate of fried chicken with the dispatch of a Southern mammy. Betty Grable often drops into Colbert's and orders a baby turkey, which is not my idea of a frugal meal, and Jane Bryan sups on beefsteak with mushroom sauce

**T**HE foreign stars, particularly the British variety, have absolutely no regard for calorie-counting. They are strictly eating girls, and if they have any waistline left by the time they hit the camera's eye, it is wholly a gift of God and has nothing to do with the fact that they ate raw carrots for lunch.

Karen Verne, M-G-M's English import, declared herself gastronomically the minute she got off the boat. She stepped on the pier,

shook hands with the young man sent to meet her, and asked: "Where can I get a good American hamburger?"

I have seen Margot Graham demolish beefsteak and kidney pot pie, hardly a slimming dish, in Bill's Gay Nineties of an evening, and have noticed Ilona Massey, the Hungarian lure, munching the same thing. Ilona also adores calves liver and bacon at "21," and has been known to order it three days running.

Hedy Lamarr, however, remains my idea of the Eating Champion of Hollywood. She comes into a restaurant looking pale and beautiful and as out-of-the-world as if she had never consumed anything more substantial than butterfly's wings sauté, and she proceeds to outeat  
(Continued on page 94)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARBARA SHERMUND



Give the Hollywood beauties a knife and fork; stack them up against any All-American football team—and it's a cinch the gals will win



A kiss without an ounce of Vitamin A? Maybe once she munched only on lettuce leaves, but now it's chicken



It's just a myth—that gal who makes \$2,000 a week and can't eat. Little whipped cream whimsies give her that underweight look





Together again—Nelson and Jeanette in "New Moon"

# Categorically Speaking

**JEANETTE**  
*As Seen by Nelson Eddy*

**T**HE Jeanette MacDonald you know on the screen and through the usual stories written about her has a good many more facets to her personality than you've been led to believe. Since I like to do anything and everything as thoroughly as possible, you may find some categories of mine are not in agreement with those you'd choose yourself. I'll try to explain them as I go along—but if I forget, you'll just have to take my word for it.

Jeanette, if she were food, would be a cold pheasant wing with dry Chablis, rice pudding and toast melba. The last item represents a definite sense of self-discipline; the rice pud-

*When is a rice pudding not a rice pudding? It's when that wily Howard Sharpe tricks stars into describing each other in terms of steam engines and steak, Scotch plaid and heather*

ding is that simple, hearty, sometimes unglamorous quality she has; and the other portions of the menu speak for themselves.

As a tree—well, just imagine a sunny California hill with golden poppies growing down the slope, and then, right on top, perch a Christmas tree all garnished with baubles and quite incongruously touched with real snow. Snow that the sun cannot melt, no matter how warm the rays.

It's easier to describe Jeanette in terms of a

house. That's a natural. She's an early American place with a Scottish influence in the decorations: The MacDonald is very conscious of her ancestry. Pure early American is not very comfortable, but this house would be. There'd be divans upholstered in plaid, facing a great open fireplace, and the inevitable spinning wheel would be pushed back to make way for a tea wagon. That symbolism is particularly apt. The house would be spotless, the wooden floors scrubbed until they shone, with everything dusted relentlessly. A family bible and a family album would have a conspicuous place on a conspicuous table. The mantle and small what-nots would be covered with little sentimental gadgets and keepsakes.

The whole mood of the place would be one of casual formality, with rules to be observed—but not to the exclusion of comfort.

What sort of game? Certainly not a very energetic one; I should say a parlor game in  
(Continued on page 91)





Metamorphose Jeanette into an animal, a flower, a sport! A deer, a nosegay, a jumping rope is the way Nelson does it—but his explanations as to why she is these things tell you more about the personality of his glamorous co-star than anything you have read about her yet

## NELSON

*As Seen by Jeanette MacDonald*

### What Kind of Car Would He Be?

If Nelson Eddy were an automobile, I'm pretty sure he would be a sedan, probably light tan in color, with white sidewall tires which would be quite spotless, always. The car would be of good make, a trustworthy make. It would have a governor on the accelerator to keep it from going faster than the lawful speed limit. But this car would have a touch of fancy about it; the exhaust pipe would be attached to an expensive set of musical horns and they would work by vacuum, exuberantly booming forth "The Road to Mandalay," to the confusion of traffic and the delight of people on sidewalks. Crowds of girls would follow the machine down the street.

### What Kind of Clothes?

A conservative, dark blue business suit, with matching tie, shirt, socks and handkerchief in various shades. The suit would be neatly pressed, unobtrusively expensive. There would be a boutonniere on the lapel, and when you smelled it a stream of water would squirt in your eye. Yes, you would find—if you looked closely—a mended place where a sleeve had been ripped by overly enthusiastic autograph-seekers.

### Food?

Steak, mashed potatoes, plenty of gravy, and iced pineapple.

### What Kind of Mechanical Device?

Oh, I should think a platinum-plated steam shovel, deliberately and earnestly and thoroughly doing the work demanded of it, and being extremely entertaining to the groups of

people who have gathered around the railing of the excavation to watch.

### What Magazine, or Magazines?

A mixture of magazines, certainly—mostly *Country Gentleman*, with a few pages of *Down Beat*, the musicians trade book; a touch of *Boy's Life*; a glossy covered opera program; some of *Readers Digest*. The issue would have a cover in subdued tones, with the picture of a tree and some dogs and a man smoking a pipe.

### What Song?

A marching song. "Home Sweet Home," sung by Nelson himself; "That Dear Old Mother of Mine," rendered with moving sincerity by a

large chorus; a few bars of a raucous barracks ditty heard from the bathroom, to accompaniment of splashing.

### What Animal?

Nelson would certainly be an animal with a constructive purpose in life, like a fine watchdog with an especially appealing bark.

### Drink?

Hot rum punch on a cold, bleak day. Beer, drunk from a china mug.

### Book, or Books?

Of course there would have to be a tome on music. And a collection of essays on how to live intelligently, with control. Anything by Horatio Alger, the writing polished by Somerset Maugham, because his life is like an Alger story except that he has lived it with great distinction and good taste. And a history book, because of Nelson's fabulous memory for details.

### Street?

Berkeley Square in Los Angeles, where the Quality live. There are gates at either end (it's only two blocks long), and even the gutters are exclusive. He would be the street the Met is on, in New York, the main drag of any small American town—the Sinclair Lewis Main Street, but with good taste and aplomb—and he would be the entrance drive to a studio city.

### Game?

Magic—perhaps because it's one of the things he does well, at every party; but also because he's so darned surprising. He's a guessing game, of course. And Musical Chairs.

### Tree?

An oak. Sometimes he's a very young oak, however, easily swayed by a strong breeze. Mostly he knows what he wants and stands very firm against the breeze. And he's intensely staunch in his loyalties.

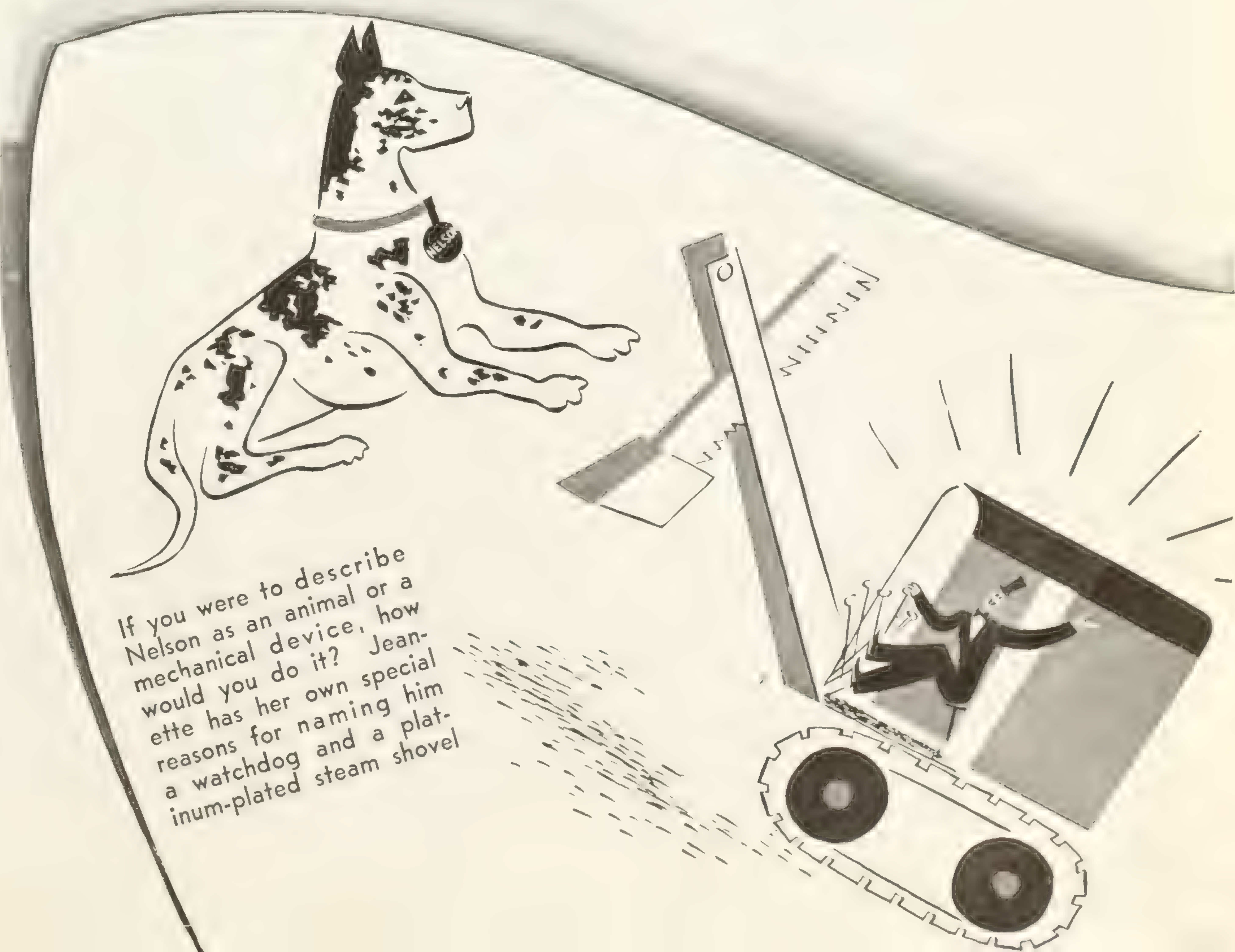
### House?

White Colonial. Passionately American, formal with a play cottage removed from the main building, for parties. There would be a pipe organ in the drawing room.

### Sport?

Baseball, particularly at the interval when the bands play. There would have to be bands.

(Continued on page 91)



If you were to describe Nelson as an animal or a mechanical device, how would you do it? Jeanette has her own special reasons for naming him a watchdog and a platinum-plated steam shovel



# HAWAIIAN

# Honeymoon

*In a game you may play your shots  
straight, but in love it's a wise wom-  
an who takes the subtle approach*

## BY HAGAR WILDE

**O**F ALL the determinedly cheery little crowd preparing to accompany Angus MacBride on a week-end fishing trip, there were only three who looked forward to what should have been a pleasant prospect with anything resembling pleasure. The unsuspecting Angus had asked them all out of the goodness of his heart and had no idea that he was virtually packing his small boat with nitroglycerine. Laurel Crane was glad to tag along for reasons all her own. And Alastair Decker was in a state of gleeful anticipation.

You certainly couldn't say as much for the four others.

Two attractive young people on their honeymoon in fabled islands of romance would be of interest anywhere. Two film stars of the first magnitude on their honeymoon in Hollywood's recently discovered playground, Hawaii, are world news. Simple, isn't it?

But the situation newly-wed David Crawford and Ann Adams found themselves in was far from simple. They had gladly invited their best friends, Randolph Grimes and Caroline Hathaway, to come along. They quite definitely had not invited Laurel Crane, seductively beautiful though she was.

Laurel was David's first wife. She was already anticipating being his third. Just like that.

Where Alastair Decker joined the cast, no one was quite sure. However, since trouble was obviously brewing in this section of cinema society and Alastair's business was the spreading of movie scandals across newspaper pages all over America, they accepted the inevitability of his presence with whatever fortitude they could command.

All except Ann. Oh, she could have accepted Alastair's presence with a philosophy born of resignation. She could even have accepted Laurel's avowed determination to win David back, knowing what that divorce had originally cost the man she loved. What she couldn't accept was David's reluctant admission that Laurel still obsessed all his thoughts. Being the bride in the case, she could hardly be expected to welcome the addition of Laurel to the proposed party. That's why she took refuge in hysterics, the moment they were safe from prying eyes.

**H**ER hysteria over, Ann spent the better part of an hour repairing the ravages. Little Keiko stood beside her holding a bowl of ice and handing her clean soft towels. Ann bathed her eyes in water hot as she could bear it and then wrapped the ice in a towel, pressing it over them until it seemed as though they'd frozen in her head. But afterward there were no traces of tears. Keiko, silent and quick, helped her to dress. When she'd finished, Ann put her arm around the slight shoulders and kissed Keiko's

smooth, cool little cheek. "Thank you, Keiko." "Please." Keiko bent in agonized, inarticulate sympathy.

"You're sweet," Ann said. "Don't ever be hysterical, Keiko, it doesn't get you anywhere." Keiko hadn't any idea what hysterical meant. All she knew was that the pretty lady she served had not spent the night at home in her own bed and when she had come home there'd been horrible sounds of crying from the drawing room.

As they drove to Kewalo basin where the boat was anchored Ann said to David, "Please forgive me for that horrible scene. I lost my head. I'm sorry."

David said miserably, "Don't apologize. It makes me feel awful. Everything is my fault."

"No it isn't. It's nobody's fault. I've been thinking while I was dressing, David. It can all be done very quietly. When we go back I'll have to start the new picture immediately. I can't get the divorce until after it's finished but the moment I'm free I'll go to Hot Springs or Florida . . . it will be easy. I'll charge you with mental cruelty. You won't mind that, will you?"

"I mind discussing it. I wish it could just be over and we didn't have to talk about it."

"It's really only a discussion of technicalities. So far as I'm concerned we're divorced right now. We have been ever since last night."

"It's hard to imagine life without you, Ann."

"It's harder to live life without her," Ann said. "It's quite impossible for anybody to love two people, David."

"I'm not sure it is," said David. "We all want the whole thing, you know? Excitement and danger and peace and security and laughter and seriousness all mixed up in one person. And if we don't find it in one person we want two or three or even four people to round out our lives."

"The Turks seemed to manage pretty well that way," Ann said, "but I understand it's against the law in this country."

She thought: I didn't want anybody else to round out my life. I was happy just to be his wife. But I'm not a man. Maybe women are satisfied with less.

**T**HE Humuhumunukunuku, a motor cruiser, was moored alongside the dock at Kewalo and Angus MacBride, clad in a pilaka shirt of strange and wonderful hues, sat on a packing case checking lists. As they approached, he was saying, "Beer. Chuck it in, Willi." Willi, a hapahaoli boy with soft brown eyes and a smile which substituted for intelligence, chucked in three cases of beer and followed them through the window of the Humuhumunukunuku to stow them in the icebox. Angus said to Ann and David, "Hello, there. You're the first to arrive." He gestured toward Willi. "The bronze idol whose posterior you see wriggling through the window hasn't a brain or a moral in his whole silly head but he can swim like a fish and fish like a magician. He knows these waters as though he'd dug the channels himself."

Laurel and Alastair Decker arrived together. Laurel's slacks were obviously the handiwork of

a very good and expensive tailor. They were topped by a soft white angora sweater which showed the breadth of her shoulders and the slimness of her waist to perfection. Alastair was wearing a horrible multicolored sweater which was his idea of tropical apparel and made Ann think of an advertisement for an outdoor poster. Alastair said, "Laurel and I had cocktails at the Royal. She's kept me roaring with laughter for two hours." Ann wondered what they'd been laughing about. About her and David? About David's funny, silly marriage? Laurel said to David with a quick, sidelong smile, "I was telling him about the time we fought over the color of the roadster and I left for Reno and you took the plane and caught me at the lawyer's office, remember?"

"Yes," David said. "I wanted to kill you."

Ann swallowed hard, feeling somewhat like a nonmember visiting a very exclusive club. She saw Alastair watching her, forced a smile and hooked her arm through David's trying to give an imitation of the happiest and most understanding wife in the Western Hemisphere.

A taxi door slammed as though the object were to tear it off the hinges and Caroline ap-

ILLUSTRATED BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL





peared in their midst with Randy at her heels. Obviously they were not on speaking terms. "If it were not," Caroline said to Ann, "for my undying devotion to you, I would not stir a step with this hateful and depressing man."

"In case you don't recognize the description," Randy said, "and I can quite see why you wouldn't, she means me."

Alastair said happily, "Quarrel?"

"Joke," Caroline said tartly. "You have no sense of humor, Alastair."

"I have," said Laurel, "and it didn't sound very funny to me."

"We move in different circles," Caroline said frigidly. "In my circle, now, that's considered a

joke. But don't laugh just to get in, you know?"

It didn't take a soothsayer to see that one boat wasn't big enough for all of them. Only Angus MacBride remained in blissful ignorance of the major conflict in progress. He checked happily and Willi, with an imperturbable smile, chucked happily and presently when everything was checked and chucked the Humuhumunukunuku chugged out into the darkness toward Diamond Head.

**T**HERE were three cabins forward with bunks on either side, a long main cabin which served as a combination living and dining room, and three steps below it was the galley which was

big enough to get into but not entirely suited to swinging a cat. A small afterdeck was equipped with two swivel chairs designed for fishing and, directly in front of them, a fish box in which fishermen shot with luck were expected to deposit their prey after knocking it in the head with a mallet. The fish box being big and Ann being small, together with the fact that the fish box had never been used for fish since Angus had only just had the boat built, it served admirably as a place to tuck into and be miserable.

Ann tucked into it, hugged her knees and regarded the receding lights of the Honolulu water-  
(Continued on page 82)

David went out to the afterdeck.  
Ann stood beside him. "Afraid?"  
he asked. "Yes," Ann said soberly







# "My Life With

After you finish this disarming interview, all you know about Elaine Barre Barrymore's madcap marriage is what you don't read in the papers

BY IDA ZEITLIN

**W**HAT sort of person is the real Elaine Barrymore? Is her story to be known as the headlines tell it? Or is there a story behind the headlines? Here for the first time, in an exclusive interview, she speaks for herself about the things that she alone can know. Here for the first time you're admitted within the Barrymore menage. Here you can see two much-publicized people—not hazily, through a barrage of headlines, but intimately, as they see each other.

Elaine, in a blue peaked hat, sat across the table from me. She and John don't see eye to eye, as a rule, on hats.

"He approves of this one, though." Her red lips curved, and glee glinted in her eye. "He thinks

I'm a little like *Pinocchio* in it," she grinned.

I chalked one up for Mrs. Barrymore. The woman is rare who thinks it's funny to be told that she looks like *Pinocchio*.

I had gone to meet her with a set of vague, preconceived notions planted by these same newspapers. I left her with a feeling far from vague which, if I had to put a name to it, I should call pro-Elaine. I'm not out to justify that feeling or to tilt a lance at her critics. They don't bother her, and they're certainly none of my business. Neither am I out primarily to present the other side of a story which has been blared, with small regard for fairness, from the rooftops. My chief purpose is to let Elaine tell you about her life with John. The conclusions are your own to draw.

She sat there in her *Pinocchio* hat and talked. She had nothing to gain from an interview. Publicity was the last thing she needed. Her experience with the press hadn't led her to expect anything extravagant in the way of consideration. If she was prompted by any motive but courtesy, it remained hidden from me.

She looks younger and less sophisticated than her published photographs. Her face is too strong to be called pretty, but when she talks, it becomes vivid and arresting by virtue of the spirited intelligence behind it. Her voice is one of those warm contraltos that's easy on the ears. She's gay and stimulating, and an hour spent

in her company will explain why John likes to have her around.

She is neither coy nor self-assertive. Her manner is casual, friendly and direct. She answers questions straightforwardly and, when she doesn't want to answer, says so straightforwardly. She makes no bid, either open or covert, for your partisanship. Your impression of her is your own affair. Five years have developed a native gift for distinguishing between what matters and what doesn't.

"Five years ago," she says, "I was nineteen and naïve. I thought, if you told people the truth, they'd believe it. I'd give reporters a story and, when it appeared, my hair stood on end. I'd call up and wail, 'But it isn't true. That's not what I told you.' Sometimes they'd print a retraction. The retraction wasn't quite accurate either, and besides it was buried away where no one could see it. I began to realize that my story wasn't sensational enough, so they had to go out and make up their own. There were times when I thought I was going mad. After a while I got a perspective on it. Now I just shrug.

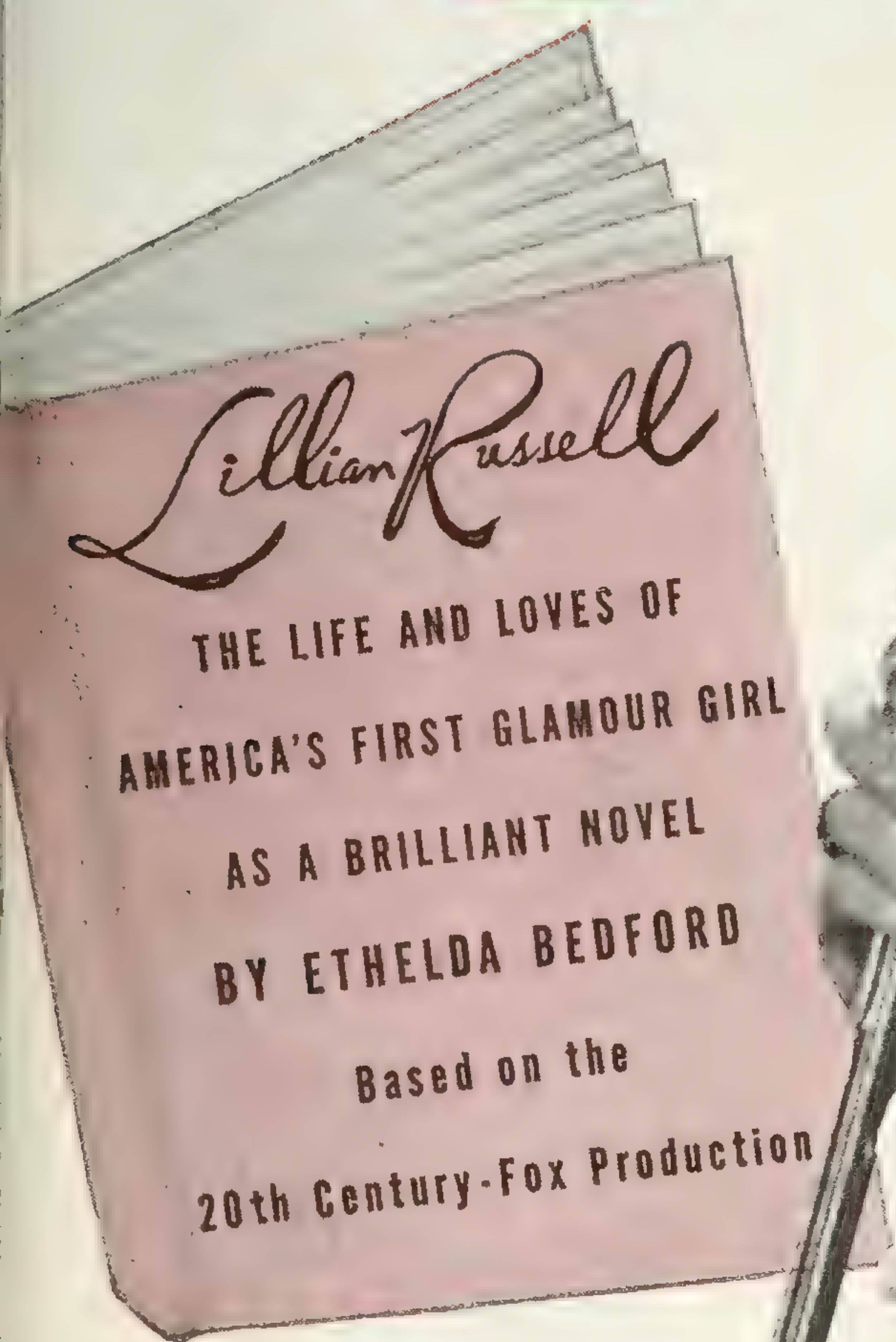
"It's not my object in life to outrage convention. It's just that some things are more important than convention. When I was twelve, I read a book—I don't remember the title though I ought to, if only out of gratitude. It was a sen-

(Continued on page 84)



PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS AS ITS NEW MOVIE NOVEL

# Lillian Russell



Alice Faye brings to the screen  
a fascinating interpretation of  
this beautiful woman of destiny

The Fabulous Story of a Girl Who Was Born for Fame but Who Lived for Love





This stranger, Alexander Moore, made Helen newly aware of herself as a woman

# Lillian Russell

Copyright 1940 by Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation

When Cynthia's political aspirations ended in ridicule, her husband and her daughters offered in silence the sympathy they dared not express in words

## PART I

**T**HERE was an air of fashionable repose in the New York of the Elegant Eighties. Men went late to their offices, wearing high, starched collars and hard-crowned hats. Women, respectfully referred to as ladies, were seldom seen or expected outside their homes until noon. When the hours spent on their appearances showed in carefully arranged spit-curls and braids and laced-to-kill figures.

It was common knowledge that it took a good forty-five minutes for a stylish lady to get into her corsets—lacing a little from the bottom, then a little from the top, a little more from the bottom, gradually tightening toward the waist, drawing the tapes, until she could moor them securely about her middle, until there was absolute security against the devastating expanse of a good breath or a square meal.

Even in the heart of the city—Fourteenth Street—hurry was avoided to a great extent. And on sunny afternoons, when carriages and buggies crowded the thoroughfare, there was much sauntering on the walks. Much ogling of the handsome ladies, driving past in great hats and bouffant costumes, or tripping and rustling gracefully along in twos and threes, chattering as though they were unaware of the attentive stares of the sauntering males.

The dull brick buildings, lining the walks, provided a properly somber and unaggressive background for the people, who always welcomed a marching parade—the brass band seemed to voice their suppressed emotions. A fight outside a bar, or an argument in front of Tony Pastor's Theater, always brought men crowding around, yelling. Their fashionable repose, copied from the aristocrats, forgotten in hysteria.

But there was one excitement in which everyone took part. The ladies often fainted—when it was all over, of course. And it was during one of the tranquil afternoons in town that the most pulse-stirring of all occurrences took place.

**I**N the first second of that fearful moment, Helen Leonard saw, even more than she felt, the quick danger of death, and above and through it she heard her grandmother praying. The horses of their carriage were running away!

It all took place so swiftly, yet Helen's mind cleared through every detail: She and grandma had stepped into a public carriage as a parade, flaunting a "Votes For Women" banner, marched into the street. The coachman swung his whip at the instant

*Men adored her; women envied her;  
but even of great beauty Life de-  
manded a payment of sorrow and tears*

*This is a fictionized version of the motion picture which at times departs from the factual, chronological true life of Lillian Russell*

the band sounded off with a loud blast! The horses jumped, then charged up Fourteenth Street.

Helen screamed. Her hat whirled off. She bumped painfully into grandma. Tight corsets choked her breath. She could not cry out again, although she knew the horses were out of the driver's control. She grabbed grandma with both arms. If they were flung out on the street, dear God, let her hit first. She was so much stronger and bigger.

The coachman yelled at the wild horses and yanked his lines. Then, Helen saw it happen—the rein broke!

Grabbing at the air for support the driver plunged down over the wheel into the street.

Helen could hear grandma's whispered prayer. "Spare her life, dear Father. Don't let this be the end. She hasn't had her chance at life yet."

"Oh, Grandma! Don't look!"

Helen covered the old woman's eyes with her hand, feeling these were the last seconds left of their lives. There could be but a few more seconds left—unless the girl would leap from the reeling coach. And numb, gaping bystanders lining Fourteenth Street knew the girl would not leave the old woman.

Anything might happen in this very second! The peril was mirrored in the faces along the street.

Now the carriage twisted, almost turned over against the curb. A man lunged forward—then his arm shot out and he clutched the mane of the horse. With a leap, he landed on the animal's back and clung. The charge faltered and slowed and after a block, with the rider whipping the reins, carriage and horses, came to a standstill.

Helen lost consciousness then. The next thing she knew was that the street around the carriage was filled with sounds of strange, excited voices.

"Are you hurt, Grandma?"

"No, but I'm good and mad. That suffragettes'

band would scare the daylight out of anything!"

It was good to hear the old cracked voice. It steadied Helen, who watched grandma get up and shake the fullness of her skirt out about her.

Helen was trembling, half laughing and half crying, trying to hold her blowing hair.

"Oh, my hat! My new horsehair hat! It's gone!" The hat was easier to talk about now than the runaway and of the nearness of bright danger just escaped. Her heart pounded madly against its prison of whalebone.

"Are you all right?" someone asked Helen.

She turned to find a man leaning into the carriage. He was hatless, too, and his hair blew across his anxious dark eyes.

"I—I think I'm all right," Helen answered.

"Won't you let me help you out? See if you are all right?"

Without waiting for her answer, his hand slipped beneath her arm and with one strong movement propelled her to the ground. Her knees doubled without warning. She would have fallen, but the stranger's arms suddenly and deftly circled her.

"Oh—I'm sorry!" she cried, resting her full weight against him.

"You can't fall—I've got you."

Helen looked up into the man's eyes, conscious of his height and strength. She felt small and helpless beside him.

Her loose hair fanned out across his face, hiding it from her, and blushing, she reached up and uncovered him.

They both laughed, and Helen realized suddenly who he was and the full value of what he had done swept through her.

"You saved us!" she cried. "It was you!" Her eyes and voice reached up to him. Gratitude flowed through her like warm wine, shooting quick tears into her eyes and laughter into her voice.

His arms were still around her, holding her firmly against him. She felt his breath, warm and moist.

Helen pushed away, leaned against the carriage wheel, holding her hair back with her hands. Still unable to look away from his eyes.

**I**N this curious moment of fright and relief, uncertainty and excitement, Helen Leonard had become aware of an emotion unrelated to anything she had experienced before. She had felt a man's arms and had liked the feeling of being pressed against a lean, masculine body. This stranger, who had risked his life to save her, made her newly aware of herself as a woman and the sensation refused to stay hidden warmly within her body. It was over her



more than the fright of the runaway. Standing there, she was laughing and crying, too.

He looked so young and so nice. There was a dignity about him, a simplicity which went to her heart. She flushed and tried to tear her telltale eyes from his. She shook her head and bit her lip. "You saved us!" she said again, as though to herself.

"It was easy," he said. "When the carriage twisted near me—"

"No," Helen said, "you were very brave."

"And you—you're very beautiful."

She caught her breath. It was as though they were alone. Her eyes closed and she turned her head. They were far from being alone. People crowded around them, asking questions, listening!

Helen, confused, wondered what she looked like, without a hat, flushing like a silly girl.

Suddenly grandma climbed into the carriage and held up Helen's hat.

"Young man, if it weren't for you, we would have been killed."

He looked up and ran his hand through his hair, bowed to the smiling old woman; he reached for the hat and handed it to Helen.

"I've tried to thank him for us," Helen said, adjusting the broad brim over her hair.

The man looked at her, watched every movement she made and his warm, admiring eyes stirred currents through her body. With her arms stretched up to her wide hat, Helen was conscious of the high curves of her breasts. The sweep from her bosom to her flaring hips had the true indentation of an hourglass. She felt as beautiful, as he had said she was. He had brought her pleasantly awake.

Grandma Leonard, reacting to the romance written on the young faces, sighed and sat back in the carriage. She motioned to the coachman, and nodded toward Helen.

"All right, missie," said the old man, touching his high-crowned, dusty hat. "You can get back into the carriage now."

"Behind those crazy horses!" exclaimed Helen. "Do I look like a dunce?"

"No'm," humbly, "it was only them wimmin paraders that frightened 'em. They're all right now."

Then, seeing grandma seated in the coach, Helen said, "You mean you'll trust them again?"

"I have fewer years to live than you do," grandma answered, patting her skirt neatly into place.

"Don't worry, missie," persuaded the coachman. "After that exercise these hosses won't run again for years. They wouldn't have then if them wimmin had stayed home where they belong."

"Where's your nerve?" asked grandma.

The crowd watched Helen. And suddenly she became conscious that the audience was waiting, curiously eager for her decision. Her innate showmanship came to the surface. She turned quizzical eyes about her and knew she couldn't back out now—not after grandma's stand. Helen smiled broadly. The bystanders admired her as much for that as they had for staying beside the old woman during the runaway.

Turning back to the dark-eyed man—she hadn't lost consciousness of him for a second—she held out her hand. He clasped it and her heart pounded.

"I'll have to—I guess," she smiled. She really meant "have to leave you." "Thank you again—and good-by."

In a faraway voice, he answered, "Good-by."

The carriage pulled away, up Fourteenth Street, and the hoofs of the conquered, even-motioned horses beat out and threw back the word "Good-by."

The back of the coach was too high to look over, unless she stood up. Helen, somehow, couldn't quite bring herself to do that. With all the people still watching. She could see him, though, in her mind's eye, standing there watching the coach roll away.

And she saw herself as a leading lady in a play—a play whose stage was Fourteenth Street, right in the busiest part of New York. It was an exciting love story—and he was the hero.

How strangely it all fitted in with what had happened earlier that afternoon. The runaway was really like the second act of this love story—but Helen Leonard checked herself there. She knew, deep in her heart, that she had not come to New York to fall in love. She wanted to sing, to go on the stage—in grand opera.

But, still, the runaway was really like the second act. The first act, a few minutes earlier, had been in the tall-ceilinged, red-carpeted studio of Professor Leopold Damrosch. How she had dreamed of standing before the great music master, singing, with her head back . . . but then, when she was before him, nothing went as she had planned.

"Come over here, young lady," he had said in his

gruff voice. So, she had stood beside the grand piano, where he stooped over the keyboard.

"Sing for me."

"The Last Rose of Summer" sounded and lifted to the ceiling. Helen tried to catch it, took a deep breath, looked down at the little man who nodded for her to join in.

How she had prayed for that minute—yet she could not catch and fasten the tone in her throat!

She took a deeper breath and could not let it out. The inside of her mouth was dry, her lips stuck against her teeth. Horses, clop-clopping on the street below, seemed to be marching into her tight, tense throat.

"Pretend you are back home in Clinton," said grandma from her seat on the horsehair couch. "Sing the way you sing for your Daddy—that's all."

She turned to grandma then, saw her eager, proud face—all the love in her heart shining in the beads of perspiration around her wrinkled lips.

Then, Helen knew she could sing. She could sing to that loving face—and turning from the musician she lifted her head and opened her throat.



The song finished, Helen turned back to the professor and smiled. He looked up through his shaggy grey brows. He did not speak.

Helen waited—and grandma waited. A canary bird, sunning in the open window, trilled. Damrosch turned on the revolving piano stool then and looked at the bird, in the same odd way he had looked at Helen.

He got up from the stool and walked over to his table desk near the window. His back was turned as he looked at the street through the heavy lace curtains by his desk. The bird trilled again and the old man looked up at it and shook his head.

"A very good voice, Hans . . . good, but you will not sing for grand opera, either."

The bird chirped and trilled again, as if to prove it could sing anything it liked. The old man chuckled, turned from his desk, and faced the girl.

Tears ran down Helen's face. She didn't remember to try to stop them. It was grandma who came over and pressed a handkerchief into her hand.

Suddenly Damrosch beat his desk.

"Stop that! What is the matter?"

"G-grand opera was my dream, Mr. Damrosch. We moved all the way from Clinton, Iowa, to New York, just so we . . ."

"What do you mean 'we'? Is she a singer, too?"

Grandma's head went up at that.

"I can remember having a rather nice voice when

I was young." "Ja-ja. Everybody remembers having a good voice when they were young."

To keep from showing her tears, Helen walked over to the bird cage and pretended to watch it. She couldn't see anything for her tears.

"I told him he couldn't sing grand opera," Damrosch said watching her, "but he doesn't cry and carry on—like you're doing. He keeps right on singing." The bird trilled and Helen smiled wetly. Then shaking his finger at the bird Damrosch said,

"Hans, you're off key right now. You're flat, you dummkopf, you!"

Helen felt as though this were his criticism of her singing. Perhaps she had been off key, flat—she didn't know. She had dreamed about that time so long—and when it came she had been afraid.

"Come—sit down," the old man said abruptly.

HELEN took the straight-backed chair beside his desk and dried her cheeks. It all had come to seem so hopeless. Why had she ever believed she could sing? Because at a students' concert back home she had sung "Let Me Dream Again," and another time when she had sung "Hast Thou E'er Seen the Land," from "Mignon," Sister Superior told her mother, "Helen has real talent." They had asked her to sing in the choir after that. But had that been enough? Oh, it might have been in Clinton. But this was New York. And it wasn't enough . . . that was what she read in the old man's eyes. Why she cried.

"What's the matter with you? Do you like to cry?"

"You don't have to treat the child that brutally!" said grandma from the middle of the floor.

"Child?" he repeated. "She's eighteen. She told me so herself. Won't you please sit down!"

"Grandma is nervous, Mr. Damrosch," said Helen. "She's—she's disappointed. We're both dreadfully disappointed in me."

"Ja—I know," he said, in a kindlier tone. "So—she is your grandmamma, ja? Your mamma is dead?"

"No, my mother is living."

"Then, why is she not here with you?"

"Well—she happens to be very busy right now. You see—mother is in politics."

"A suffragette—ja?" he scoffed. Then to the older woman, "I suppose you taught her such nonsense?"

"On the contrary. I believe the woman's place is in the home!"

"Ja—you are right." Then to Helen, "Is your father alive?"

"He is—but he isn't," said grandma. "He's my son—a poor man with five daughters and a suffragette wife. I don't know whether you'd call him alive or not."

Damrosch relaxed in his chair. He was thoughtful—but grandma was impatient. Why keep them here, questioning them about everything without more reasons why Helen was not trainable for opera.

"Helen is my favorite grandchild," grandma held forth. "I know she has great talent—a great talent! Much to give to the song of this world. You know, you could be wrong in your decision—just as you were about your canary here. I mean, when you said the little fellow was off key, he really wasn't. I have a good ear for music—and he wasn't flat."

How could grandma say a thing like that to Professor Damrosch! Helen jumped up and ran over to where the wiry, little woman stood.

"Oh, grandma—how could you?"

"How couldn't I!" snapped grandma.

Then they turned to see the professor, staring coldly and angrily at grandma. His small dark eyes were bright points through his shaggy brows. Not straightening from his shouldery piano-players' posture, he stood up.

"This interview is ended, ladies. Good afternoon."

"Very well," said grandma, unruffled. "Come, Helen. Stop sniffing. We'll find you another teacher. New York's full of them."

BUT New York wasn't—and this was the only Damrosch. Helen wished grandma were not so headstrong—marching out of the studio in a huff.

"And it has too many grandmammals!" the old man flung at grandma's back.

Helen turned to him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Damrosch—"

He touched her arm and looked up into her tear-stained face.

"You will come back then tomorrow at three?"

"At three . . . me? Come back?" Helen echoed.

"Ja—ja—because I like you very much—and—I am sorry for you."

She looked at his small wrinkled face, almost hidden by his beard.



"I'm sorry for you because you are beautiful."

Her face stretched with a smile of relief.

"But, Mr. Damrosch, if that were really true, why should it make you sorry for me?" she said, her words brightening.

His crusty, bent fingers enfolded her hand. He held her eyes with his steady, kindly look. And, Helen Leonard listened to the strangest words she had ever before heard—words which she was to remember throughout her life.

"Because—even though you have great success—and, my dear, you may have success even though you do not sing in the opera, you know—even with great success you will most likely be unhappy. Beautiful women generally are."

Helen drew her hand from his. She felt a quiver run through her body. She did not know how to take this odd, wise little man.

She was frightened, standing there.

"But why—Mr. Damrosch?"

"Because so many men will fall in love with your beauty—you may never know which one really loves you."

He turned away from her then, walked unbelievably fast until he reached the door. Facing around, he said, "Until three tomorrow."

Helen bowed, and walked swiftly past him.

Now, driving beside grandma in the carriage, she no longer was afraid of the professor. She felt a kindness for him as she would for an old friend.

"I'm still mad at that old fool piano player!" grandma snapped. "Takes more than a couple of wild horses to make me forget about him!" Patting Helen's hand, "I'm glad he's not going to teach you. He can't teach a canary—much less you!"

"I—I forgot to tell you, I'm going back tomorrow for my first lesson. He told me to come back."

Grandma's wise eyes crinkled, "After I left he changed his mind! Oh, Helen! Just to think—you're to be a pupil of the great Damrosch! And he is great, my dear! Why, he was famous in Europe long before he came to America."

Not even the runaway had brought tears to her eyes, but now they trickled out on her rice-powdered cheeks and shone in the afternoon sun.

"The old buzzard!" she said.

**T**HE hatless, serious young man stood watching the carriage until it was lost in the bustle of hansoms and Victorias and bicycles.

"Good-by . . ." he had said and let her go like that. Still, he could see her blue eyes and golden hair as clearly as if he were still holding her in his arms. Thinking of her made him a little dizzy. She was so beautiful and young and smelled so sweet. Good-by! Could he mean that? When her image was etched on his heart. Could being a stranger in New York, could being without a job and not even enough money to hail a hansom and follow her really mean he would never see her again?

It couldn't be. Because now he knew why he had come to New York. He could have kept on at his job as reporter in Pittsburgh, but something had sent him to New York . . . something. Now he knew what it was. He had come to find a beautiful girl, who laughed and cried at the same time.

"You are a very brave fellow," a man standing beside him said. The man held out a battered brown derby, which he took with thanks. But he resented anyone breaking in on his reverie.

"I saw you from my office window across the street," said the stranger, who now he saw was small, grey-haired, with the squat squarish figure of an Italian. "And I see now that you like the beautiful girl. I see that, all right."

"She was beautiful—but I didn't even find out her name, but I know when she laughs she has tears in her eyes and . . ." Resenting his lack of fact-finding more than the queries of the man, he turned suddenly. "Do you know her name?"

"No. But I did not save her life. I should hate to save such a beautiful creature—and never know who she was."

Angry at himself for not saying, "You're very beautiful and I would like to know your name" all in the same breath, he muttered determinedly, "I'll find out who she is—someday!"

How could he? That was the way things happened in the books he read—not in real life, even in New York. So he added, "perhaps."

"No 'perhaps!'" the grinning old man exclaimed. "And when you do—come tell me. I want you to bring the young lady to my theater—come as my guests."

Puzzled by the enthusiastic little man, he eyed him with new interest.

"Permit me to introduce myself—I'm Tony Pastor," holding out his hand. "That's my theater over there. Now, what is your name?"

"Alexander Moore."

**I**T was well known along Ninth Street, where the Leonards lived, that Mrs. Leonard—Cynthia—paid little attention to the bringing up of her family of girls. Nor did she appear any more concerned about her husband, Charles. A strange family, indeed. Mrs. Leonard was hipped on the subject of politics. Talked nothing else. And Mr. Leonard, during the little time he spent home, read books by Robert Ingersoll, the agnostic.

People said that Charlie Leonard had at one time been owner and editor of a newspaper, and had been considered a good smalltown newspaperman. His paper, *The Clinton Herald*, was published in Clinton, Iowa; it was a conservative, living-making sheet. Charlie probably didn't have an enemy in town, although, of course, there were those who questioned why any God-fearing man would dare to publish the works of Ingersoll.

In Clinton, however, Charlie Leonard had been a happy family man—which was before his wife got the suffrage bee buzzing in her bonnet.

Cynthia wanted to establish the right for women to vote—and furthermore, to be elected to an office. And she could quote at length—and did frequently—the exact words of such noteworthy suffrage leaders as Susan B. Anthony and Belva Lockwood.

In the Leonard's little frame house, buried among willow trees and surrounded by a picket fence, down there near the Mississippi river bank, Cynthia's vot-



Helen had dreamed of singing for the great Leopold Damrosch . . . but when she was before him, nothing went as she had planned

ing talk seemed almost a blasphemy. It had, indeed, fretted her editor-husband, Charlie.

Grandma Leonard tried to reason with her son why his wife was so strong for suffrage the night the fifth child was being born.

"If Cynthia has her way you're going to have even a fuller house of girls—and they'll all be suffragettes some day," Grandma Leonard told her son.

"Equal rights for women—that's Cynthia's slogan. And, Charlie, when you figure out what she's gone through, bringing girls into this world, maybe you won't blame her for wanting everything she can get for them."

But Charles never quite figured all that out. He was the kind of quiet, tender fellow who usually could see both sides of most stories and seldom argued about either. He saw Cynthia's side and he saw his own—more clearly. At times her side seemed more forceful, because Cynthia, a broad-hipped, huge-bosomed woman with serene dark eyes and crisp, greying pompadour, was a far more forceful and persuasive person.

**C**HARLIE LEONARD reasoned that it wasn't just Cynthia's notions about politics, which eventually influenced him to give up his paper and come to New York with his family. Cynthia advanced a strong sales talk about possibilities for him as a newspaperman in the city. And she pointed out also that there, their girls would naturally have better opportunities to make better marriages than they ever would in a small town.

Helen, the youngest daughter, was eighteen before the Leonards were really settled in New York. But the years had not dimmed Cynthia's ambitious interest in suffrage. And it did not take her long

to get right into the swing of city life and have her name and pictures and opinions on suffrage printed in every newspaper in town.

The Leonards moved into a large house in Ninth street. Cynthia selected a large one, not only because the family was large, but she doubted her husband's ability to earn enough to keep the family going. And with the quantity of rooms there was always the chance of renting them out. Renting rooms soon proved, indeed, a necessary aid to the Leonards' finances.

Cynthia selected the location because it would be convenient to her political gatherings. Also, the front parlor of the house offered a room large enough for her meetings and rallies to be held right in her own home!

The location soon proved advantageous in other respects—more transients saw the sign in the window and therefore came in for lodging. Then, too, Rose's Italian Garden restaurant opened right next door. There the Leonards ate many plates of spaghetti in place of the meals Cynthia was far too busy to bother about planning or directing at home.

Mrs. Rose, the buxom proprietress, had in abundance every motherly quality which her neighbor and good customer, Mrs. Leonard, apparently lacked. The equally strong and outstanding traits of the two were: Mrs. Rose wanted to mother the world, which Mrs. Leonard aspired to run!

There was considerable traffic along Ninth Street the afternoon Helen and her grandmother drove up to their address. It took but one look at the Leonard house to know what was going on. Lamps burning in the parlor meant Cynthia was having another meeting. The piled-up bicycles, cluttering the front stoop, testified to that, too.

Inside the hall of the house the smell of burning corn oozed out from the kitchen over everything. Against its sweet, scorched smell came the sound of high, hysterical voices. Chatter! Through these at frequent intervals the strong voice of Cynthia Leonard drove onward. Now she spoke—then she led the chorus of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

After the song, in the following seconds of breathless quiet, Cynthia said, "And if I am nominated as a candidate for the election as mayor of New York City, ladies—I'll be elected!"

**H**ELEN and grandma listened to the goings on while Helen took off her hat and finding no place to hang it on the hatrack, balanced it on the banister post of the stairs.

"Corn!" sniffed grandma. "Guess Charlie must be home and the girls are trying to cook for him."

Corn was Charlie Leonard's favorite dish and Helen inherited his taste for it. She turned her tilted nose toward the kitchen and whiffed the odor pleasantly.

"Oh, I hope Dad's home. I want to tell him—"

"Tell him all about Mr. Damrosch," grandma said, "Only leave out that part where the horses ran away on account of your mother's parade."

"And another thing—maybe you better not say anything about how you felt about the young man, either. Don't want him to think you're getting boys on your mind instead of singing now. You're the one he's depending on to be sensible."

"All right," Helen smiled. "I'll remember."

Helen tossed her heavy braid over her shoulder and thought that grandma never missed anything.

The old woman rustled her way toward the kitchen then, humming "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." She opened the door and a screech greeted her. It came from the green parrot, Noah, swinging from the ceiling.

"Votes-for-women-equal-rights-ha-ha-ha!" the parrot then screamed over and over.

"Shut your beak!" grandma said, laughing.

Charlie Leonard was having a quiet drink, sitting alone, with his elbows rested on his knees, the way he sat when he had been walking a lot and his back ached. His glass, half-filled with bourbon, sat on the window sill near him. And beside his chair, on the floor, was his battered old hat.

"Meetings, meetings, meetings!" he muttered as Helen came over to him. "Bicycles cluttering up the front of the house—hats all over the hall. Couldn't even find a place in my own house to hang my hat!"

Helen, seeing his flushed unhappy face, filled immediately with sympathy. She sat on the arm of his chair and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Dad—we're going to have corn for dinner. Can't you smell it cooking?"

"I don't care!" he said. "Why don't those women



go home and brighten their own corners—cook their own suppers for their own husbands and let Cynthia alone!”

Just then a loud outburst of applause sounded through the ceiling from the downstairs parlor.

“I wonder what that means,” Helen said, wishing for some way to divert her father into a better humor.

“Let’s listen.”

“I’m not interested.”

But then, as though someone had opened the parlor door, they heard Cynthia Leonard’s voice:

“And now, my friends, with all due humility I accept the invitation of our party to run for mayor of New York City on the Equal Franchise ticket. And if I’m elected—”

“You will be—you can’t lose. You said so yourself!” a strong-voiced woman yelled.

“I shall do my best to make you all proud of your sex.”

Stamping of feet! Cheers!

**T**HE day of the election was fast approaching and since Cynthia was convinced of her need as political leader and, at last, had a chance of answering the call of suffrage, she left no hour of the days and few of the nights without delivering a speech—somewhere.

Helen walked down Ninth Street one afternoon, returning from her singing lesson, to find a newsboy selling papers in front of Mrs. Rose’s restaurant.

“Read all about the suffering cats—they’re sunk,” the news hawker cried. “Buy a paper, miss?” he approached Helen.

She began reading before she was up the steps of her house. There it was, in glaring black type, above a picture of her mother:

## CYNTHIA LEONARD SUFFERS HUMILIATING DEFEAT WOMAN MAYORALTY CANDIDATE RECEIVES ONLY 84 VOTES

“Poor Mother!” Helen breathed aloud as she ran up the steps and let herself into the hall. The whole house, so strangely quiet, seemed to feel the same way. Only one hat hung on the hatrack today—Dad’s old battered derby. And no bicycles had cluttered the walk outside. “Poor Mother!”

Now she heard voices from the parlor and pushed open the door. Her father, sitting by the reading lamp, looked up. How odd he seemed there, because in the three years they had lived in that house, Charlie Leonard had never before sat in the parlor.

Grandma sat on the other side of the reading lamp, clicking her knitting needles. Three of the other Leonard girls were also there—two playing checkers over by the window. One sat on the piano stool.

And over in the shadowy corner sat Cynthia, pretending to be absorbed in a newspaper.

Sitting there with the shades drawn and the lamps burning before sundown! They certainly looked like anything except a happy family, Helen thought, her heart tightening with sympathy.

“Come on, sing for me,” Lucy Leonard called from the piano.

“All right—” But she stopped beside her mother, hesitated a second. As Cynthia did not look up, she went over to the piano.

Lucy began to play the music which stood opened on the music rack. Thus, in all innocence, the opening bars of “Brighten the Corner Where You Are” crowded unmercifully into the room.

“No! No! Not that!”

Helen yanked the music from the piano.

**B**UT it was too late then. Cynthia—everyone was looking at her—lowered her newspaper and let her glazed eyes pass over the group. Without a word, she stood, then walked from the room.

No one spoke. No one could.

They heard her steps down the hall, then suddenly the silence was splintered by a screech from the parrot: “Votes-for-women-equal-rights-ha-ha-ha!”

Then they heard Cynthia stumbling and hurrying up the stairs. They all knew she was rushing miserably to the privacy of her own room.

“Poor Mother!” burst from Helen.

They all began to talk at once and no one seemed to notice when Helen went out.

She tiptoed up the carpeted stairs to her mother’s room. Gently, she turned the knob—and the door creaked open.

In the twilight and miserable stillness, Helen saw the figure across the bed. Cynthia, hearing the creaking door, had raised up on her elbow and now Helen saw her tear-wet face.

“Oh, I thought you were Charlie—” Cynthia said with a terrific attempt to control her sobs.

Helen went over and knelt down beside the bed.

Cynthia, trying to retrieve some of her usual self-sufficiency and dignity, sat up against the feather pillow. She looked down at the kneeling girl, forced a smile over her streaked face.

“You’ve been terribly hurt, haven’t you, mother?”

“Not really hurt, dear . . .” the set smile faded then. “Humiliated a little.”

“But you were crying, Mother.”

“I’ve often cried, dear, but I was never caught at it before.” Then sweetly, “And I don’t want you to tattle, either.”

“I won’t . . .” Helen laughed. Then in a school-teacher manner, she added, “That is, if you promise me you won’t cry any more.”

“I won’t . . .” Cynthia reached over the side of the bed and put her hand under her daughter’s chin. “That is, if you promise me you’ll forget all this stage talk I’ve been hearing lately.”

“Oh, but Mother! That isn’t fair. You wanted me to study music, didn’t you?”

“Yes—if you could reach the top—grand opera, I meant.”

Helen moved her chin from her mother’s hand then. And a little defiantly, she sat back on the floor and looked up.

“I—I might make a success without singing—opera.”

“Yes, I know. I talked to Professor Damrosch about you yesterday.”

“You did, Mother?” Helen leaned over. “When you were so awfully busy—you thought about doing that for me? Oh, Mother! Thank you!”

A little embarrassed, Cynthia said, “He feels you have a great career of a kind. Of course, he thinks you’re beautiful.”

“He told me that—” Then, “But what about my singing?”

“Did he tell you to be afraid of your—beauty?” asked Cynthia, calmly.

“Yes, he did . . . but I’m not.” Smiling, “Because I don’t think I’m beautiful.”

Cynthia looked into her daughter’s eyes.

“Helen, you’re going to find yourself very attractive to men.”

Helen refused the spell of her mother’s serious mood. She threw her head back and laughed, saying, “I won’t mind that, Mother. I really don’t dislike men.”

“Neither do I, dear—if *he’s* the right one.”

“I’ve never seen anyone I thought I *could* love—” Helen looked up through her lashes at her mother, “except—”

“Except whom?”

“I don’t even know his name, and I’ll probably never see him again. So you see, Mother—you don’t have to worry about me.” Helen’s words ran together. She was aware that the truth—not knowing his name or that she probably would never see him again—dug into her heart just a little.

“But I do worry about you,” her mother was saying, sweetly. “That’s why I want you to forget the theater—for a while.”

“Mother, don’t mean that. Because—I can’t.”

“Can’t, Helen? Or, won’t?” Cynthia asked.

“Both, Mother.”

The figure on the floor sat ever straighter than the one on the side of the bed.

“Suppose I should make my request a command, Helen?”

“I’m afraid I’d disobey you, Mother.”

Cynthia took a quick breath and eyed Helen sternly. Helen stared right back, bravely and with equal determination.

**A** STRANGE, strong current flowed between them. It seemed to take their entire vocabularies with it. Then, something happened. Something struck the house. There was a crash—glass splintered. An object hurled into the room, just missing the head of the bed. It fell on the floor beside Helen—a rock!

Helen got up and ran over to the long window, whose broken pane let in the noise full force. Just then another rock whirled through the broken pane. She jumped back and collided with Cynthia.

“What is it all about, Mother?”

But Cynthia’s pasty face told her. She didn’t wait for further answer. She knew—even before the shouts from below became clearer.

“Where’s the woman mayor?” they cried.

“We want to see the mayor!”

Helen tried to put her arms around Cynthia.

But Cynthia did not go into Helen’s outstretched arms. She held her head up, squared her shoulders.

And in some way, which Helen could not understand, her mother refused the only solace she knew how to offer.

Puzzled, Helen turned away and went back to the window, careful to stand to the side of the curtains, so that the crowd below would not see her.

The street was filled with the half-drunk, boisterous election crowd. Hoodlums gathered to tell off the suffragette, who had dared to think she could have been elected to office. Their cruel shouts decried everything Cynthia Leonard had ever said about equal rights for women. Cat-calls! Snorts! Loud lusty songs about “Suffering Cats.”

Helen could not watch the street longer, for looking at the set misery on her mother’s face. She now stood on the opposite side of the window, where she listened to her name and thwarted ambition ridiculed. By the hysterical mob—which she had hoped to rule!

A crash overhead! Shattered glass rained over them. A brick sailed through the top pane of the long window, cracked into the bureau mirror.

Helen screamed, threw her arm over her eyes protectingly.

Then she realized that Cynthia had gone. “Mother—where are you?” she cried.

“I’m going down to speak to them,” came the calm voice from the doorway.

“No, Mother!” Helen ran to her. “You musn’t! They—they might—” She started to say “hurt you” but stopped. They had already hurt her.

Cynthia was leaving the room, as though she did not notice Helen trying to stop her.

“I wouldn’t if I were you, Mother!”

The determined figure moved swiftly ahead.

In the hall downstairs, the rest of the family congregated. Their faces, strained and excited, turned in amazement at Cynthia, hurrying down the steps.

Grandma came up to her first, but was brushed aside. Then, Charlie—seeing the set look on his wife’s face, said, “Cynthia, you can’t go out there.”

“I’m not afraid, Charlie,” she pushed past him.

“They’re drunk, dear,” catching her arm. “I’ll send them away.”

But before he could open the door, Helen rushed up beside him.

“Dad, please. You’re the one person who shouldn’t go. I mean—you’re a man—and they might hurt you—and. . .”

“Let me go, I tell you!” Cynthia caught the knob of the door. She pulled the door open and the sudden rush of noise was like the overflow of a river. Its force left all of them stunned. Even Cynthia.

Helen, edging in between her father and mother leaned against the closed door.

“Let me go, Dad. I’m sure they won’t harm me.”

She pulled the door open a little.

“Helen!” cried Cynthia.

Charlie said, “Please, Cynthia—I promise you they’ll stop for her.”

**H**ELEN turned quickly and pushed out through a narrow opening of the door.

There was a hush. It came almost instantly—and Helen looking out across the faces from her stand on the top step, was conscious of a strange power. Her presence had done something to that crowd. Something! She wanted to speak, wanted to tell them—ask them, even plead that they be kind to her mother. Make them understand, but what was there to make them understand? What? What could she say? She opened her lips—but no sound would come from her throat. Strange, wide eyes stared back at her. She turned her head from side to side, searching the mob for—for some face which seemed kind . . . some kind face to whom she could talk.

Then, she saw it—out there, across the walk. There stood a tall man, whose dark eyes reached out across the heads of the others and seemed to say, “Say something. Tell us about it.”

“My mother is very tired,” Helen said softly and distinctly. “Do you mind—going home?”

Then she smiled.

The response was a murmur—admiration.

A drunk called out, “Why don’t you run for something, lady? I’d vote ten times for you.”

Then the crowd laughed. Laughed with Helen and started to sing. Several policemen appeared, circulated in the group and began to scatter it.

Helen kept standing there, looking out across the walk, where a solitary figure stood. It seemed that he was just realizing that Helen’s eyes fastened on him. He lifted his derby—because just then he realized that he had seen that beautiful girl before.

Moonlight touched the soft curves of Helen’s face as she smiled. He came over to the bottom step,



still holding his hat.

"Do you remember me?" he asked.

"I should, don't you think?" Then, more seriously, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I—I just happened along with the crowd."

"This is the second time you happened along when I was in trouble. What's your name?"

He walked up the steps, then,

"Alexander Moore," he said, bowing a little.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Moore. And I'm glad to see you again—" She sat on the top step, then, saying, "Won't you sit down?"

"I'd like to, if you don't mind."

Suddenly conscious that the door behind them was ajar, they looked back into grandma's face.

"How-do, young man," she said, nodding. "Glad to see you again." He stood and bowed shyly. She smiled and gently closed the door.

Grandma, Helen thought, understood. She would keep the family quiet, maybe long enough for her to get acquainted with Alexander Moore.

"You were sort of brave, facing that crowd all alone," he said, sitting beside Helen.

"Oh, I knew they were only celebrating," she said. "It won't do them any good—the women will win some day." Then, seeing his smile, she added, "Do you believe in equal rights for women?"

"Well, yes—I guess I do—sort of—"

"What do you mean 'sort of' about women's rights?" Helen asked.

"I think a woman has the right to everything a man can give her," he dropped his voice and looked into her misty blue eyes.

"Don't you think she's also entitled to her own success?"

"It all depends on what she calls success."

"What do you call it?" she asked.

"Happiness."

"Happiness is a state of mind—but it's not *always* success."

Crossing his long legs, he smiled down at her and asked, "What is your ambition?"

"Well, first of all, I want everybody to love me . . ." Hesitating there, she held his eyes, and added, as if her words were expressly said for him, "and yet, I want to love one person so madly that nobody else matters."

His eyes pulled from hers, then. He uncrossed his legs and looked away, ignoring any opportunity for himself in her remark.

"That's selfish, isn't it?"

"You don't understand. I want everybody to love my work—my work on the stage, I mean."

Turning to her quickly, "Are you an actress?"

"I hope to be, some day." Smiling, she asked, "What's your ambition?"

"A job."

"What kind?"

"Any kind right now. I'm aiming to get on a New York paper." It was easy to tell her about leaving his job in Pittsburgh, because he wanted to try New York.

"Oh, maybe my father could help you. He used to own a paper in Clinton, Iowa, that is, until we moved away." But she didn't want to tell him about how disappointed Dad had been in New York—he'd broken his heart, almost.

"That's what I hope to do myself some day—own a paper."

"I'll bet you *will*, too."

"Thank you. But if I don't, I won't mind. I can always go back home—although I wouldn't like to—I don't want to get hurt too much trying here. And that's what I'm hoping for you, too."

Helen drew back, puzzled. Sometimes she felt she had known him always—then, he seemed stranger than anyone she had ever known. They had told each other so much, sitting there, unafraid of expressing the things nearest their hearts. What did he mean about getting hurt?

THE door behind them opened just as she started to ask. Grandma's grey head poked out.

"Helen, it's very late, dear."

"I'm coming, Grandma." But she didn't get up then. She turned to him again, looking at the soft curve of his lips, conscious of his nearness, feeling again the rush of warmth through her body.

His mouth softened and his dark eyes were like large, spreading ink spots near her own. He focused on her carefully, as if he could look down into her thoughts and know—and know that she wished that he would kiss her.

She was glad he could not see her flush or the swift mist of tears in her eyes. He couldn't know that since she had seen him that first day she had

thought of him long and often—longed for this moment . . . when he might hold her again—kiss her.

"Don't go yet," he said— "I mean, until you tell me your name. What is your name—*beautiful*?"

Helen sighed, "Helen . . . Helen Leonard."

They rose, then, from the step, almost as one. His eyes met hers without self-consciousness.

She put her hand in his and he held it, his fingers wrapping her palm were strong and warm.

"I guess we'll have to say good night," Helen said, almost whispered. "I—I hope you find your job."

His fingers pressed closer.

"When I do, may I come around and tell you?"

The grip of his clasp made her quiver. Her eyes touched his forehead, broad and white in the moonlight, caressed his unruly, black hair.

"Do, please, come tell me . . . and," brightening with an idea, "let's make a pact. If you get on a newspaper before I get on the stage—you take me out and we'll celebrate."

"But what if you get on the stage before I get on a paper?"

"I'll take you out! Isn't that fair?" she smiled.

"Well, not exactly. A girl can't very well take a fellow out."

"Why? I thought you believed in equal rights."

"Well, I do—but that doesn't sound right. However, it's a deal—but I'm going to do my best to beat you to a job."

Relinquishing her hand, she backed against the door—heady from his touch, "I hope you do—but, if you don't—remember, I'll expect you to keep our pact just the same."

He stepped toward her, leaned down, held her eyes. The current shot down through her body.

This man wanted to kiss her. She knew it, felt it. Somehow, she raised her hands and then let them float down to her sides in a surrender, which perhaps frightened him, even more than it did her.

He heard her sigh, looked deeply into her eyes, bright with emotion.

"Good night . . . Helen."

Then she saw him turn from her and walk down the steps, heard his heels echo fastly up Ninth. Listening until they were lost in the sound of the orchestra from the garden next door, she finally let herself into the house.

Closing the door behind her she looked right into grandma's eyes.

Helen met her knowing look and could not control the bright flush.

"Oh . . ." Grandma nodded wisely, knowingly, and shared Helen's smile.

## PART II

H ELEN chose the noon sunshine in which to dry her heavy golden hair. She was too blissful to be indoors and, besides, she could practice her scales out in the bright air of the backyard while the wind dried her hair. She was even more pleased when her father came out and became her audience.

With her hair blowing, she stood near the fence, which separated the Leonard's plot of yard from Mrs. Rose's garden next door. With her heart so full of memories from last night, she could reach the very highest note she aimed for. Then she even sang through "The Band Plays On," giving it every rich, full note in her throat.

Her rich, warm voice lifted over the fence—to where a small, squarish man wound spaghetti to his mouth. The singing made him lay his fork aside. His dark Latin eyes sparkled.

Looking up at the stout Rose, who stood waiting with her arms akimbo, Tony Pastor nodded. The movement of his grey head was most expressive—the way he nodded when spaghetti was flavorful.

"You were right, Rosa—her voice is as magnificent as your spaghetti. Who is she?"

"Helen Leonard—daughter of the suffragette, you know. But the daughter, she is all right. Believe me, Tony—she is beautiful."

"If she is half as beautiful as her voice, Rosa—"

"Come, I show you—here, stand on the chair."

Grabbing a chair, she held it steadily while the little man stood and looked over the fence.

He saw Charlie Leonard, sitting on the back steps, applauding, crying "Bravo! Bravo!" While a tall girl, with golden hair, smiled and bowed.

"That's her father," Mrs. Rose explained. "They play theater like that lots of sunny days. Maybe we could go over, yes?"

"Yes!" Tony climbed down from the chair.

"There's a gate—this way."

Helen, in the bright shadows, not unconscious of

the picture she made, greeted Mrs. Rose gayly.

"Pardon," Tony Pastor bowed, when he had been introduced to the Leonards. "I did not mean to intrude, but I could not resist the sound of your voice—nor the praise of your neighbor Mrs. Rose, in whose garden I have been dining."

"Are you—you're not Tony Pastor's Theater on Fourteenth Street?" Helen asked.

"I am not the theater—but it belongs to me," smiling at her. "And that is where I should like to see you—at noon tomorrow—if you are interested in going on the stage."

"Interested?" Charlie said. "As this young lady's one and only audience, I'm in a position to tell you, sir, she is a star!"

"Dad—please," Helen gasped.

Smiling, Tony said, "Tomorrow at noon, yes?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be there," Helen answered. "Mr. Pastor—" she called as he turned back through the gate, "thank you so much."

AFTER what seemed full minutes, at best, enough time for a girl to wake thoroughly from a dream, Helen turned to Charlie.

"Dad, do you think that really was Tony Pastor? Because he's the biggest producer in New York."

"I know it is. I've seen his picture enough to know—he's the one Nat Goodwin works for—and May Irwin and Pete Daily. All the big stars. And when you're a hit at Tony Pastor's—you're a star from then on."

Helen came over to the steps and sat down beside her father.

"Then, do you think I should really go there tomorrow?"

"Don't you want to be a star?" Charlie smiled.

"More than anything else in the world, Dad—"

"Well?"

"Mother. She doesn't want me to go on the stage."

"I know. . . ."

"It's because she's afraid I won't be happy—or maybe she's afraid I won't be a success."

"Nonsense! You'll be a success in whatever you do, Helen, because you're all woman. And there's nothing finer than that!"

Helen gave his cheek a grateful pat.

"That's where your mother's suffragettes are all wrong—they're still going to get equal rights ultimately, and the chance to act like men—maybe—but they're going to lose a lot of femininity. And when they do, they're going to lose more power than they'll get back by voting." Then, with a sly grin, "However, you needn't tell your mother I said that."

WHEN Helen went to Tony Pastor's the following noon, she wore her hair in a single braid, tied with a huge blue bow. Her dress was a paler blue taffeta, with an elegant bustle and a deep flounce. Her wide-brimmed dark hat, with the added bouquet of bright pink roses, was, indeed a frame for her peaches-and-cream face.

Helen was eighteen when she walked out on the stage, with her golden hair shining, and held up head to sing. The theater was empty except for the orchestra and its leader, Edward Solomon (they called him Teddy), a tall, dark man with a thin, intense face. It was to his interested face, to his kindly eyes that Helen sang "Evening Star."

The shirt-sleeved musicians down in the orchestra pit, the stagehands and the partly-dressed performers, hearing her voice, came from their dressing rooms just to listen.

An audition was not unusual in Tony Pastor's where auditions happened every day—but they didn't happen like this one!

And as she sang, Tony Pastor himself, standing in the aisle of the semidark auditorium, smiled as he watched the reaction of the stagehands and performers. He also watched Edward Solomon's eyes follow Helen.

When she neared the end of her song, Tony turned and walked up the aisle, went to his office. He stood there, listening to the wild outburst of applause and shouts of praise.

"Helen Leonard," he muttered to himself. "That's no name for an actress. I've got to think of something better."

Going into his office, Mose, a colored man who had served Tony for many years, came over and poured him a glass of claret.

"Mose, what is your favorite flower?"

"My flower—the one I like best is a lily, boss."

"Lily?—Lillian . . . that would be good . . ." Tony mused. "I never saw Edward Solomon listen like that before—Lillian made him listen."

A knock sounded on the office door. That would



be Helen Leonard. He had left word for her to come to his office when she finished that number.

"Come in."

Helen walked into his office. Beside her was Solomon—with the expression of one who has prostrated himself before beauty. She stood by Pastor's desk, waiting, taking in the ornate walls of pictured celebrities while Solomon drank in the sight of her. His ears still filled with her sound. She fidgeted, wondering why Pastor did not say something to her. But Tony was writing on a piece of paper and did not look up until, apparently, he had finished. Then Solomon quietly left them.

"Helen Leonard," Pastor said. Glancing up, "I don't like your name." Crumpling the paper under his hand, he threw it into the waste basket.

"You will open at my theater a week from Monday—and to begin with, I will pay you twenty-five dollars a week. All right?"

"Oh, yes—Mr. Pastor."

"But I don't like your name. I don't like Helen. I detest Leonard. What is your mother's name?"

"Cynthia."

"Oh," he said. "We can't use that, either."

"No—I can't use her name, because she doesn't want me to go on the stage."

"Doesn't she know you came here today?"

"No—I didn't tell her," Helen took a step nearer the desk, smiling rather childishly because a naïve thought has struck her. "And if you change my name I won't even have to tell her when I sing in your theater, will I?"

Intrigued by the secret partnership, Tony said, "No, not unless you want to." Then, to himself, "What shall we say the name is?"

Helen sat in the chair beside the desk and the old Negro limped in again, placing a glass of claret by his master.

"Lily, Mr. Pastor. I sho' likes that flow'r the bestest," he said, shuffling out.

"Lily—Lillian . . . Yes, I like that. Lillian what?" Tony Pastor mused aloud. Then suddenly, "I have it! I can see it as plainly as if some mysterious hand were writing it for me . . ." then, as he writes, he murmurs, as if to himself, "Tony Pastor Presents . . ." Then, aside to Helen, "And this will fool your mother completely." Writing more, he read from the paper, "the great English ballad singer . . . Lillian Russell!" Smiling, he said, "From now on, my dear—that is your name! And something tells me it will be an important name. Don't you like Lillian Russell, my dear?"

"Yes—yes, of course, I do! But somehow I already feel lonesome for Helen Leonard." Helen couldn't keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks. She was proud and happy . . . yet she had to cry while she laughed.

**T**HE week before Helen opened at Tony Pastor's was filled with music lessons and costume fittings. It wasn't hard to keep her secret from Cynthia and her sisters. Of course, grandma knew, and dad, and how proud they were, too!

"Lillian Russell! The English ballad singer" spread on billboards over town. Finally Monday night arrived. Finally Helen—that is, Lillian—squeezed into whalebones and petticoats—four to be exact—and then into the flounced and laced dress. It was cut extremely low about the neck—to reveal her shoulders and the tops of her high, firm breasts. Even the six ropes of imitation pearls did not hide the deep curves. Her heavy braid, tied with a large blue bow, hung over one bare shoulder. Her white hat, the largest she had ever seen, was pompadoured with white and blue ostrich plumes, tilted daringly back on her head. It made a frame for the mass of yellow curls about her forehead. An elaborate costume, designed to bring out the best and most feminine qualities of a most feminine figure.

She heard the music as it reached back to the dressing room. Grandma, sitting by her at the wide mirror, met her eyes in the mirror.

"You're going to be all right, Honey, and remember, if you get excited and you can't sing or something, just look around until you find a kind face and sing to that."

"Oh, Grandma, I will! I always do. Even from that first day in Professor Damrosch's studio—it was your face I—"

"I knew it! And the night you talked to the crowd on the steps at home. Didn't you really talk when you saw him standing there, kind of pulling for you to say something?"

Helen sighed. "Grandma, you're so right. How I love you."

The music! That was her piece. The time had ar-

rived. She had to go out there and sing. She must. The stage was bright—bright as the noon sunshine had been the day she met Tony Pastor. She thought of that even looking out over the sea of upturned faces. She closed her eyes, opened her lips. She must sing, but she couldn't. She was afraid until—

"Lillian, Lillian." Looking down, she saw the kind intense eyes of Edward Solomon. His arms were lifted, his long-fingered hands turned up to her from the orchestra pit.

**T**HE music Teddy Solomon loved was playing, softly, softly for Lillian, and during that strange second something happened between the girl on the stage and the leader in the orchestra pit. It was close to magic, because Lillian Russell's song that night made her "an overnight success."

Applause! Shouts! More applause! Somehow, Lillian made her way back to the dressing room. Somehow. She never quite remembered but there she was, her head on grandma's shoulder and her heart out there where they were still cheering and shouting, "Lillian Russell, Lillian Russell!"

A knock at the door. Grandma opened it. "For Miss Russell. For Miss Russell." Flowers in great white boxes, tied with ribbons. "For Miss Russell. For Miss Russell." Lillian started untying the boxes until the room was so crowded she gave up. "We'll just take the cards, Grandma. And, Grandma, will you help me find the card with his name on it? You know, Alexander Moore."

Outside the dressing-room door, she heard the crowd calling her. She heard someone say, "Only one night on the stage and she is already a star!"



"Lily—Lillian . . . Yes, I like that. Lillian what?" Pastor mused. Then suddenly . . . "The English ballad singer . . . Lillian Russell"

"Grandma," Helen sat unpinning her great hat, "Grandma, he didn't come, I guess, and he didn't send me even a flower."

The room filled with flowers, now, was centered with a huge basket of roses. The stage doorman himself had brought that in. "Oh, Grandma, aren't they wonderful, those roses? Only I thought he sent me those. Grandma, I hope he did but there's no card to tell us."

The girl walked over and examined the basket.

"I received a valuable gift once, right after I married your grandfather, and if I had known who it was from, out of respect for your grandfather, I would have sent it back."

"Didn't you suspect anyone?"

"Yes, but your grandfather didn't so I kept it. Years and years later, at our golden wedding, I told him all about it. The joke was on me because he had sent the present and had been waiting fifty years for me to thank him for it."

Suddenly, Lillian reached into the flower basket, and brought out a small, square box. With trembling fingers she opened it. "Grandma, grandma, look! Diamonds! Diamonds and rubies. Isn't it beautiful?"

Sitting before the mirror, Lillian fastened the necklace about her throat. "Oh, now I hope you don't find a card—because if you do I'll have to send this back, won't I?"

"Look," grandma said, "a bracelet to match!"

Lillian took the bracelet and still she said, "No card, grandma?"

"No card. Whoever sent them must be a millionaire!"

"But if I don't know who sent them, I can't send them back," Helen said thoughtfully.

Lillian studied the bright stoned bracelet. "I wonder who he is." Turning to grandma, "You don't mean a fat, old millionaire?"

"That is the sad part of millionaires, dear. They're generally old and fat."

"He—he isn't old. He's just right, but he forgot." Lillian placed her hand to her breast, trying to touch the ache. Her rich, romantic lips parted in a sigh. Why did she have to betray herself, even to herself?

**L**ILLIAN went about taking off her bouffant gown, in a peculiar state of misery—more than grief. She was striving through it all to see reason. Wasn't her love for this man, this Alexander Moore, ill-judged? Wasn't it, she asked her tearful reflection in the mirror, just a passing fancy? Surely real love wouldn't make you feel like this—when you should be your happiest, of your whole life!

Just then a knock on her door.

"May I come in?"

"It's Mr. Pastor," grandma said, from the door, as Lillian hooked up her dress.

"Yes, come in, Mr. Pastor."

Tony Pastor stood in the doorway, his small face stamped with appreciation. "Well, you were successful tonight, my dear. How does it feel to be a success or are you afraid of it?"

"I—I love it, Mr. Pastor." Lillian stood in the middle of the room, tall and elegant, feeling in that second more adult than ever before in her life.

A little later, when Tony Pastor sat between Lillian and her grandmother, as they drove to Ninth Street, Tony said, "A funny thing happened tonight, Lillian. It made me remember when I first saw you—the day the horses ran away with you and your grandmother, in front of the theater."

"You saw us?" Lillian asked.

"Yes, but I remembered best that young man, Alexander Moore, who stopped the horses. I saw him tonight. He was at the theater, and when we came out the stage door he was standing there again, watching you. He probably fancies himself in love with you," Pastor laughed.

Lillian's hands clenched each other in their long, white gloves. It was all she could do to keep from saying, "Probably—not! He didn't keep our pact."

Later, in Lillian's room, she and grandma looked at the necklace and bracelet.

"Whoever sent them must be very much in love with you," grandma said. "Either that or they are a very expensive insult."

Lillian pushed the jewelry into her bureau drawer. "You see, Grandma, he knew I got a job, yet he deliberately broke our pact." Fixing her misty eyes on the mirror, Lillian said, with a toss of her head, "Very well, I'll forget him."

"That may be easier said than done, dear. You fell in love with that young man, but maybe it wasn't real. When it's real, the young man will feel about you as that musician, Edward Solomon, feels. I watched him tonight as he played for you—"

"Do you think Teddy really likes me? I think it's just his music, Grandma. He loves music."

Teddy Solomon did love music but he loved it best when accompanying Lillian's high sweet voice. During the month which followed Lillian Russell's debut, he worshipped her from his orchestra pit every performance. Lillian no longer was afraid. She could look out over the audience and sing now, but always she sang knowing that the dark, intense eyes of Solomon were on her.

One night after the performance, as Lillian started out to her carriage, Solomon stepped up to her. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her out of the theater.

"Miss Russell—Lillian—some day I am going to compose an opera for you. Your voice belongs to my opera. Your voice—and my music belong together." Lillian smiled: "Thank you, Teddy." She was to remember his words many times later—throughout her life.

In the dressing room one night grandma sat beside Lillian, with a forefinger raised for attention.

"Now, look here, young lady, you are a big star now. It's high time you took the bull by the horns and told your mother that you are on the stage, that you are Lillian Russell."

"She still thinks I take my music lessons every night. I told her Mr. Damrosch couldn't give me any other time. I'll never give it up, Grandma, never give up the stage."

"You can't, my dear. That's probably the reason Cynthia is afraid of it. You can't give it up, even



when you yourself grow tired you'll still go on."

Tony Pastor came in, saying in his gay voice: "This was delivered to my office early today." He held a square, white box. Handing it to Lillian, "I don't suppose it's from that young man who stopped your horses that day." Laughing he added, "He was here tonight again."

"Did he ask for me?" Lillian asked anxiously. "No, as a matter of fact, he left before the show was over. Well, good night, my dear."

"Good night, Mr. Pastor." "And another thing," said grandma, "you get him right out of your mind, that Alexander Moore, and—Well, aren't you going to open that package that Mr. Pastor brought?"

Sitting at her dressing-table chair again, Lillian opened the box and there was another necklace, this one of emeralds and diamonds. "I wish I knew who sent this. Maybe I'd like him, Grandma, even if he's old and fat." Clasp the necklace about her throat Lillian leaned close to the mirror to stare at the jewelry. "Even if he is old and fat."

"No, dear, if you knew you'd have to send them back," grandma cautioned.

Helen sighed in agreement.

AT home that night Lillian lay on her bed with the moonlight streaming through the tall windows, her hair spread over the great feather pillow, and fascinated she fondled the sparkling necklace, which she still wore and listened to the orchestra from Mrs. Rose's, playing "Evening Star."

Suddenly, as from a draft, the lace curtains blew out wildly across her bed. The door to her bedroom had opened, and Cynthia was walking across the room. Cynthia had a robe over her gown. Her hair hung in two grey braids over her shoulders. How much older her mother looked, Lillian thought. Perhaps it was her hair, drawn back plainly like that. Perhaps because she was tired.

Sitting on the bed beside Lillian, Cynthia said, "You need not pretend you're asleep. I know you're not."

"You weren't in when I came home, Mother."

"I know. Your father told me you asked for me."

Lillian pulled the sheet up around her neck. Perhaps Cynthia hadn't seen the necklace. "You're tired, aren't you, Mother?"

"Rather," Cynthia said.

"Why don't you give it all up, Mother, your work, I mean? It really doesn't make much difference whether women ever vote or not, does it? There are other ways for a woman to get what she wants out of life, aren't there?"

"It all depends on what she wants. There isn't much to independence when you have to depend on someone else for it." Cynthia sighed. "Did you take your lesson tonight, dear?"

"Yes—yes, I did, Mother. And Mr. Damrosch thinks I'm improving, I think."

"Has he said so?"

"Yes, I think I'm doing rather well and grandma thinks so, too."

Cynthia looked strangely at her daughter who dropped her eyes. "Helen," Cynthia said, and then to the face smiling on the pillow, "yes, it's true. You do look like Lillian Russell."

"Have you seen her, Mother?"

"Almost every night from the gallery, and you're wonderful, dear. Yes, wonderful."

"Oh, Mother."

"I am so proud of you, dear." Lillian, forgetting all else, crept into her mother's arms. It was good to be back with Cynthia again.

Then Cynthia, holding her at arm's length saw the glittering jewelry. "Who gave you that?" Cynthia asked, astonished, touching the necklace as though she half believed the moonlight had tricked her eyes.

Smiling through tear-filled eyes, Lillian said simply, "I don't know, Mother. I got it at the theater—and another necklace, too. There wasn't a note or a card or anything."

TO Cynthia's still-questioning stare, Lillian struggled to explain further. "I couldn't send them back when I didn't know who sent them or where they came from. Could I?"

Cynthia did not answer immediately. Lillian, uneasy and confused a little by her mother's expression of astonishment, cried, "Well, could I, Mother?"

Cynthia had helped crystallize the concern she had felt about the expensive gifts from the very first. It was too hard to attempt to explain how she really felt—that in her own confused way she had tried to believe that since she could not have the spiritual prize she longed for—she had tried to believe that

the material prizes compensated. If she could not have Alex Moore's praise—and, oh, she would have rather had it than all the jewelry in the world!—she could hide the ache in her heart behind the sparkle of someone else's approval and admiration.

But now Lillian knew that it was wrong for a girl to accept expensive gifts. And down deep she had worried about her possessions.

"I suppose I was wrong to keep them," at last she told Cynthia. "What do you think I should do, Mother?"

Cynthia's stern face softened. It was good to feel that her child leaned on her for guidance, sought her judgment now.

"I think that whoever sent them to you did so because he wanted you to have them, because your wearing them would give him pleasure—and, too, because it seems to be customary to offer gifts to famous actresses."

"Then, you think I should not worry anymore—just keep them?" She asked, fascinated by the touch of the necklace.

"Until you learn who the giver is I see no harm in your wearing the jewelry, if you like it. Later, perhaps, when you know who sent it you may consider it wiser to return it."

Cynthia hugged the grateful laughing Lillian to her.

"Mother?" the girl asked. "I will be a success. I'm determined to be. I want it—so much! You do think I can be what you said—a famous actress? If I want to hard enough?"

"I'm sure of it," taking the girl's hand. "Good night, darling." Cynthia leaned over and kissed her daughter's forehead.

"You're not angry because I've gone on the stage, are you, Mother?"

"No, dear. We're going to miss you though—Helen."

"But, Mother, I'm not leaving you."

"Yes, you are, dear," with a sad smile. "And you'll probably miss us, too—but life has a cruel habit of absorbing those it gives success to, and I hate to give you up."

"I'll never leave you, Mother, never."

"You've already left yourself, dear. You're Lillian Russell now—and some day you'll forget you ever knew Helen Leonard."

"No, Mother. I'd rather forget Lillian Russell."

"You can't forget her now. Her name is in lights, in the newspapers and on thousands of lips."

"But, Mother—" Lillian's eyes misted and her throat closed with tears.

"Millions of new faces will soon take the place of the few old ones left behind. Men will offer fortunes just to stand in the shadow of her glamorous career. Women will envy but copy her and even—even kings may applaud Lillian Russell."

Cynthia spoke her lines, giving each word oratorical emphasis but that was one time Cynthia Leonard failed to sway her listener, as perhaps she had planned. Lillian looked from the intent, worried face out into the moonlight. A smile spread over her features. She seemed to visualize her mother's words.

"Oh, Mother, do you really think I'll be that successful?"

"I'm afraid you will, dear."

As Lillian lay there, smiling, Cynthia gently kissed her and added sadly, "Good night."

Lillian knew her mother had not expected her to react so pleasantly to the career she had described. She knew it the second the click of her door said Cynthia had gone to her own room. She started to follow. Then "Evening Star" blew in from next door. "Millions of admiring faces—men will follow her and women will copy her." That would be better, far better, than being Mrs. Alexander Moore. It would. "I do hope I like you, Lillian Russell."

CYNTHIA LEONARD'S prophecy came true. Lillian's name was in lights, in the newspapers, and on thousands of lips. She was a star and billboards, spread over New York, announced her appearance in "Olivette," and the "Pirates of Penzance." Lillian Russell became the idol of all New York, and truly men did worship her—while women admired and imitated her make-up and extravagant costumes, her small waistline, laced to kill, the broad, flaring hips, low-cut gowns, many beads, necklaces and bracelets, ostrich plumes, wide hats! All these fashions stemmed from Lillian Russell.

She spent nearly every cent she made on her wardrobe because, as she soon reasoned with Tony Pastor, "My wardrobe must be replenished every week. I can't sing in the same clothes all the time."

Thus, every time New York's greatest star wanted a raise she received it—twenty-five dollars each time, a scale then unheard of in the theater.

Lillian's beauty and popularity attracted wealthy men from all walks of life. And although Alex Moore did not seek her, there were many others who did. Among these was the fabulously wealthy Jesse Lewisohn. Lewisohn was the tall, thin, rather nice-looking man who frequently gave champagne suppers for Lillian. They created quite a picture together—Jesse with his tall silk hat and long cape, and Lillian, curvesome, and gold and jewel-decked.

The rumor was that Lewisohn wanted to marry Lillian, although everyone knew that Lillian gave almost her entire life to the theater.

Men were eager to be seen with the beautiful actress but she never could quite forget the pact which Alexander Moore had ignored. Lillian was sentimental, and she was ambitious. Romance and ambition became rivals in her heart. She liked the bright lights and the gaiety, she loved the theater.

Her success had been immediate and the only cloud was that Alexander Moore came no nearer to her than the last row of the theater. She could not know that he was without money, without work, and was far too proud to let her know. He was far too proud to admit his failure in the face of her tremendous success. Alexander Moore could not have admitted his failure more poignantly to himself than by returning to his old job as a reporter in Pittsburgh. If she had only known what he suffered, willing himself away from her—how her very name was sacred to him and sounded constantly in his heart.

JESSE LEWISOHN had arranged a supper party for Lillian one night during the run of "The Grand Duchess." Lillian had left Tony Pastor's theater then and was the star of the Casino Theater. And the event of headlined importance that night was that Lillian was going to sing, in the intermission, over long-distance telephone to the White House. Her voice would go directly to President Cleveland.

When Jesse Lewisohn walked into the lobby of the Casino that night he saw his friend, Jim Brady, one of the best-known men-about-town.

"Is it true Lillian Russell is to sing to President Cleveland tonight, in Washington?" Brady asked.

"They're connecting the wires backstage right now and the telephone company claims they can actually do it." Seeing the animated interest in Brady's large, florid face, Jesse added, "Would you like to come backstage and listen?"

"I'd be delighted," Brady said. Turning to the auburn-haired woman beside him he said, "Would you like to listen too, Edna?"

"I'd love to," Edna McCauley replied, running her arm through Brady's. "I hope Miss Russell doesn't recognize this gown. It's a copy of one I saw her wear at Rector's."

Backstage there was much excitement. The telephone, which studded the wall, held everyone's attention. The stage manager stood by, nervous and excited, and near him was Teddy Solomon, standing by the grand piano, waiting for the connection to be made between New York and Washington.

Chorus girls stood on the stairway and on the balcony, some in corsets and underskirts, others wore dressing gowns or kimonos. It was between acts and this marvelous long-distance call had interrupted the usual backstage life.

Everyone was quiet and waiting expectantly.

"Hello, hello," the manager called perspiringly through the phone. "No, I'm not impatient, but President Cleveland expects the call at exactly ten o'clock. Besides, it's intermission of the show—and we can't hold the curtain forever." Turning to Solomon he added, "I'd feel very much easier if Miss Russell was standing by."

"Miss Russell is waiting and ready. Would you like me to sing for the President?"

The manager looked his annoyance at Solomon whose sarcasm was not very humorous to him. "No, thank you, Mr. Solomon, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind—I love to sing."

This banter amused the spectators who soon forgot they were even living when Lillian Russell entered the scene. She was beautiful, radiant, obviously excited.

"Stand right here, Miss Russell. I really believe we're going to make it," the manager told her.

"I hope we don't," Lillian said.

"What?"

Lillian smiled but her face grew serious. "The idea of singing for the President of the United States frightens the life out of me." Then she



# Russell

caught the intense, worried eyes of Teddy Solomon. "Don't worry, dear. Perhaps he won't hear you. I have an idea this is all a waste of time," he laughed.

Solomon, the artist, the musician, was tense and nervous, far more so than Lillian.

"Don't believe Teddy, Lillian," said an off-stage voice, "and don't let anyone frighten you." It was Jesse Lewisohn, making his way toward her, smiling broadly and confidently.

"I have great faith in the telephone and I have ever greater faith in you, my dear," Jesse said, holding her hand affectionately.

Despite her nervousness, Lillian smiled. She could not know how seeing Lewisohn holding her hand and conveying confidence affected Solomon. So many performances she had found the confidence she needed in his eyes!

"I never mind an audience because I always pick out a friendly face to sing to—but how can you sing to someone you can't even see?" Lillian asked.

"That's simple, Lillian," Jesse assured her. "You've got a big audience here and I'll pick out a face even friendlier than mine to sing to."

"How's that?"

Jesse turned and called across the scene.

"Jim, stand over here so Lillian can sing to you. This is Jim Brady, Lillian, the famous Jim Brady."

There for the first time, Lillian Russell looked into the Irish eyes of Jim Brady. "I am so happy to meet you, Mr. Brady," she said.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, Miss Russell. And may I present Miss Edna McCauley?"

The women nodded and Lillian's eyes returned to Brady's face.

"Hello, Washington. We're ready. Is the President ready. Oh—it is."

Now she stood facing the mouthpiece. Everything was quiet, tense, the dramatic moment had arrived and Lillian Russell's high, sweet soprano voiced "After the Ball."

All the while Lillian sang, Edward Solomon's long white fingers picked the melody from the grand piano. His eyes stayed on her face, scarcely leaving it, even though he knew at that moment she did not need him.

When Lillian finished the song there was applause. Nervously she took the receiver in her hand and murmured. "Yes, Mr. President."

She heard the deep, vibrant voice of President Cleveland saying, "Miss Russell, this has been a great privilege and we deeply appreciate the honor of being the first to hear your voice over the long-distance telephone."

"Thank you, Mr. President." Lillian barely whispered the words because her voice choked, almost broke. Tears came into her eyes and Teddy Solomon, quickly by her side, dried her cheeks with his handkerchief.

"Thank you, dear," Lillian said, not realizing that in her emotional moment she had called him 'dear.' Now he held her hand closer—warmly, telling her in a new way how dear she was to him.

WHEN she went to supper at Rector's that night Jesse Lewisohn sat on her right and Teddy on her left. Diamond Jim Brady and Edna McCauley made up the rest of the party. There was an abundance of everything—lobster, champagne, more champagne! There was music and singing and toasts, and suddenly when the orchestra was playing Jim Brady's laugh broke merrily across the table.

"What strikes you so funny, Jim?" Jesse asked.

"I was just thinking of President Cleveland at the other end of that telephone wire tonight, listening to Lillian Russell—when all the time she was really singing to me."

Lillian smiled sweetly at Brady. Edna raised her eyebrows, amused by Brady's ego, but Solomon seemed rather contemptuous.

"I want to thank you again for encouraging me," Lillian said, warmly, holding Brady's eyes.

"I don't think you could have done it without him," Solomon broke in with naïve sarcasm.

Ignoring Solomon, Brady still looked at Lillian. "It was a great treat, Miss Russell." Turning to Jesse, Brady added, "Just to show my appreciation of it, Jesse, I'm going to let you dance with Edna." Then, "Edna, dear—dance with Mr. Lewisohn."

"I've wanted to dance with Jesse a long while, only I wish he had thought of it himself."

"I thought of it," Jesse said, offering his arm, "but I was afraid of Jim."

Brady laughed. "Imagine anybody being afraid of me."

"If I were a lobster I'd be afraid of you," Solomon

said with the same polite contempt of Brady, but Brady dug into a fresh lobster and laughed again.

"By the way," Brady centered his Irish eyes on Solomon, "you, too, were excellent tonight. You played the piano beautifully. I've been an admirer of yours for some time—in fact, I'm quite familiar with a number of your compositions."

"Why thank you, Mr. Brady, it's nice of you to say so." Solomon was taken aback by Brady's blarney and he came out completely from behind his cloud of jealousy.

"I especially enjoyed that number you wrote for Miss Russell, called—"

"The Silver Line," Solomon supplied the name.

"That's the one. It was beautiful. You should write all Miss Russell's songs."

Leaning across the table, his intense face strangely radiant, Solomon said, "Some day I hope to write at least one that is worthy of her."

Lillian smiled to herself, watching the worldly-wise, supersalesman, Brady, ensnare young Solomon. She saw Teddy then through her sentimental eyes. He was a poor composer, taking in this Irish flattery, smiling proudly. She almost wished to clasp his



"We seem to be alone at last," said Diamond Jim Brady. "I rather enjoyed watching you work it out," Lillian laughed

hand and say something that would give him balance now, but then Brady leaned farther over the table toward Solomon and said, "Will you do something for me? Have the orchestra play 'The Silver Line' and you play it with them?"

Solomon rose, excited and pleased. "You know the weakness of a musician, Mr. Brady. He can seldom resist the opportunity of showing off. Excuse me, Lillian." He hurried toward the orchestra.

TURNING to Lillian, Brady said, "We seem to be alone at last, or aren't you surprised?"

"I rather enjoyed watching you work it out. In a way I enjoyed it. I wondered if that was how you planned your steel railroad cars and all that sort of thing. You see I have heard about you."

"What do you know about railroad cars?"

"I know a lot about Jim Brady," smiling sweetly. "Is it true that you like corn on the cob as well as people say you do?"

"How much do they say?"

"I heard someone say he had seen you eat three dozen ears at once."

"It's a lie," Brady said. "I never ate less than six dozen ears at one time in my life. Do you enjoy corn?"

"I love corn on the cob. It's been my favorite food since I was a little girl."

"How many ears can you eat?" Brady asked.

"When I'm really hungry—I've eaten two or three."

"I can spot you three and beat you by ten."

Smiling, Lillian said, "Listen, Teddy is singing his piece for you." After a pause, "He's really a fine composer. If it hadn't been for his help I could never have become a star. He's a really great artist—"

Lillian's lips were soft and her eyes a little moist, talking of Teddy. She lowered her head and toyed with her bracelets as she listened to the romantic music he said she had inspired him to compose.

Then, suddenly, softly at first, Brady started to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"At myself. I've been waiting two years for tonight—just to be alone with you—and all I could talk about was corn on the cob."

Lillian, watching the bulky Irishman throw his head back and laugh, thought he seemed sad, even though he laughed.

She was thinking then of Solomon—how he was playing to them with his soul and that only she listened. She felt tender and filled with warmth for the dark-eyed man—felt gratitude. She loved the creative thing in him—his imagination, his softness. Even the way he became sarcastic when he was not noticed sufficiently and when someone hurt him—made him jealous. And, of course, he was jealous of her—even of her smile. Yet, she saw it now, he wanted everyone to love her work—and he wanted her to love him. She saw all this now.

Which was, no doubt, why she married Teddy Solomon a few nights later.

Still wearing the blue satin gown and huge white-plumed hat in which she had just sung his ballad, "The Silver Line," Lillian and Teddy were married in her dressing room, even while Jesse Lewisohn and Diamond Jim Brady waited at the stage door to take her out to supper. (The stagehands and members of the company were witnesses.)

## PART III

WHEN news of Lillian's marriage hit the city room of the *Pittsburgh Telegraph*, Alexander Moore read it and experienced the kind of misery which goes with the death of a dream.

"Well, boys—this spoils all my plans," said the swaggering reporter at the desk next to his.

"Why, did you figure on marrying her, Jack?" someone else entered into the office banter.

"It's been a toss up with me between Lillian and that new French girl, Anna Held—but Flo Ziegfeld's got her, they tell me—so I decided on Lillian." As the others in the office continued to look at the picture of the new bride in the paper, he added, "And now she ups and marries a poor composer. The chump! She could have had her pick of any millionaire in New York."

"Maybe she loves the composer," Alex spoke, then.

"Sure—and maybe he'll write all her shows and will enjoy spending her dough for her—to say nothing of getting his hands on all that jewelry she takes in from the rich guys she doesn't marry."

Alex got up slowly from his desk and looked at his colleague:

"I didn't like that remark, Jack. I happen to know Lillian Russell." As Jack showed his defiance, "I'll thank you not to speak of her like that again."

"Well, she does get a lot of gifts, doesn't she?"

"Why, she gets more than any other woman on the stage!" put in one of the bystanders.

"I can understand that," Alex said, flushing. "People love her, people who don't even know her but get to feel like they do from just watching her. If I had the money to buy her things worth-while I'd be sending her something every day."

The seriousness of Alex Moore's face, more than his words, removed the defiant banter from the reporters. Smiling, Jack said:

"All right, Alex—if that's how it is with you. I'm sorry—and it won't happen again."

When Alex sat down at his desk, the office boy came to tell him the managing editor wanted him to report to his office.

"Alex, I overheard what you said about Lillian Russell," the boss came right to the point. "How well do you know her?"

"She—she wouldn't even remember me now—" he said. "I met her a couple of times—and I've seen every show she has ever played in since then."

"Did you see 'The Grand Duchess'?"

"That's why I took three days off last month to go to New York—"

"You went all the way to New York to see a performance of her show?"

"Not exactly—I saw three performances. It's a wonderful show."

"She must be," the editor said thoughtfully. "That's why I want a story of her life for our paper . . . and you're the one to get it."

This would mean all angles—include all the stages of her development, perhaps some of her emotional adventures—Lillian, as the daughter of a suffragette, how she struggled for a normal home life in a rooming house. How well Alex Moore could understand what living in a house, which wasn't a home, meant.



That had been the way he had lived ever since he was a little boy—when he sold newspapers after school to buy books to read . . . how later he worked as copy boy in a newspaper office that he could go to night school. That's why he understood Lillian Russell's life so well. How much more he knew and understood about her than the public, who loved her as an actress, had ever dreamed!

The editor was saying, "Show how, while her mother was struggling to secure equal political rights for women, this girl, by her charm and femininity, was bringing the men to her feet."

"That's the truth—she was! And I—"

"And you, too," the editor smiled. "I want you to scoop those smart New York papers. I want the *Pittsburgh Telegraph* to tell them the exclusive story of Lillian Russell. That is your next assignment."

"Go to New York?"

"Certainly. What's the matter? Don't you want to go?"

"Of course—but I wish you had thought of all this before she got married."

WHILE ALEX was trying to find the old Leonard home on Ninth Street, Lillian and her bridegroom were sailing for London. And while Alex stood in the hall, trying to explain to Cynthia Leonard what he was about, grandma listened from her wheelchair in the parlor.

"I can't tell you anything about my daughter," the bitter-eyed Cynthia said. "I haven't seen her much lately, Mr. Moore." Smiling sadly, "The penalty of success, perhaps. I'm sorry—but that is all I have to say."

Cynthia turned and walked up the stairs. Alex watched her martyred back, took in the expensive wallpaper on the hall, the deep Oriental rugs on the floor—gilt-framed pictures. He knew that Lillian had spent much of her earnings on this house.

Maybe he thought as he started to leave he would come back again and find Mrs. Leonard in a more giving mood.

"I'm-sorry-young-man-ha-ha-ha!" a metallic voice screeched out from the parlor.

The wild, harsh laughter made him look in—where grandma sat listening and squinting.

"Were you looking for me, young man?"

"No—not exactly—but I'm glad to see you again."

"Again? Do you know me?" With much of the old spirit.

"Well—we never were properly introduced, but we have met before."

"It's my eyes, young man. They're something fierce—nearly gone out and left me blind. Come closer—so I can try to recall you. My left ear is stone deaf and if I didn't feel so good, I'd think it was old age catching on to me."

The parrot mimicked the cracked old laugh.

"Shut your beak, Noah!"

Grandma stared up at Alex's face through her thick glasses.

"Why, land sakes! You're the young man who saved our lives! I remember it very well—but why didn't you ever come back to see Helen?"

"I did—at the theater, but somehow I didn't have the nerve to come in to see her."

"A hero—without nerve. Nonsense! When I was young and a man saved a girl's life it naturally meant something."

"It did—" Alex said, soberly.

"Then I can tell you—Helen fell in love with you."

"You're just saying that—to be kind."

"No—nothing was more cruel to Helen than to know you did not come back to see her—she was hurt—deeply hurt . . . so that she had to stop even mentioning your name. Oh, how could you ever let a girl like Helen slip out of your hands? You must be a very proud and stupid young man!"

"I was—then. But, tell me, where is she now?" he asked, clasping the withered hand and holding it. "I'm supposed to do a story about her for my newspaper—and I'd like to find her. You see, Grandma—it is the first time I could be proud—do you understand what it means for a fellow to love a girl who has a job—and he hasn't?"

"I understand—but fiddlesticks!" Grandma was impatient. The tires of her wheelchair rolled back and forth as she talked. "And—well, I'd like to help you—only Cynthia, that's her mother, wouldn't want us even to talk about Helen. You see, she didn't like it because she married young Solomon without asking her permission."

"Please tell me—"

"Oh, Solomon's all right. He's fine—but Cynthia is lonely for Helen, since Charlie's death. No—Cynthia's word is law here." Then, in a lower voice,

"She's in London—we got a cable from her this morning. She's already met the Prince of Wales—and she's going to appear in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. But don't you say I said so."

Alex Moore dropped on one knee and pressed his lips to the trembling, withered little hand.

"And when you find her, young man—give her this message for me."

Grandma leaned over and kissed his firm cheek.

"I don't think I'll give that to anyone—I'll just keep it for myself," he said.

"Well, good-bye then—and don't stay away so long this time—it might be too long."

ALEX MOORE'S cable, asking Lillian for her story, was delivered to her in The Savoy Theater one fog-thick day. It read:

MY EDITOR WANTS THE STORY OF YOUR CAREER AND HAS ASSIGNED ME TO GET IT STOP IF I COME OVER WILL YOU COOPERATE REGARDS

It was signed Alexander Moore, *Pittsburgh Telegraph* staff writer.

Lillian walked out through the lobby, the yellow paper clinched in her gloved hand. She wanted to think—because those words, after so long, from Alexander Moore had dug into a corner of her heart which she thought had been sealed forever.

She wanted to think and she couldn't gather her thoughts there in the theater, where Arthur Sullivan was playing the piano and William Gilbert was arguing—forever and forever.

In the lobby was a great banner stretched out with the announcement:

Opening November Fifteenth  
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA  
"PRINCESS IDA"  
with

LILLIAN RUSSELL

It had meant a great deal to Lillian to be engaged by the famous team to come to London. It meant a lot to her composer husband, too—but, still, it wasn't exactly his dream-come-true. Teddy wanted to write his own show for her—but meantime, he tried to console himself by working in shows where Lillian starred. In his heart he always believed he would write her greatest triumph.

Lillian had to think of Teddy—dear, emotional, sweet Teddy . . . who really looked a little like the tall, dark-eyed boy who had saved her life in the runaway . . . who had helped her speak to the mob



"I said, I was successful in getting you out of rehearsal—" Teddy told Lillian. "Not only did I get you out of rehearsal—but out of the show too!"

outside her home. Strange, she had never thought of that before . . . not strange, when she came to think how determined she had been to seal up that part of her heart—his part.

She walked, in her high, tight, button-shoes over to the cable office, where she came to her decision. It was embodied in her answer to Alex Moore:

CANNOT GIVE TIME TO YOU NOW THANKS

And she signed the cable Lillian Russell Solomon

TEDDY SOLOMON thought nothing about the decision when she told him about what she had done. He thought far more about her walking in the November air—the thick, moist fog, when she was exhausted from long hours of rehearsal, by the long, wearisome session they both were compelled to sit

through, listening to the endless arguing of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert.

Teddy was so proud in his triumph—of his love for Lillian, of their marriage that he swaggered a little in his new confidence.

He knew now that his peculiar gift for expressing his emotions and impressions in melody would soon be recognized by the world because Lillian recognized it. And with her as his constant inspiration he would soon be able to compose the real thing; the true lights in his heart and brain would be interpreted in his music!

A little impatient, a little cocksure—one night Teddy came into the Savoy for rehearsal, when Gilbert called loudly from the stage:

"Where is Miss Russell? She's an hour late."

"Miss Russell isn't coming to rehearsal tonight," Teddy answered. "I came to tell you."

Gilbert stalked from the stage, crying, "I want to talk to you, Solomon. Come to me!"

Solomon took his time about finding Gilbert and before the arguesome man could begin his tirade against performers who miss rehearsals, Teddy ran his long-fingered hands into his pockets and said,

"I want to tell you I resent your summoning my wife to night rehearsals, after she has spent the entire day working with your company. Lillian Russell may not mean anything yet in England—but she is a great star and I insist that you treat her accordingly! If you question her ability to play the role without night rehearsals—then get someone else!"

Solomon's furious blast temporarily took the wind out of Gilbert. He backed against the wall and rubbed his hand over his face, as one stunned.

"You—you dare to speak to me in that tone!"

"I dare," Solomon said, controlled. "My wife is anxious for a London success—but if she doesn't get it from you, she'll get it somewhere else." With an ironic smile, "I too write for the theater, Mr. Gilbert."

"So—so that is it! Why you barge in here and provoke a quarrel with me! It's not your wife's career you're concerned about—it's your own!" with sudden decision, Gilbert frowned, "Very well—you go tell Mrs. Solomon that her services are no longer required!"

Teddy shrugged his London-tailored shoulders elegantly: "Thank you, sir—we'll manage to get on without you, I imagine." And with the same ease and swagger he walked out.

But when he was faced with telling Lillian what had happened he was not as confident. It was not as easy to make her see the thing as it had really happened.

He found her waiting in their suite.

"I thought I'd have some message from you—perhaps they'd need me anyway," Lillian greeted him with her hat on.

He came over, put his arms around her. He had never been able to hold her enough, had never tired of looking at her beauty, listening to her throaty voice.

"There was no need of a message, darling," he told her. Then kissing her lingeringly, he let her go.

"What happened—what did they say? Tell me all about it, Teddy."

"Well, darling—I was completely successful in getting you off. I—you see—I knew how badly you needed rest before you get back into the routine."

"I know, I know all that, Teddy—but what did they say?" Her voice was a little edgy with impatience and she followed him across the room, to where he sat at the piano.

"I said, I was successful in getting you out of rehearsal—" Then he stood up and looked at her, holding her eyes. "Not only did I get you out of rehearsal—I got you out of the show."

"Stop joking," she said, stepping back from him. He seemed strange to her in this mood. It was the old mood he used to take in front of strangers, when they hurt him—and she always was touched far more than annoyed by it.

"What happened?" she pursued, smiling uneasily.

"I told you. You're fired."

She bit her lip, which was suddenly dry as dust.

"Simply because of the rehearsal?"

"Well, yes. That started it."

"Started what, Teddy? Tell me, dear." Now she could see he was hurt.

"The argument," he said in the flat tone of one who knows when he's cornered.

"Now, Teddy—you didn't lose your temper again?"

His eyes became defiant as a little boy's.

"Very well—crawl to your London triumph, if you want to! Go on your knees to Mr. Gilbert and



# Russell

apologize! He'll forgive you, I'm sure. Tell him from now on you'll be a good girl—or vice versa . . . I don't care which."

"If you don't care—that's what I'll do. I'll go back to Mr. Gilbert and ask him to take me back."

**H**ER heart beat frighteningly, warningly. This was the first serious quarrel she had ever had with Teddy and it did horrible things to her inside. But somehow she knew she could not let him bully her, even in temper. She was silent.

"You won't have to ask twice, I assure you," Teddy raised his voice. "I can even tell you what he'll say—My dear Miss Russell—of course I want you back, but I don't like your meddlesome husband. He's crazy, selfish, stupid—and doesn't want anybody to do anything for you but himself.' That's what he'll say to you."

His too-bright, feverish eyes wavered a little, but came back to meet her gaze.

"Unfortunately, Lillian, that's the truth—every word. But I can't help myself, Lillian—that's how I feel about you. I want to write you the greatest operetta of your career. I can do it, if you'll have faith in me . . . I'll start it tonight—this very minute—"

Her heart melted then.

"Come, Teddy—sit beside me." She turned out the lamp and they sat beside the fireplace, with only the glow from the dying embers lighting their faces.

"I've been unfair to you, Teddy," she began. "There's something I've kept from you, dear—something I should have told you."

Teddy sprung up, his hands clenched.

"If it's anything that may come between us, don't tell me now. I'll—I'll never give you up—understand that! Even if you should tell me you loved someone else more—even if you said you did not love me any more, I wouldn't let you go! I—couldn't live without you!"

"Listen, Teddy—there is someone else—" Before she could finish his head was in her lap, his hot tears on her hands.

"Teddy—a baby. I'm going to have a baby."

He caught her hands and crushed them to his lips.

"So, you see, dear—it's just as well that I'm out of the show."

When he rose and walked across the room, she watched him, puzzled.

"Aren't you happy about it?" she asked.

His dark head bent, he stalked the room, his face desperate in the fire light.

"I was never happier—but never more convinced of my own selfishness."

"Why, dear?"

Perhaps she would never understand this man-child, who had come to mean so much to her life—even had the power to change its path. Persuade her to come to a strange country—and then dare get her fired from a show and thus throw them both out of work.

"Why?" he repeated, his voice husky with emotion. "I've risked your entire career—as if it belonged to me. And it doesn't. Even you have no right to jeopardize it, Lillian."

He came over and sat on the couch beside her.

"I'll be proud of our child—dear—but if anything should happen to you—because of it—I'd hate myself—forever."

"What could happen, Teddy?"

"You—you might die. Or, it might change you in so many ways that you'd never really be Lillian Russell again."

Tilting his chin up so that he looked straight into her eyes,

"Teddy dear, you're horribly morbid; but if I should die, I'd consider it a glorious ending to my career; if I live and my career should die—I'd consider it the lovely beginning of a new life." Smiling into his wet eyes, "Now, dear—take me in your arms. Hold me tight—and don't let me go—'til the fire burns out."

He gathered her to him, trying to put into his kiss all the things that were in his heart.

Later, she tried to argue that she soon would be "perfectly all right" but the sensitive artist that was Teddy Solomon argued against her statements. He underwent, lived through, in his imaginative mind every pain, every anxiety which Lillian was to experience during the following months.

While she did everything she knew to calm him, Lillian did a lot of thinking, which she dared not voice. After all, and at best, it would be a year before she could go back on the stage—she knew that.

And then what had been her fame—on the other side of the Atlantic, might have faded out, been forgotten by that time. But still there was more of it to be gained in London, where they were.

The truth was they had accumulated little money during the bright months. They had put so little aside for happier days—because, why should they, when they were living their happy days! That had been their theory. The trouble was in making it work, even though she determinedly insisted that they were happy. Because they had each other.

"Lillian, do you realize that it is expected nowadays that a man be in love with his own wife? Isn't that fitting for me?" Teddy would say. "And some day, some day when you sing my operetta the world will know that I adore you."

How he worked over the piano—all night, all day—never stopping. Seldom sleeping, in his feverish haste—his determined anxiety.

Lillian saw his pale hands become too long, too transparent. And his face, with its delicate bone structure almost showing through. His eyes were burning flames, keeping alive on his love, his dream, his hope of what he was doing for her.

"It will be your greatest success," he would say, day after day.

**T**HE baby—a girl they named Dorothy—was three months old when the London Theater season was getting under way. She was a darling baby—with Lillian's bright gold hair and pink skin and her father's large brown eyes. She was a good baby, too, who responded nicely to the attentions of the French nursemaid Lillian engaged.

Lillian had pawned every piece of her jewelry, so they could keep living in the small hotel suite and afford the nursemaid. Time was pressing in on them horribly—but surely she could not find fault with Teddy's effort and application.

"Did Mr. Solomon drink his eggnog, Marie?" Lillian asked her maid at frequent intervals each day—asked when the incessant playing on the piano in the next room seemed weaker, more stumbling. As if to indicate the composer was striving against every odd to find the melodies and to set them down. At times it seemed that he was racing against time itself—racing with his own health. That he might finish before this fever became too consuming.

"No'm—although I told him it was an English custom never to leave an empty glass," the maid replied. "He doesn't look well. He works too hard."

"He's tired—he needs to go away for a holiday."

"He says it is to be the greatest role of your career—the one he's working on now. It's just for you."

Listening to the music filtering through the cheap thin walls, "I hope so—for his sake."

**L**ILLIAN was dressed in one of the most becoming house dresses she owned. A Lillian Russell blue—satin, with a train, with a flowing, becoming flounce, draped about the neck and falling about her wide shoulders—which accentuated her small, tightly-laced waist. She wore her hair in a high pompadour, with a cluster of curls turned over her left shoulder.

Looking at her reflection in the dressing table mirror, she thought of a certain day in New York, when she wore a blue dress—and a wide hat, which blew off and let her hair go wild. His arms had been around her when she reached up and pulled her hair from his eyes—such dark, thoughtful eyes they were . . . and he had said, a little later, "You're very beautiful."

"Marie," she called, "you'll stay to let the visitor in tonight. He's to call about eight."

"Visitor, Ma'am?"

"How could you possibly forget, Marie? The American newspaperman. His name is Mr. Moore," Lillian managed to keep her voice even. "Show him in when he arrives."

She had cabled Alexander Moore that she would now give him her story if he could come to London.

**A** FEW minutes before eight, Lillian went into the music room and put her arm about Teddy's bent shoulders.

"You look tired, dear," she said.

"I am tired, darling—but it's fun getting tired from work you love. When I'm finished and you tell me I've kept my promise and written your greatest role, then I'll rest as long as you wish."

"But, you still have so much to do, Teddy—" Then, with sudden determination, "And unless you promise to go away, I'll never tell you I like your operetta—and what's more, I may not even sing it when you do finish it."

That made him laugh. It always did.

"All right, that settles it—we go away. That is, if you get enough money for your life."

"What do you say my life is worth?"

"More than all the papers in the world could pay."

"You're sweet," she told him, her lips against his stubby cheek.

"So are you," he said, turning back again to the keyboard. "Now run along and sell yourself to the newspaperman—and, Lillian, please don't send Marie in here with any more eggnogs. She always comes when I'm in the midst of a great idea—here she is, pushing an eggnog down my throat."

"All right—no more *tonight*."

Lillian couldn't know what seeing her walk into that room did to Alex Moore. He stood as she came toward him, took her outstretched hand, bowed, properly aloof. Through his guard, he was thinking how unkind the years had been to leave his heart, so young in its feeling for her. The sight of her brought back the ache, which was old as forever.

He saw her now as the woman, yet he never had lost his picture of her as the girl. Her blue eyes were deeper—life had dug into her heart. Her figure was more mature—but there was something about her graceful, richly-padded body which would never age. Her voice, vibrated through him. And the sensation of being in her presence was almost unbearable at first—a storm inside him while he stood apart and watched—postponing the second when he must appoint his mind to control it.

This smiling, gracious woman before him was Lillian Russell, a famous actress, beloved by millions. His paper was eager to pay her homage through its columns. He must see her that way. She was, above everything else a woman who loved another man. She was forever beyond his own reach.

The first few sentences they exchanged were not recorded on the memory of either. They did not fasten the thread of conversation for a few seconds, while their eyes and overtones expressed more than the formalities, uttered with mechanical politeness.

**P**IANO music, reached between and about them. While it came from behind a closed door, from another room, and played in spurts, starts and stops it was strangely suited to their moods.

Alex extracted a folded letter from the large envelope he balanced on his lap.

"This is in letter form, and merely gives our paper the exclusive right to publish your story. You'll have to sign where it says 'accepted.'"

Lillian didn't even look at the proffered letter. Her eyes still held to his face.

"And this—this is your check."

The music sounded insistently loud then. It brought Lillian from her contemplation of Alex. She shook her head, as one coming out from a day-dream, smiled. She took the check and letter without looking at either.

"You'll sign—sign the letter—" Alex said, leaning toward her.

"Why did you break our pact, Mr. Moore?"

He did not answer immediately. He was too surprised. Looking at her, he said, his voice well under control.

"I didn't think you even remembered me, Miss Russell."

"That doesn't answer my question, Mr. Moore."

"I don't think I can answer it without quibbling a little. You see, I made my pact with a girl named Helen Leonard, and when I found she was Lillian Russell, I—well—I got scared, I guess." Taking a quick breath, "Does it seem very long ago—I mean, it does seem a long time ago, doesn't it?"

"I can see it all as if it were yesterday. We had just left Professor Damrosch's and I was so happy because he was going to teach me—and grandma was all a-flutter because she didn't like the Professor at first. Then it happened . . . And you seemed to leap from nowhere and I—I thought you were going to be killed."

"I was afraid you were."

"And here we are—years later—signing a contract for my life story." Her lips parted in a smile. "It would have been a very short one, if you hadn't been so brave."

Alex saw the mist in her eyes as she smiled again. He saw, too, that the acclaim of the world had not erased the simple memories from her heart.

"Maybe it wasn't bravery," Alex spoke, forcing lightness into his voice. "Maybe it was just a newspaperman saving a good story. You—you look very well, Miss Russell."

"Thank you. You haven't changed much . . . and I haven't seen you since the night Mother was de-



feated in the election. Poor Mother . . ." Then suddenly speaking faster, "She's the one your paper should really be interested in. Why don't you write the story of her life? It would be a much greater story than mine."

"I don't think my paper exactly agrees with you—" It was so much easier to talk with her about—about anything other than themselves. "You see, my paper considers you one of the finest women who ever lived—not only because of your success, but on account of the way you've carried it. Everybody in America loves you."

Lillian saw the vein pump in his forehead as she repeated, "Everybody?"

"They just can't help themselves. I—you've got a way of making people love you—I mean—that's how my paper feels about you, Miss Russell."

The music stopped—then started. Stopped with a bang—then started and continued evenly.

Lillian leaned her shoulders against the high back of her chair.

"Well, it's very sweet of you to tell me, Mr. Moore."

Then she tossed her head, her eyes twinkling, and said, "And before your paper discovers how completely different things have been in London for me, I'd better sign this letter."

"Oh, you needn't bother with it tonight, if you'd rather have your attorney or business manager or someone look it over first."

She unfolded the letter, "I'm my own business manager, Mr. Moore—and I don't think we'll need an attorney."

Lillian moved over to the writing table, where the light was.

"I'd like you to read it—if you will—before signing," he said.

"As you say, then—I'll not be long about it."

**ALEX** walked the length of the room, now strangely quiet since the piano had stopped. Apparently she had been serious when she intimated London had not meant success for her. This room, with its cracked wallpaper, with the worn rug and frayed settee, would never have been the setting chosen by Lillian Russell in days of prosperity.

He remembered too well the expensive new paper in the hall of the Leonard house on Ninth Street—the deep-piled Oriental rugs and gilt-framed pictures.

He walked across to where a group of pictures were arranged on the mantel. He recognized the likeness of Lillian's mother—and there was grandma in a black bonnet primly tied with a bow.

"Do you remember grandma?" Lillian had turned in her chair to ask. He felt she had been watching all the while.

"Oh, yes. In fact, I saw her in New York just before she. . . ."

Lillian broke the sudden pause.

"I loved her very much, Mr. Moore. I'll—I'll miss her all the rest of my life."

The sadness in her voice did not linger. As if she fought against it, she turned back to the letter.

"Is this where I sign?" she asked.

Stepping over beside her, he indicated the place. "Right here."

A tear dropped on the letter as she wrote her name there.

Lillian calmly blotted the signature and the tear and folded the letter into its original creases.

"You didn't expect me to seal our contract with tears, did you?"

"I can understand how you feel about her—because I know how she felt about you."

He drew back a little then. And when he spoke again the business tone had returned to his voice.

"This is your copy of the agreement," handing her a carbon of the letter.

"Thank you—but tell me, did you talk with grandma?"

"Oh—yes, indeed. We had quite a long chat." He did not let her see his eyes then, as though to hide the thing he thought and cherished.

"Did she know you were going to write about me?"

"Oh—yes. I told her that was why I was looking for you."

Lillian sighed and smiled mistily.

"I can imagine grandma when she heard that. What did she say, Mr. Moore?"

"Well—well, she gave me some sort of message to give you."

Leaning nearer she asked, "What was it?"

Alex looked at her. Then, after a pause, he spoke: "I've been trying to think of it, but it's so long

ago now. Shortly after that I read where she. . . ."

"Yes, I know—it happened just before Dorothy was born."

"Dorothy?"

"Yes—our baby. Didn't you know? She's almost three months old now. I'll introduce you to her sometime."

Alex felt strangely awkward, saying, "I'd love to meet her."

"And I'd like you to meet my husband, too—"

Just then a discord sounded violently from the piano and its vibrations broke through Lillian's sentence. Alex was startled and glanced instinctively toward the closed door.

"That's what you call artistic temperament," Lillian quickly recovered with a laugh. "Whenever Teddy becomes dissatisfied with his work, he slaps the poor piano as if it were all its fault." Then, "Would you like to meet my husband?"

"Well—of course. If it wouldn't disturb him."

"We'll soon find out. If he's really as annoyed as that discord sounded, he'll welcome an interruption—but if he's in the midst of an inspiration,



Alex knew he must not interfere with what the paper had sent him for—a great and important task. The story of Lillian Russell. Her story. Not his, not theirs! Hers

it's hopeless." Then, she stood and called clearly toward the closed door.

"Teddy! Teddy!"

**THERE** was no answer because at that very moment Teddy Solomon clutched his throat and gasped for breath. He wanted to answer, to call out, more than anything else in the world. But he only had strength enough to lift himself a few inches from the piano and reach for the glass of water beside the music rack. His trembling fingers refused to clasp the glass.

Slumping back in his seat, the weight of his upper body fell on the keyboard, making another discord.

"Lillian—Lillian. . . ."

His weak cry was lost in the vibrating noise of the keys, pinned beneath him.

"Lillian—"

But no sound filtered through to the outer room.

Lillian looked at Alex and shrugged her shoulders, smiled a little apologetically.

"Doesn't look as though he wanted to be disturbed, does it?"

Lillian sat in the chair again and turned to Alex.

"Sit down and tell me something about your ambition. You know, I remember when you told me you wanted to own a paper. When are you going to own your newspaper?"

"I don't know—yet—although I am working toward it. I didn't get on well in New York and—well, I went back home to Pittsburgh—I've been there on the same paper ever since."

"Married, I suppose?" she asked quickly—left the sentence uneasily in the air between them.

"No—"

"Well! Well—why not? Isn't there a girl?" she laughed coaxingly.

"There's a girl back home I've known all my life—"

"What's her name? Tell me about her."

"Lucille—"

"Why haven't you married Lucille?"

"I—I just never thought seriously enough about it, I guess." He smiled to cover his embarrassment. "Maybe she wouldn't have me if I did."

He didn't want to talk about why he had not married . . . He couldn't—to her.

Seeing that he obviously preferred to change the subject, Lillian shook her head and a smile played in her eyes. "Oh, all right, if you don't want to tell me about—Lucille."

"You're—you're very happy, aren't you?" Alex asked, changing the subject of marriage over to her, to her life with Solomon by nodding slightly toward the closed door.

"Oh, yes—very," but a thoughtful frown puckered her brows. She cleared the air with a wave of her hand, saying, "But we haven't had such an easy time of it lately, and your check is more than welcome. Yes, we, Teddy and I, have been very happy. You see, he is writing an opera for me. Really beautiful music—of course, you've heard his compositions?"

"Yes—yes, I have."

Alex was not to be diverted from the subject of her now that once they had opened it.

"Then, you've really achieved your ambition, haven't you?" he pursued. "A successful career—and a happy romance."

"Yes, I guess I have—although my career has been sort of lost in a London fog lately."

"The baby more than makes up for that, I imagine."

She assured him he was right with a quick nod and smile.

"Won't you have some tea, Mr. Moore?"

"No, thank you—I'm . . . I'd like to begin our work tomorrow if you can give me a little time," he took up his hat from the settee, prepared to leave.

But he could see that she did not want him to go. She shifted in her chair and turned the palms of her hands upward.

"We can begin tonight if you wish, Mr. Moore."

**HE** couldn't begin tonight. He knew that, although he did not know why. Perhaps it was because just behind the closed door at a piano sat a man, who had not figured in the beginning of the story he was to write. Perhaps—because tonight the beginning of the story was too real and too close. No, he was too close to the forest of his thoughts to single out and focus on a single tree. He did not know why he could not begin tonight—that he did not even wish to stay there and talk with her longer.

Looking down at her, Alex knew he must not interfere with what the paper had sent him for—a great and important task. The story of Lillian Russell. Her story. Not his, not theirs. *Hers!*

"No—" he spoke, not realizing he had been lost in thought. "No—I've taken up enough of your time tonight. But could we devote the afternoon to it tomorrow? Say from about one o'clock on? I can only be in Europe two weeks, and I have to visit Paris, Vienna and Budapest before sailing back."

He breathed easier when he had told her, so that she might not know what he was trying to hide . . . because he did not want her to know that he was struggling against accepting something he had known a long while, had not really acknowledged as truth. Lillian Russell was completely lost to him.

"Are you going to Paris and the other places you mentioned on business?" she inquired.

"Yes—of course. Yes, I am."

"And I was flattering myself that you had come all the way to London just to interview me." She shrugged and smiled.

The coaxing tone in her voice filled him with a painful delight. She was trying little tricks to prolong his stay. It was mainly because, he told himself quickly, she must be lonely.

"You're the most important assignment, Miss Russell . . ." Again frightened by the revelation of his tone, he added, "This is—rather, that is the way my paper feels about it." He had reached the door, then. "Good night, Miss Russell."

She came over to him, then, but he backed into the open doorway. "Good night."

"No—wait," she touched his sleeve. "I mustn't let you go without meeting Teddy. Don't you think you should meet him before you leave tonight?"

"But—he'll be annoyed by an intrusion—"

"He might be terribly annoyed—if I let you go without meeting him. Do you mind if I take you to him now? It will take only a minute."

Alex came into the room again.

Approaching the closed door, Lillian opened it slowly. Peering through the opening, she called, "Teddy—" softly.



Pushing further into the room, she called again. Then, she came out quickly, closing the door carefully behind her. "I'm so sorry," she half-whispered. "Teddy is fast asleep, using his arms for a pillow right on the keyboard."

"I'm glad you didn't disturb him—" "No, I wouldn't do that. You see, he's so tired. But tomorrow—you'll meet him tomorrow. We'll have tea, the three of us together."

A little relieved, somehow, Alex nodded in agreement and walked to the exit, Lillian beside him.

She held out her hand and said, "Tomorrow then—and you will keep this pact?"

"You can depend on it." "And thank you again for everything. You don't realize how much it means to Teddy and me."

Leaning against the door, which she had closed behind Alex, Lillian stood looking about the room for a second. Alex Moore, tall and broad and tender—just as he had been before—just as he had remained in her memory, was still in that room. His simple dignity and sincerity were everywhere.

"The most enchanting memory of my girlhood," she thought. "Yes—that's what it is, a memory—nothing more."

**A** MOMENT later the vision of Teddy crowded into her thoughts, brought her back to the reality of the present. Poor, tired Teddy!

She walked over to the table and picked up the check. What a blessing it was! To know that now Teddy could have a rest—they could go to the country for two weeks. Maybe longer. She was happy with the bright picture pushing into her mind—of Teddy, resting at last, resting because he no longer felt the cruel pressure of the necessities of their life. The dreary cloud, which had settled over her heart throughout those months as she watched him straining far beyond fatigue and yet had known there was nothing she could do, had lifted.

Just one more week! It was too good to keep to herself any longer. News like that was good enough to wake Teddy for. She sang out his name and when that brought no answer she threw back her head and sounded it again in a running, clear scale.

With the check in her hand she went humming to Teddy's door.

She found him still at the piano, his head on his folded arms. The light, burning on the piano, fell on his head, reminding her how often he had run his fingers through that dark tousled hair, fretting because some melody had sounded in his mind, then eluded him. She could not see his face, because it was turned from her.

"Teddy," she called. "Look—look, Teddy. Wake up, dear!"

She put out her hand and touched his shoulder, but Teddy Solomon did not move.

"Teddy . . . Teddy . . ." Leaning over him she could see his face now—and his wide, wide eyes. Teddy Solomon was dead.

**F**OR the first time since she had met Teddy she felt lonely and unsure of herself—and now without him, she could not grasp a vision of the future . . . of any life without him. She felt no attachment between her and anything else—or anybody. She was numb with pain. She could not sleep, could not talk—no thoughts anchored in her mind. For the most part she sat bolt upright, staring ahead . . . and after a time she tried to pray, forming words on her lips she had used as a child.

"Dear Father in Heaven. . ."

She prayed slowly at first. As she spoke warmth returned to her heart. Her soul returned.

In the day that followed Marie protected her from prying questions. Ever since Marie had come into the room and found her bending over him, her face as white as the other face and her eyes almost as staring, Marie had taken everything into her own capable hands.

She had not had to explain, even about the check—only to tell Marie to take it back to Alex Moore at the Savoy Hotel.

"Miss Russell wanted to write you a note, Mr. Moore, but she couldn't," the wiry, red-eyed woman told Alex. It was the afternoon he had planned to begin his interview. "It's been a terrible shock to her—and . . . she felt you'd understand why she couldn't possibly go on with her story."

"I do understand—and I'm sorry." Then he asked the Frenchwoman, "When did it happen?"

"Before you left last night. It was his heart, the doctor says." It seemed he had not heard all she said, "She found him at the piano . . . she had thought he was sleeping as he sometimes did. And

she was alone with him there for hours. . . ."

"How is she now? Is there anything I can do?" "Nothing—she is in a daze. I can't let anyone see her. But I was praying she would see you—figuring the work on the story would take her mind off things—but she can't . . . she said to tell you she didn't like stories with sad endings."

He watched the woman move away across the lobby and felt a cold blast blow across his heart for the man he had almost met. He felt strangely acquainted with him, and perhaps throughout his life at times he would recall the sound of violent discords from a piano in a closed room. It was the feeling of association which he had put into the news story he had cabled back to Pittsburgh earlier. The story which began—

"Lillian Russell's husband is dead."

On the note, which he sent with flowers to Lillian, he could only say,

"Dear Miss Russell: I'm so sorry.

Alexander Moore."

**M**ARIE brought the small box of pink roses and fern to Lillian. But Lillian did not look or make any motion to take it from her. She kept sitting by the window, looking through wide, dry eyes into the thick fog outside.

"Look, Ma'am, aren't they—these little pink buds—gorgeous?"

"Yes—yes, Marie."

"There's a card with them—don't you want to read what it says?"

"You read it for me, Marie."

"I'm so sorry—that's all, it's from that Mr. Moore."

"That's nice—sincere and simple . . . like him. That's nice."

"It is, Ma'am—and won't you just read some of these cablegrams— You've so many nice friends in America . . ." Eager to keep the small spark of interest alive. "Oh, Ma'am—Mr. Moore telephoned to say good-by. He's leaving for Paris today but he said if you wanted to reach him before he sailed for America, you—"

Lillian sighed.



Lillian caught the tiny Dorothy in her arms . . . Here was her real reason for wanting to make Teddy's dream come true

"America—it seems so long since I've seen America."

It seemed as though she were seeing Broadway again . . . Rector's . . . The Casino . . . the lights and gaiety . . . seeing them, again, through the fog.

"Shall I read the wires for you, then—the ones from America?" Marie coaxed.

When Lillian did not answer, Marie began to slit envelopes and unfold messages. She read, in an odd phonetical voice:

"Dear Lillian—My deepest sympathy. Is there anything I can do for you? Jim Brady."

"Sweet old Jim, always ready to help someone," Lillian said.

"Lillian dear—Am terribly grieved by your sorrow. Can I help you in any way? Jesse Lewisohn."

With more feeling, "He's so real, too. They're my dear friends."

Encouraged by her mistress' reaction, Marie hurried to the next. "Dear Miss Russell—May I ex-

tend you my deepest sympathy and though the time be inappropriate, may I offer you the leading role in my new operetta which is to begin rehearsal shortly. Respectfully—Arthur Sullivan."

Lillian reached for that one and Marie waited while she read it to herself, silently.

Shaking her head, Lillian returned it to Marie and went back to her fog gazing.

"Is that from Mr. Sullivan of Gilbert & Sullivan, Ma'am?"

Lillian nodded.

"Aren't you excited about it?"

"I don't think I could be excited about anything right now."

"But aren't you going to accept the offer, Ma'am?"

"No, Marie—I'm going back to America."

"Without a London success, Ma'am?"

Slowly Lillian turned her eyes on Marie. She blinked against sudden mist . . . She had been touched . . . like Teddy's white, feverish hand clutching her sore heart.

"He would want you to do it, Ma'am," Marie met her bravely. "I've heard him say it time and time again. 'Lillian,' I've heard him say, 'you'll bring London to your feet before we're through.' And that's why he worked so hard, Ma'am. He wanted your London success."

Lillian pressed her fingers into the throbbing tense muscles of her forehead. Teddy had wanted her to realize a London success—so terribly much he had used up the flame of his life to reach it for her. There was something to be done, even after death, something which not even death could stop—and that was what she must do for Teddy's dream, she must make it come true—and it wasn't like doing it without him . . . "Dear Father in Heaven, thank you for sending faith back into my heart," she prayed in the still, quiet chamber of her mind. "I will never let it go again."

The baby sprawled on a blanket on the floor. In the large dark eyes of the little girl, Lillian felt she looked into Teddy's eyes. Her heart was warmed and comforted with returned hope.

On her knees, she caught tiny Dorothy to her arms, knowing that she held to her heart her greatest and most precious role. Here was her real reason for wanting to make Teddy's dream come true.

Crying and smiling, too, Lillian said,

"Call Mr. Sullivan for me, Marie—I want to tell him I appreciate his offer—and accept it."

## PART IV

**T**HE dream of glory Teddy Solomon cherished of Lillian's London triumph came true—swiftly, forcefully. Her name was on everyone's lips, her pictures emblazoned billboards, newspapers spread her fame in headlines. "LILLIAN RUSSELL THRILLS BRITISH AUDIENCE" and "PRINCE OF WALES AGAIN ATTENDS PERFORMANCE."

She gave the top of her mind and heart to the stage. Her supply of energy seemed endless. She spent hours every day in study—taking dramatic coaching, voice lessons, music lessons. She learned to design her own costumes.

Where Lillian Russell had been a singer and actress, she became an artist, a well-educated human being, a poised, developed woman of the world—a mother. She made a home and no matter how busy her life was she always took time to live in it and give a part of each day to her growing daughter. Life rushed onward—and her fame grew. When there seemed nothing lacking to complete Teddy Solomon's dream of success for her in London, with Dorothy and the faithful Marie, Lillian sailed for home—New York.

New York was brighter and now sparkled with an insistent gaiety. The streets were alive at night under the glare of gas lights and thick with new and old bicycles, Victorias, hansoms and carriages. Many new theaters were opened on Broadway.

Everyone seemed so gay—so busy—yes, so happy. Lillian watched and listened, trying to open her long-closed heart to the joy of living. But even back home, in the city she loved, where old friends cried with delight at the sight of her, still her heart was tight. Still no joy sounded in its void which Teddy had left. Why not? Why not?

She had come back, hoping against hope that she might feel again the old enthusiasm. But the sight and sound of the place brought back anew memories of Teddy—his eyes were before her everywhere she turned. His fingers touched her heart, kept it still.

Teddy . . . through long, sleepless nights she



thought of him, tried to face what tortured her heart. She had done her best to make him enjoy his life with her. She had given him all she possibly could. Loyalty, inspiration, devotion. Marriage. Even a child. But, had she ever given him love? Had she ever been able to give him something she had never felt for him? Was it her fault that he had never sounded that certain chord in her heart? If only she could convince herself that somehow Teddy had never really known, had never really felt the lack of love from her.

**DIAMOND JIM BRADY** was still the top man-about-town, his great bulk sparkling with precious stones. And while Jim still attended all first nights and was seen at the best-known restaurants with the auburn-haired Edna McCauley, as he had been years before, he and Edna were still unmarried. Everyone still considered them engaged.

One afternoon over a plate of steaming corn on the cob Lillian asked Jim, in her frank way, why he and Edna had not wed. But the scarlet, which spread over Jim's great Irish face as he sat there stammering, made her know his answer was one he could not word.

Suddenly Jim threw his great head back and laughed. Listening, she recognized that note of sadness she had detected years before. Her ears were more knowing now, more sensitive to the things of the heart.

"Why are you laughing, Jim?" she asked.

"I was just thinking that after waiting to tell you something for over five years, I sit here and eat my fill of corn and can't even answer when you ask me why I haven't married Edna."

"We're friends, Jim—anything that's near your heart, you can tell me—if you want to. With you—talking over our taste for corn—I came to know how I felt about—about Teddy—"

At last, she could talk about him. She could tell this big-hearted fellow all the pain, and anguish and longing she had experienced.

It wasn't easy for Jim Brady to listen while the woman he had loved so long told him about her heartbreak over another man—for him to see that her heart had not really mended, that through her constant drive and work she had only cemented the pieces together.

"You're my best friend," she told him.

Jim took care of her moods and what he could not express in words he tried to say through gifts, supplying her with bracelets, necklaces, rings—parties—and even a pair of spanking bays and a carriage. The harness for the horses was gold-plated!

As if he were content to take the role of comforter and confidant in her life, Jim shared her company often with his friend, Jesse.

And during the weeks before her engagement with Weber & Fields opened, each day found Lillian pedaling in Central Park on a bicycle-built-for-three between Jesse and Jim.

Lillian knew in her heart she loved those men, loved them both—that she needed them. She thought at times she could not have lived without their friendship, their loyalty—their attention.

**SHE** could not know that the afternoon before she opened at Weber & Fields Music Hall, Jesse met Jim as he left Lillian at her hotel. The few words exchanged between those long rivals at last released the door to Jim's heart. At last he could open his heart to Lillian.

"Every time I have a date with Lillian, I find you hanging around," Jim said jokingly.

Jim laughed and Jesse put a hand on his arm,

"I don't think it's so funny—and you don't, either. I know you, Jim. You laugh when you're hurt. You still love Lillian—you have for years."

"Don't you?" Jim asked seriously.

"It's true, Jim. I'm honest with you—I'm in love with Edna."

"Edna?" Jim stared. "You mean—my Edna."

"I know you and she have been friends for a good many years, that you introduced me to her. But this is the real thing, Jim—we're going to be married this afternoon. Do you mind?"

After a pause, "Have you told Lillian?"

"I haven't had a chance—you're with her all the time. Besides, she doesn't love me, Jim—never did. She's the best friend a man ever had—but she doesn't love me and she doesn't love you, either. And that sort of spoils things for me."

"Why?"

"Because I know how lonely you're going to be without Edna—since you've lost Lillian again."

"You wouldn't want to bet a lot of money on my chances, would you?"

"No—but you can't buy her, Jim. I tried that."

"You never offered to lay down everything you had in the whole world at her feet, did you?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I will—and it's millions, Jesse. Millions."

A determined faraway look settled over Jim Brady's florid face as he walked out of the hotel. He wanted to do something big, striking for Lillian. Something more generous than any of the things he had ever done before. And he did it.

**ACROSS** the mirror of Lillian Russell's dressing table that night, were these words, in thick grease-paint letters: **LILLIAN, I LOVE YOU.**

"Marie, who wrote that?" Lillian asked.

Before Marie could rest her mistress' blue satin train on the floor and come around to look at the glass, a man's voice replied, "I did, Lillian."

Jim Brady came out from his place of hiding behind the screen and laughed, laughed to hide his embarrassment.

"Jim Brady! What are you doing back here during the performance?" And as Jim continued to laugh, "Why aren't you out front?"

"I couldn't wait, Lillian. I got an idea and the minute I got it—I just had to do it."

"You mean, this?" pointing to the mirror.

"I've been trying to say it for a long time."

She looked into his Irish eyes, saw his heart shining there, and going over to him she pulled his forehead down to her lips.

"Jim, you're sweet—but I'm going to scold you tonight." She looked at him with serious eyes. Then took in the flower-lined room with a sweep of her arms. "I want you to look at all the things you've sent me tonight."

"But I've seen them, Lillian."

"Look at them again—and try to repent your extravagance. Now—that basket of roses—with the bracelet and necklace to match of diamonds and rubies—"

"I sent you one like that the first night I saw you at Tony Pastor's—remember?"

"Oh, Jim—you?" She looked at him, seeing suddenly the crowded years between . . . The deep, darting pain of that first night so long ago came back . . . when she had hoped that Alex Moore had sent the present, which only now she learned Jim Brady had sent.

Jim saw the sentiment creep into her eyes . . . she smiled and cried at the same time.

"Oh, Jim—you!"

"I—I lost my heart to you—then, Lillian, but I couldn't tell you . . . tonight I've many other things to tell you . . . Edna and Jesse were married this afternoon . . ."

"You were fond of her—"

He saw the tears flow then over her cheeks.

"And you—you were fond of Jesse?" He thought that was why she cried.

"I'll miss him—and you'll miss Edna, too."

"I won't miss anything or anybody in the whole world if I can have you—and I'll give you everything I've got in the world . . . if you'll just say 'yes.'" He paused, and when she said nothing he went on again, "And, Lillian, if at the end of a year, you tire of me, I'll walk out of your life and leave everything I've spent my life for."

His big arms went around her, pulling her to him.

"I love you . . . Lillian."

Lillian let him hold her in his arms and let her head rest on his shoulder while the tears drenched her face. After what seemed endless minutes of sobbing, which she could not control, she bowed her head and gently pushed him from her.

"Why are you crying?" he asked in a strained, awed voice.

Struggling with words, she told him as best she could, tried to make him understand that she did not love him.

"I wish I did, Jim—and please don't laugh, because I can't bear to hear how this hurts you."

Jim did not laugh. He did not speak. Perhaps he could not. After strange, awful seconds, he touched Lillian's arm.

"Lillian, stop crying—you've got to go on with the show, dear. Say, can't you take a joke? You know I don't care about marriage—never did. And if you promise not to scold me about the gifts I send you, I'll promise never to get serious again."

"All right—Jim—sweet," she smiled up at him.

"Now—how about supper with me tonight after the show?"

"Fine," brightening. "I'll be waiting for you."

The door closed behind him and Lillian turned to the mirror to repair her make-up, when a quick, familiar knock sounded on the door.

"See who it is."

**MARIE** opened the door to Tony Pastor! And while Lillian went into his wide arms, over his squat, broadcloth shoulder she looked into the eyes of Alex Moore.

Alex held her hand, explaining: "I was in the theater enjoying your show—and I did not want to leave without saying 'hello.'" If only he could tell her that he had never wanted to leave her. Years had not ever mattered.

"Leaving? Where are you going now?" her voice soared. She took him in—a tall man, with grey temples and serious eyes, whose strong fingers clasped hers, held them as he answered.

"I go back to Pittsburgh tonight—you see, I'm here to cover your show for my paper . . . I have a paper of my own now—" How proud he was to tell her that! Her eyes rewarded him.

"The last act, Ma'am," Marie interrupted. "You'll have to change and there's only a couple of minutes left."

Alex backed toward the door—Tony, who had stood in the background, watched.

"I wish you didn't have to go back. I want to hear all about you—you paper—I have to change for the next act . . . I wish—"

"I'll be coming up again soon—" She wanted him—he saw it in her eyes.

"Why don't you wire me and let's have dinner together?"

"I've had dinner with you lots of times."

"You have? When?"

"You wouldn't remember—you weren't there. But now—"

The music was starting. She hadn't changed yet. She did not want to let him go! Why did everything happen at once? Her greatest role, her return to Broadway, Jim's proposal . . . now, Alex Moore!

"Everytime something important has ever happened to me you have come along—" she said. "Do you understand? Is it a coincidence?"

"I think I understand. I don't believe in coincidences. I believe in you . . . since that day in Fourteenth Street. I knew again—in London—"

Had he said too much, he wondered. Did she really hear him? He thought she was listening with her heart—so his heart spoke out. Now it hampered, beating out in bold design the pattern of love held there secretly so long. Too long!

But he could not tell her more. The stage manager pushed into the door.

"Last act, Miss Russell. You'll have to hurry!"

The door closed between them.

Inside the dressing room Marie worked with flying fingers, fastening hooks and tying ribbons.

"Marie! He's been thinking of me all these years. That's what he meant. Grandma told me I loved him. I do! I have loved him all my life! I'm sure of it now! Marie—don't let him get away—go after him . . . I'll get myself ready. You go get him!"

The show had to go on. Lillian had to go with it. It was, indeed, the greatest triumph of her career because that night the audience saw before them not only a great artist, but a woman, inspired, throbbing, newly alive with love. A woman, who had grown, who had lived through great emotional experiences and been enriched and glorified by them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later, back in the dressing room again, a certain hush spread over Lillian . . . quieted her heart.

She sat down before her mirror.

Marie was not there. She had gone to bring him back to her—but perhaps, Marie had been too late . . . because *she* had been too late herself . . . too late in knowing.

The full pageant of her life flowed past during those still hushed moments. She lived again as a girl, an actress, a wife and a mother. But now—now, she was a human being, a woman in love.

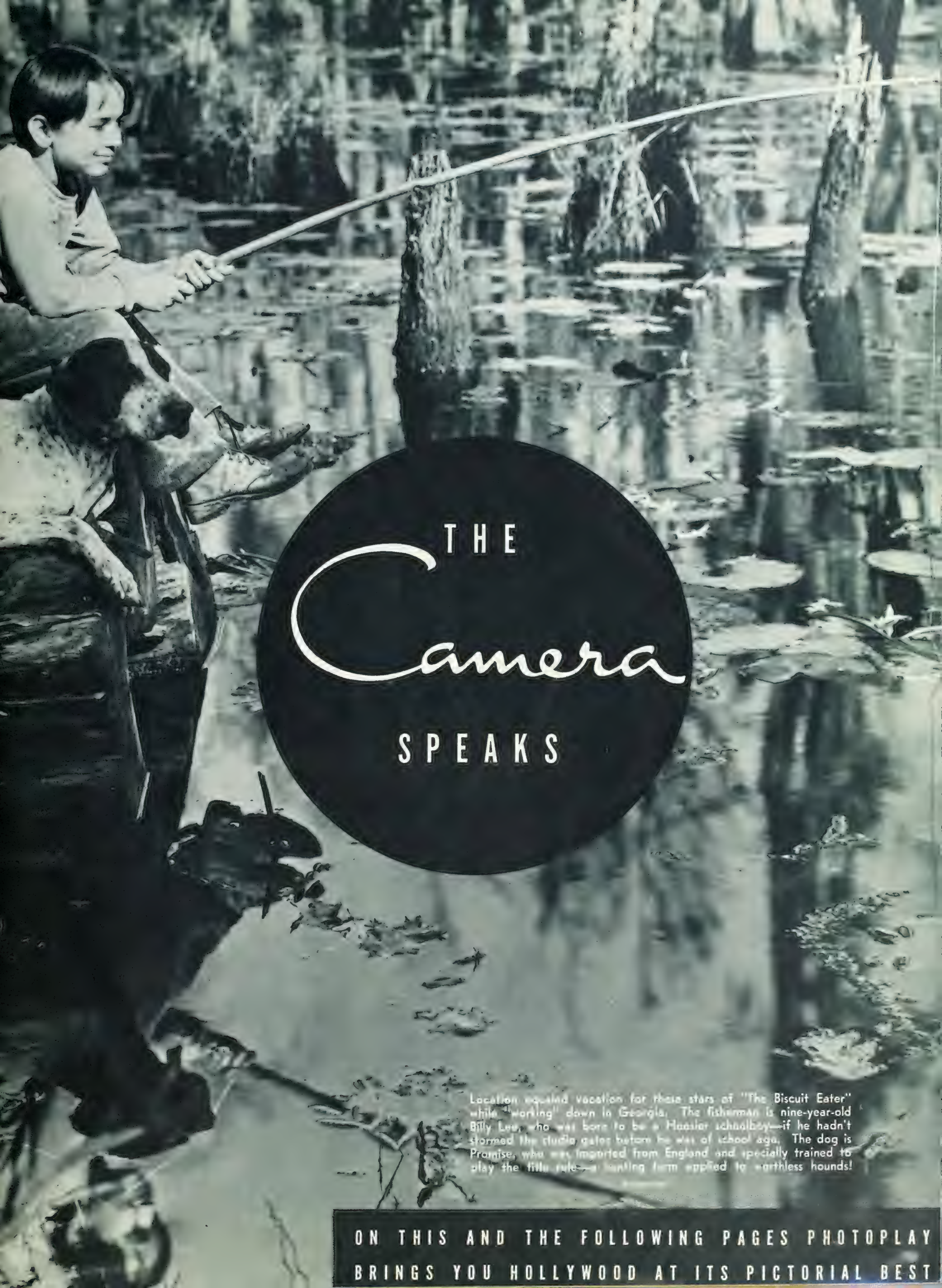
She looked up, saw her face in the mirror—and then, she read the letters written there—read them again—because this time **LILLIAN, I LOVE YOU** bore the signature . . . "Alexander Moore."

Alex emerged from his hiding place behind the screen then and Lillian rose to meet him.

"I—I wanted you to come back, so we could make another pact—" she told him, smiling through a sudden mist in her eyes.

"I've never really broken our pact—Helen," taking her into his arms.





THE  
*Camera*  
SPEAKS

Location vacation vacation for these stars of "The Biscuit Eater" while "working" down in Georgia. The fisherman is nine-year-old Billy Lee, who was born to be a Master schoolboy—if he hadn't stormed the studio gates before he was of school age. The dog is Promise, who was imported from England and specially trained to play the title role—a hunting term applied to worthless hounds!

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY  
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



*All This--*

Take one best-selling novel as exciting as Rachel Field's "All This, and Heaven, Too" . . . let Anatole Litvak direct it for the screen . . . add Charles Boyer as the ultraromantic "Duc de Praslin" . . . and you have something to look forward to in the way of cinematic fare! BUT . . .







As though that weren't more than enough, Warners also give us the incomparable Miss Davis as "Henriette Deluzy-Desportes," deceptively quiet governess who—with the Duke—became storm-center of a real-life murder trial that rocked Europe in the days of Empress Eugenie!

*Bette Joy!*

Hurrell





Wanda McKay, of "Those Were the Days," wears a B. V. D. classic of cotton, worsted, acetate and rubber with circular bra for uplift



Brocaded white satin Lastex with royal leaf print and a "butterfly" bra fashions the Catalina model worn by Anne Gwynne of "LaConga Nights"

# FASHION

The dressmaker suit is trumps in the new ultra-swimworthy offerings that can either go to sea—or be seen! Deanna Durbin, who'll lead the eagerly-awaited "Spring Parade," likes one featuring a swing skirt and a halter that fastens in front, where the blue and red stripes are manipulated to create a pattern



Judith Barrett (another belle of "Those Were the Days") suns herself in a Mabs two-piece bathing suit with front half-skirt and adjustable belt and shoulder straps. Candy stripes are blue and white



But Natalie Draper sun-bathes in a one-piece suit by U. S. Krepe-Tex which has built-in undertrunks, a gored skirt and soft woolen shoulder straps. The plaid's yellow and brown on a white background





A Transvaal Daisy print in tropical hues features a two-way stretch Calcraft knitted suit, as modeled by Carole Landis ("One Million B. C.")



A "Surplice" for uplift and a flared skirt for fashion in a Jantzen model of Velva-Lure—Irma Wilsen (now in "Lillian Russell") chooses it in rose



Princess lines with a pantie, a dull-and-shiny rayon satin Lastex with Bermuda stripes—Gantner suit for Lois Ransom, now in "Grandpa Goes to Town"



Patricia Ellis shows you how West Coast Manchester puts a satin suit woven with Lastex in red and white candy stripes over panties of red Matletex

# Aquacade

(Thanks to Billy Rose)

*Make "Play and Display" this summer's motto—be a sea nymph in one of the new streamlined models worn by these stars, who know that swimming suits everybody!*

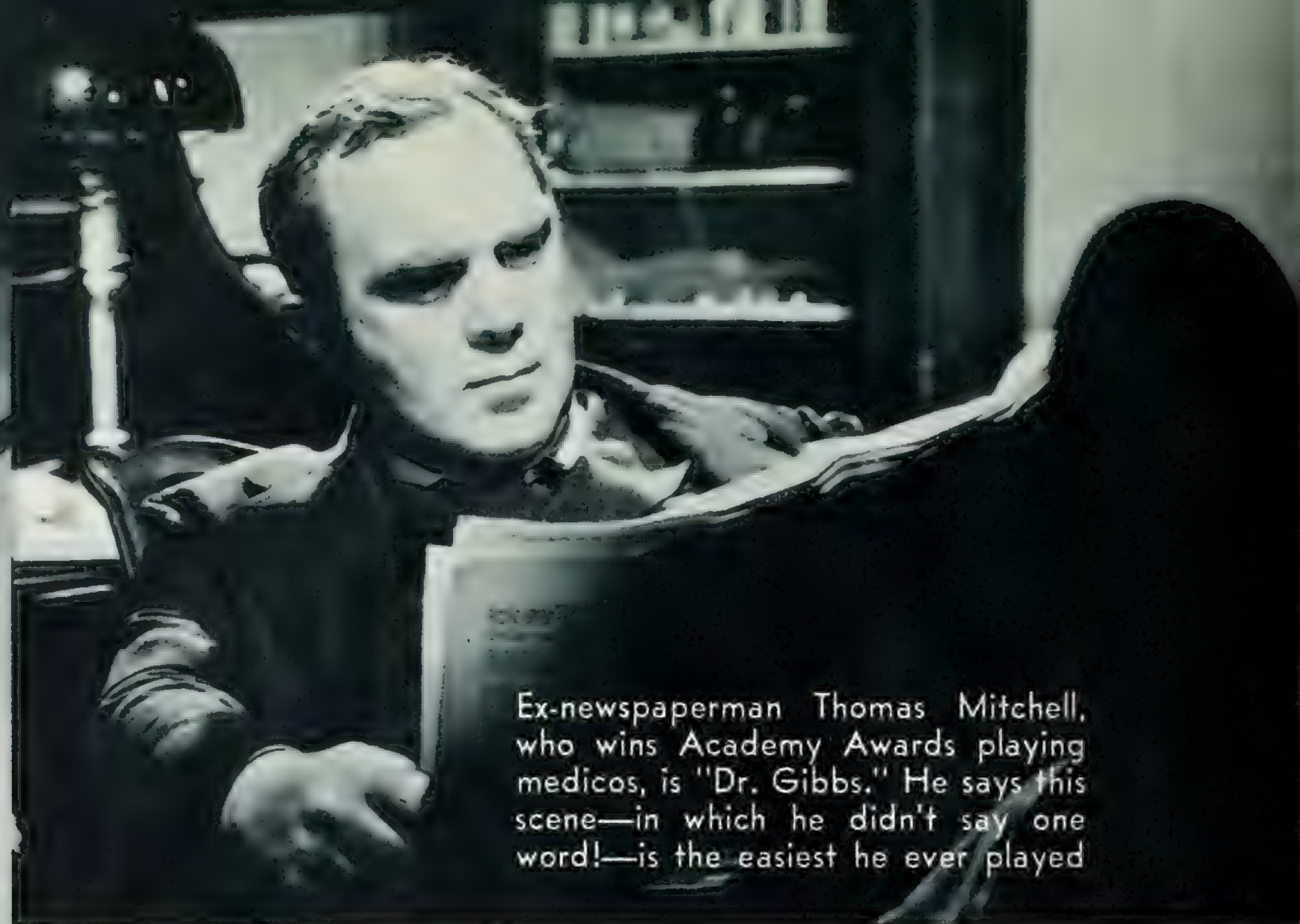


Rubber suits needn't be snug—see Kleinert's skirted model, worn with matching accessories by Betty Jane Rhodes of "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love"



Typical of this season's sun-suit designs adapted to water is this, in which Ann Sheridan cheerfully belies the title of "Torrid Zone." Trimmings of crisp white (rickrack at the hemline) add to the cool effect





Ex-newspaperman Thomas Mitchell, who wins Academy Awards playing medicos, is "Dr. Gibbs." He says this scene—in which he didn't say one word!—is the easiest he ever played

# R TOWN

*Like a series of vignettes from America's memory album are these brilliant pictorial character studies from the astonishing film version of a memorable prize play*

William Holden didn't know how hard acting could be until he had to be fifteen years old in early scenes as "George Gibbs"! Twenty-four-year-old Martha Scott (left), screen-debuting as "Emily Webb," originated the stage role, had no trouble with an age range from fourteen to twenty-seven



Mrs. Gibbs (Fay Bainter) and Mrs. Webb (Beulah Bondi) get the gossip from Mrs. Soames (Doro Mirande), after choir practice (and the trio actually does its own hymn-singing)





Ten-year-old thinker: "Rebecca Webb," portrayed by Ruth Toby

TWO novelties (aside from the human qualities which won it the 1938 Pulitzer Prize) intrigued playgoers who first saw Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." One was the total absence of scenery, the other, the presence of a "narrator" in the person of the village druggist, played by Frank Craven. The Sol Lesser screen production retains veteran actor-writer-director Craven in his original role, but provides authentic backgrounds based—after an extensive New England tour—mainly on Jaffrey and Hancock, New Hampshire. However, chief strength of this screen portrait of a typical American community in the early 1900's will still come from the performances of an exceptional cast—drawn from both Hollywood and Broadway—as mirrored on these pages.

Main love story involves Emily (Martha) and George (William)



Moody milkman: "Howie Newsome," played by Stuart Erwin



Douglas Gardiner, stage discovery, makes film bow as "Wally Webb"



Guy Kibbee—one actor who can set type—is a logical choice for "Editor Webb"





lynne Carver, "a natural to portray sweet, good and simple girls," is seen posing as an "understanding" wife for an I. A. R. Wylie story



Michael Whalen—a Clarence Budington Kelland serial hero

ONE-

Directors' Directory  
Studio Guide

It griped Fredric March (then Fred Bickel), some twenty years ago, to pose as farm hands and such, while—

—Neil Hamilton ("the handsomest and best man model in all my experience," says Brown) portrayed "smart society"



Henry Fonda was mixing modeling with summer stock when Brown chose him as a model from these 1930 views in the indispensable John Powers directory

Left, a youngster of 1928-29 better known today as "Joan." The artist discovered her in an Atlantic City beauty contest (which she didn't win)

Also from the 1928-29 catalogue, at right: Paulette Goddard, who was one of the first models to demand—and get—as much as five dollars an hour

Rose Blondell  
BILLINGS 2900  
S. 14-16

B-33

ROBERT POWERS  
CATION  
NEW YORK





Harry Uberoff (now Alan Curtis) caught modeling for an Eric Hatch novel

Florence Rice was six when she first posed for Brown, and kept on till film days

The best character model he ever had—the late Flora Finch, in an O. Henry story thirty years ago

PHOTO BY  
TOM WEBB

# MAN STUDIO

ARTHUR  
WILLIAM  
BROWN—

*How a noted illustrator's methods proved to be the "model" way to film fame!*

## BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

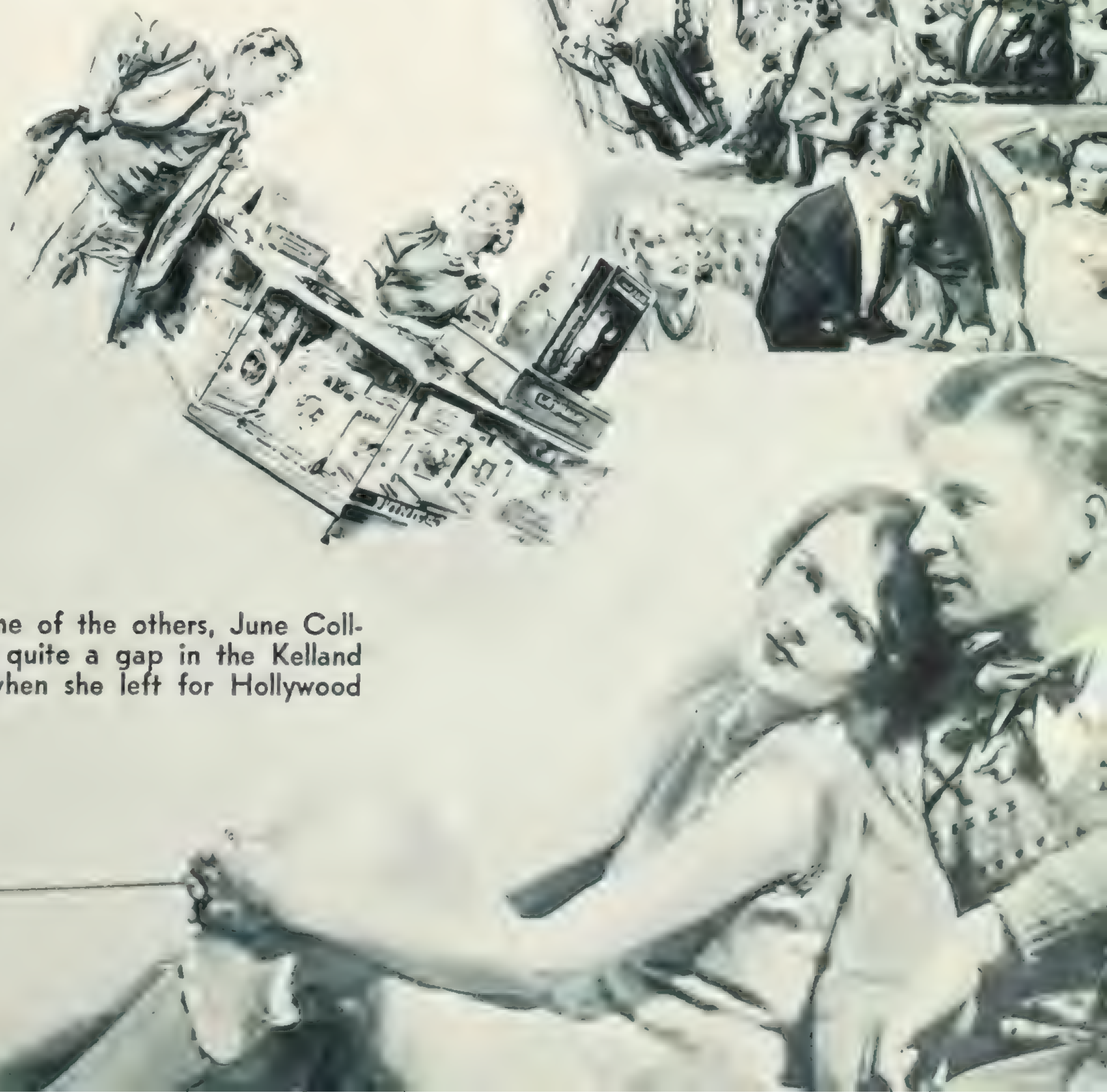
"**F**RED was certainly jealous of Neil. He couldn't understand why he should pose constantly as a farm hand or a subway guard while Neil would be glorified all over the country advertising a new collar or a new hat. 'I'm just as handsome as Neil is,' he used to say, but somehow whenever I had to illustrate a story dealing with a man who was just too good-looking for words, I would always send for Neil. . . ."

The Fred in question is none other than Fredric March, the "too good-looking for words" is Neil Hamilton. The man who remembers them, when both were eager to make an extra five dollars, is Arthur William Brown, one of America's most popular illustrators and a former employer of some of Hollywood's highest-paid stars.

Ninety per cent of the readers of this magazine were yet to be born when way back in the 1900's "Brownie" handed three one-dollar bills to a homely looking woman who struck him as being an "ideal character model." Her name was Flora Finch and the stupendous sum of three dollars was earned by her the afternoon "Brownie" came around to illustrating a story by a man called O. Henry for a popular monthly magazine. A few years later Flora was making a thousand dollars a week in the movies. Still later she ceased to be popular and retired. When she died recently, her name meant absolutely nothing to the present generation of movie fans but her photograph was still occupying a place of honor in Arthur William Brown's album.

(Continued on page 89)

The signature above is more familiar than the face of the illustrator himself. For, like the cinema directors and cameramen whose methods he uses, Arthur William Brown is known to the public only through his work (as seen at right)



Like some of the others, June Coller left quite a gap in the Kelland serials when she left for Hollywood





As "The Invisible Man," Vincent Price's mustachelessness was hardly noted! It's in full view in "The House of the Seven Gables"



Clark Gable fought a losing battle to keep from shaving off his mustache for a 1936 prize-fight film—and hasn't appeared without one since!



It's off-again, on-again for Fredric March throughout his pictorial career, and now it's gone-again for his role in "Susan and God"



For the sake of accuracy, George Brent went without lip whiskers in "The Fighting 69th," but got 'em back for "'Til We Meet Again"



Brian Aherne's another who has an open mind about the question. For instance, he appeared both without and with in "My Son, My Son!"



He rose to first cinematic fame clean-shaven but Errol ("The Sea Hawk") Flynn has not faced a camera that way since 1938's "The Sisters"





It wasn't "Typhoon" that blew away Robert Preston's whiskers, 'cause he's been seen without them before. Now he's wearing 'em again

# WITH OR WITHOUT?

*Hirsute revolution among the Hollywood heroes! Some are sporting brand-new mustaches, others have shaved them off. Which side of the barbershop are YOU on?*



If you believe a mustache marks the villain, you've just forgotten Basil Rathbone in "Tower of London" (though he usually has one)

**CAST YOUR MUSTACHE VOTE NOW!**

To shave—or not to shave? That is the vital question facing the entire male population of Celluloidia today. But, after all, they are the candidates and not the qualified voters. It is up to you, the bill-footing public, to decide whether you want clean-shaven screen representatives or mustached ones (though you don't have to vote a straight ticket). Show your true interest in every phase of the industry by indicating your plaintive protest or ardent approval after each name listed in the ballot box below, then send it to:

The PHOTOPLAY Mustache Editor, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Vincent Price .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Clark Gable .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Robert Preston .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Fredric March .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
George Brent .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Basil Rathbone .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Brian Aherne .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Errol Flynn .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Don Ameche .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Robert Taylor .....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Signed \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

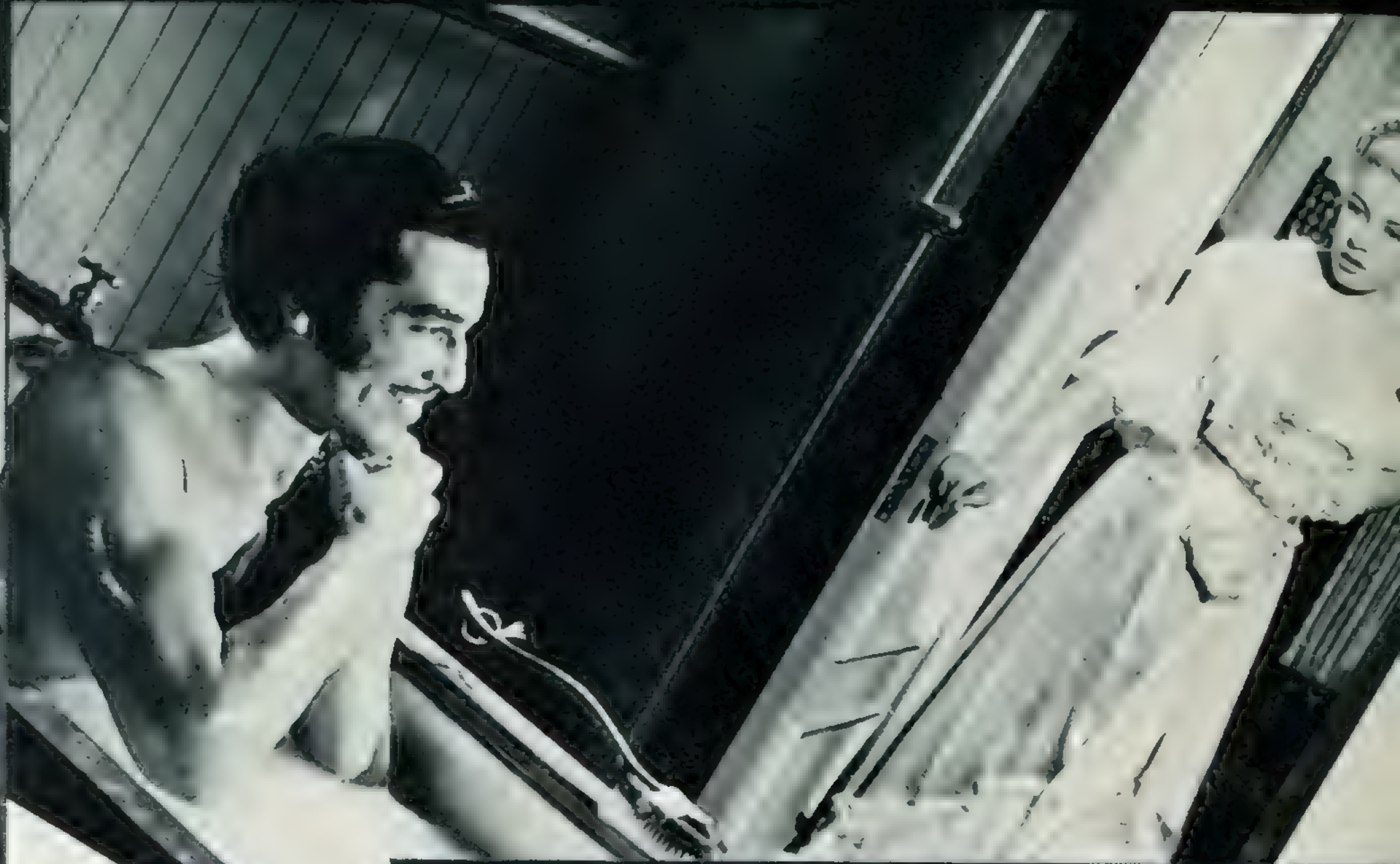


The pro's and anti's have argued about Don Ameche in the past, but he nearly always wears one now, as he does in "Lillian Russell"



Ah, this should stir things up, for "Waterloo Bridge" discloses the first appearance of any such fashion in Bob Taylor's whole career!





Dialogue director Edwin Maxwell watches as C. B. DeMille instructs Preston Foster and Gary Cooper in "Northwest Mounted Police"—while Mary Beth Hughes watches as Cesar Romero bathes in "Rogue of the Rio Grande"

*Chance and Change are Hollywood's household gods. Just glance at the reasons behind nearly every movie now in production or preparation!*

## BY JACK WADE

THE lady in the New York Public Library looked surprised. A man had just asked her what books, next to the Bible, were most in demand by the general public.

"The Swiss Family Robinson," she replied. "Then 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' then 'Deerslayer.'"

The man wrote carefully in his notebook, thanked her, and left. He was Gene Towne, half of Hollywood's new "The Play's the Thing Productions." And as a result, at RKO Studios this month we find hundreds of people working and hundreds of thousands of dollars being spent, filming "Tom Brown's Schooldays." "Swiss Family" came first and "Deerslayer" follows. All that stemmed from a one-minute conversation in a public library!

Every month we cover the studios and find movies being made, on great sets, buzzing with activity, brilliant with lights and color, tense with drama. A little later the world thrills to them in a thousand theaters. But long before that, they really started—maybe by a chance conversation or a caprice of circumstance. For instance—

In Nazi Germany, over a year ago, a Hollywood director was photographing background scenes for "Florian." Suddenly rough hands seized him and his camera was snatched away. "Heil Hitler!" said his Gestapo captors. "Come with us." The director, Dick Rosson, spent the next few weeks in a Nazi concentration camp. From his harrowing experiences M-G-M has vivid, accurate information for its inside Nazi-land picture, "The Mortal Storm."

Because a Hollywood milkman proudly told his customer, a studio executive, "I've got a cute baby girl," Universal is now making "Sandy Is a Lady," starring that cute baby girl. Because "Oomph" was a catchy word, Warner Brothers



"Tom Brown's Schooldays" puts former Dead End Kid Billy Halop in a top hat along with Jimmy Lydon and Freddie Bartholomew — while "Torrid Zone" puts red-headed Ann Sheridan down in the tropics with Jimmy Cagney, Andy Devine and Pat O'Brien

and Ann Sheridan are knee-deep in the sexy, tropical "Torrid Zone." Because, back in 1908 he was in a Broadway play called "The Royal Mounted," we find Cecil B. DeMille bringing his thirty-three-year-old movie production dream to life in "Northwest Mounted Police" at Paramount.

The start of any DeMille epic is always a major Hollywood event. For instance, when we look in on the big, log fort set Paramount has reared on its back lot, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Henry Wilcoxon, ex-DeMille stars all, have been in to give CB a send-off, and the set is stacked with flowers and telegrams from the fabulous DeMille star family of twenty-seven Hollywood years. It will be like that all day long. Mrs. DeMille, who very rarely looks in on a Hollywood lot these days, is observing her thirty-year domestic custom of visiting her husband's set on the first day.

With old-line competition like that, it's hard for us to collar the great DeMille for some facts and figures on "Northwest Mounted Police." Incidentally, Mr. DeMille is also trying to get Gary Cooper, Preston Foster, Robert Preston, Montagu Love and five or six other actors lined up for a scene. But there's no one cooler or more collected than "Cee Bee."

"I've been waiting twenty-seven years for color," he explains. "What's a picture about the Mounted without red coats?" Although he used color for the first time in Hollywood—away back in 1917 in "Joan the Woman"—he has never made a modern all-color film. This one is a Technicolor "first," too, for Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard.

There's plenty of good color material around to work on, too, we'd say. The set is practically on fire with scarlet-coated stars and extras.

(Continued on page 74)



# Photoplay's Fashion Carnival



Join Photoplay's cotton carnival and let the stars, headed by piquant Claudette Colbert, show you how to wear your new summer cottons. Claudette starts the carnival a-rolling with a terry cloth beach robe from Louella Ballerino—a princess coat with giant red lobster sprawled on its dashing hood. In the spirit of the carnival, Claudette, whose next starring picture for Paramount is "Arise, My Love," wears vivid red clogs, carefully matched to her red wide-rimmed sun glasses, as well as to her vibrant red lipstick and her red, red nails



**GWENN WALTERS**

Fashion Editor

Associate Fashion Editors: Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

*Prices quoted on these pages vary in different sections of the country.  
For additional stores where these fashions may be purchased see page 85.*



# PLAY IS Catching



For free wheeling, Judith chooses this Sandeze three-piece play suit with smart boyish knee-length shorts. The reversible jacket has a Talon-fastened closing. Around \$9, matching hat, \$1

*Saks 34th St., N. Y.  
Shillito's, Cincinnati  
Emporium, San Francisco*



"Your game's twice as good when your costume's right," says Judith, who'll next be seen in Paramount's "Those Were the Days." That's why she's so fond of this light blue chambray Kaddy Fee golf dress, with its action back, link-button action sleeves, and a plaid belt; around \$6

*R. H. Macy, New York  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis*

Off to a picnic in a new Ford station-wagon — and pert as can be in a "Nelly Donsemble." Her white jean jumper tops her play suit of polka dot percale, \$3.95. Her Joyce white cape "Papoose" sports shoes, \$5.95

*McCrory, New York  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
Shillito's, Cincinnati*







"You simply can't improve on an Alice Marble tennis dress and a Spaulding racket," says Judith, taking a lesson from Arrowhead's pro, Frank Feltrop. White piqué frock and bloomers. Around \$7

*Best & Co., N. Y.  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
Roos Bros., San Francisco*



"Your turn next," smiles Judith, knowing that she will wind up champion in her pink linen and spun rayon dress with gathered skirt, green drawstring belt and paddle pockets saddle-stitched in the same green. Around \$14

*Tailored Woman, New York  
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis*

**Piquant as Puck, Judith**

**Barrett takes you on a  
rollicking round of play  
at Arrowhead Springs—  
cotton-clad, of course!**

·Anchors aweigh, full speed ahead—in a faded blue denim sailing suit as seaworthy as can be. The halter shorts, \$2.50; nickel button jacket, \$2.50; white lisle shirt, \$1; "Bib-n-Tucker" denim shoes, \$3.95

*B. Altman, N. Y.  
Shillito's, Cincinnati  
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus*

All set for a vagabond outing is our Judith, with a Monarch Silver King bike and red suspender-slacks with a striped cotton shirt, from Travelo; around \$11. Her Joyce shoes are \$4; Elizabeth Arden sun-gogs, around \$3

*Lord & Taylor, N. Y.  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
Shillito's, Cincinnati*





# Cottons



B. Altman, New York  
Shillito's, Cincinnati  
G. Forrester, Waterbury



Best & Co., New York  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Flowers by Goldfarb



Best & Co., New York  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
G. Forrester, Waterbury  
Shillito's, Cincinnati

1. A pretty miss awaits her luncheon date in a brown and white seersucker frock that is topped by a brown linen weskit. Around \$16. The crownband of the wide-brimmed hat is wrapped in striped fabric to match the frock. White gloves add final dash

2. It's very good psychology to fill the house with white blooms in hot weather—just as it's good fashion to wear a black and white checked gingham dress with a childish red drawstring; around \$11. Piqué cartwheel hat, around \$6

3. Week-ending in a "Globe Trotter" three-piece traveling costume. The leaf green fitted jacket has a matching skirt with button-up front, and a flowered blouse. Around \$16. The coconut straw sport hat is \$3. Luggage by Hartmann

4. A junior advertising executive studies a layout while she herself is studied and admired for her taste, on a hot summer's day, in wearing a grey plaid gingham frock with belted overblouse that has big breast pockets. Around \$15

For stores in other cities featuring the fashions on these pages turn to page 85



# GO TO TOWN



Pigeons and pinafores. Left, a gay little pinafore-dress in white and blue striped Everfast seersucker, with dimity blouse, \$8.95. Leave off the blouse when you want to take a sun cure. Right, sprightly Roman-striped seersucker pinafore with a ruffled dimity guimpe, \$8.95. (Both are on the best of terms with Lux)

You can win horses with sugar, but to win friends wear one of these! Left, a soft white shirtfrock in Celanese Ridgeway crepe with gold buttons marching down the front, \$16.95. Baku mushroom hat, \$6.95. Right, brown and white spun rayon shirtfrock with crossbar checked bodice, flaring skirt, flap pockets—\$14.95. Linen button-hat, \$3.95

*These charming frocks are available at I. Magnin, Seattle and California shops*



Inside attraction: Wintry polar bears. Outside attraction: Summery frocks. Left, all-around-pleated printed calico skirt with a reversible piqué jacket lined to match, \$8.95. Piqué calot, \$2.95. Right, daisy-print Everfast spun rayon and cotton casual with pleated bosom and cute belt of straw, \$10.95. Linen Breton hat, \$5.95

*Marian Stephenson*





# VARIATIONS IN

## Rhythm

*Follow Carole Landis's lead  
and reduce your summer eve-  
ning wardrobe to the coolest  
and smartest dancing minimum*



FOR THE RHUMBA, the blonde Carole Landis, of Hal Roach's "Turnabout," picks a delightfully daring midriff dress in dotted spun rayon shaded from buttercup yellow into a golden brown. Around \$23

*B. Altman, New York  
Shillito's, Cincinnati  
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis*

FOR "THE LITTLE FOOT," Hollywood's newest dance rage (it's like the old square dance), an ingenue suspender dress of baby pink spun rayon with a mile-wide skirt and jabot-blouse of eyelet organdy. Around \$17

*Shillito's, Cincinnati  
G. Forrester, Waterbury*

FOR THE CONGA (left), Carole swings her "uno-dos-treses" ("one-two-three's," to us) in pajamas of red and white striped Celanese Jersanese, topped with a slimming cummerbund and a simple white shirt. Around \$17

*Bloomingdale, New York  
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis  
H. Liebes, San Francisco*

FOR THE WALTZ, just picture yourself as a "southern belle" in this romantic picture frock of embroidered organdy, with a becoming ruffled flounce and a girlish nosegay. Around \$15

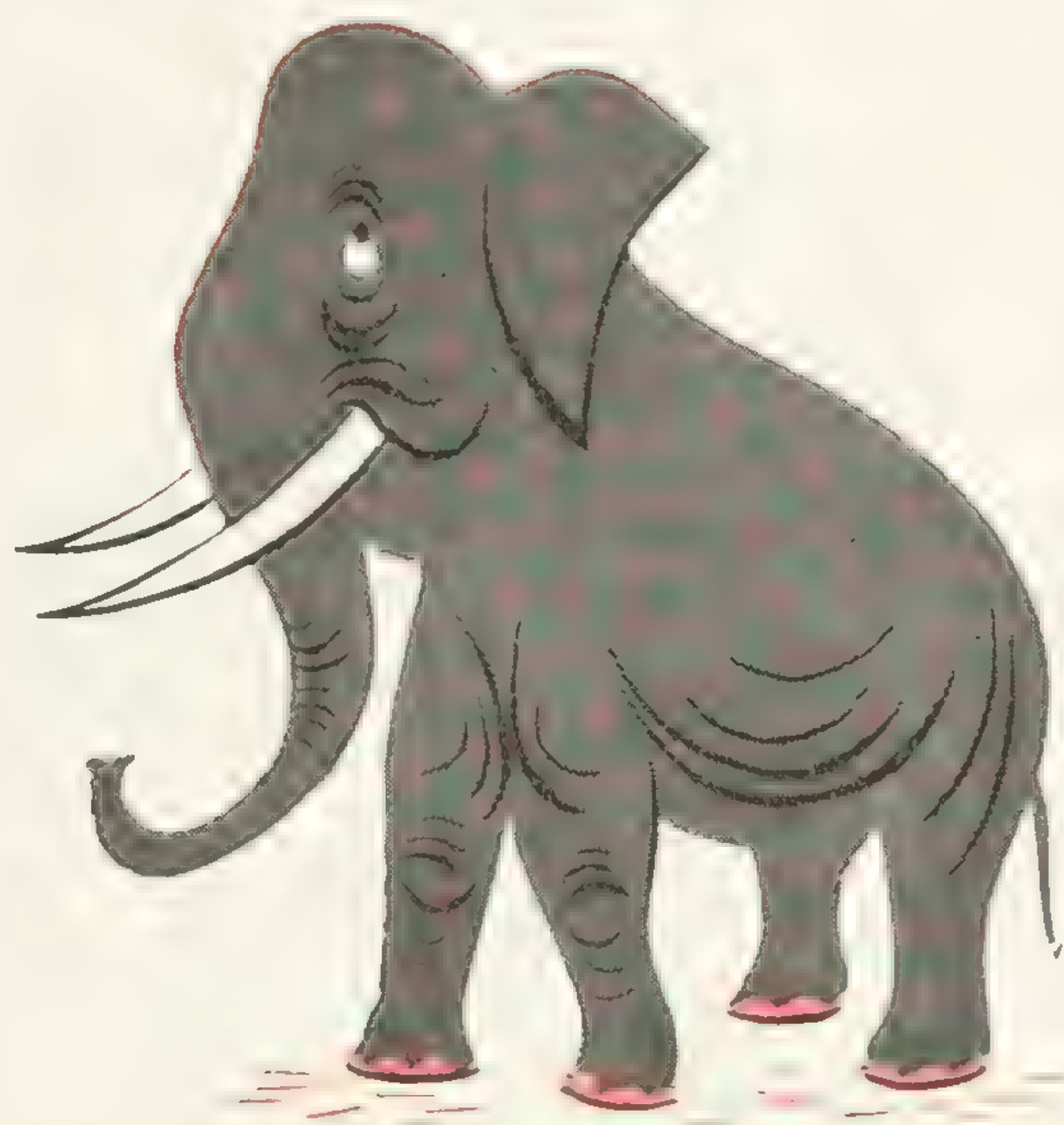
*Arnold Constable, New York  
Koss Bros., San Francisco*







# Animal Crackers



ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILLE CROCUS

**T**HE monarchs of the jungle (now a "circus movie" troupe)

Held a midnight protest meeting, in a mournful little group.

"Just look," the Elephant bewailed, "at these dull tusks of mine;

You'd never guess that they were made of ivory, pure and fine."

The Rabbit twitched his nose and moaned, "Suppose *you* had pink eyes?"

"Do you think," horned in the Rhino, "a big mouth like mine's a prize?"

The Leopard showed his teeth and snarled, "Who wants a spotted skin?"

"Or such a scrawny neck?" moaned the Giraffe, above the din.

"Humph," sneered the Camel, with a leer, "I have a skin like leather,

But people say I'm careless—and *especially* in warm weather."

The Monkey swung into the ring and added to the clamor:

"Well, being 'hairy as an ape' is no asset to glamour!"

The Hippo heaved a sigh and let a ponderous teardrop fall;

"Suppose," she said, "you had a waist that was no waist at all?"

They all turned to the Lion; *he* would help them with his brain . . .

But he was busy snarling at his dingy, tangled mane.

"The Clown," they groaned, "refused to help, for he was worried, too,

Because somebody told him that his make-up looked like glue,

And the Sleight-of-Hand Magician said he had no tricks for beauty. . . ."

So PHOTOPLAY stepped in and said: "Here's where I do my duty!"

## A Noah's Ark allegory with a moral for every girl who ever got an inferiority complex from star-gazing!

**P**OOOR beasties! They'd have been a lot happier if they'd stayed in the jungle. But, no. They *had* to go to Hollywood. And it was terribly exciting, at first, playing in Foreign Legion films with Gary Cooper, or *Tarzan* adventures with Johnny Weissmuller, or madcap comedies with Cary Grant.

But they got a really colossal inferiority complex. Back home, everybody had told them how photogenic they were and that they simply owed it to themselves to get into the movies. What a blow to their pride it was on the set, when they started comparing their own "natural beauty" with the clear complexion of Susan Hayward, the pearly teeth of Maureen O'Sullivan, the graceful figure of Katharine Hepburn, in those same motion pictures!

There isn't much that poor dumb animals can do under such circumstances. How much luckier we human beings are! If we get an inferiority complex, after admiring Hedy Lamarr's luscious mouth or Claudette Colbert's sparkling eyes, we can go right out and Do Something About It All. In fact, we can do the same things

that the Hollywood beauties do!

There's no reason, for instance, why you should have to face the same problem as the Elephant with the tarnished tusks. Why, you can make *your* teeth look more like ivory than the real thing, just by conscientiously scrubbing them morning and night—not crosswise, mind you, or straight up and down, but with a circular motion *away* from the gums, using a long-bristled brush and a good dentifrice.

As for the Rabbit—some breeds (don't ask us which!) just naturally have pink eyes. But they don't get them the way we do, from too much work, or even too much play. Meet this problem as Carole Lombard does—use an efficient eyebath and *relax*. Apply it directly, or saturate little pads with it and place them over your eyelids while you lie down for ten minutes or so. Then plan to make these eye-insurance methods part of your regular beauty regime, so that you won't have to anticipate further troubles. Nature thoughtfully gave us the sort of mouths that we could do a great deal to change, once we discovered the secret of applying artificial color for a natural effect. That isn't much help to the cavern-mouthed Rhinoceros—but it means that *we* can look at the stars and learn. The Hollywood method of applying lip rouge with a brush is just about the most effective way ever devised to give a mouth whatever size or shape is most becoming to your own facial contours, and it's now available to every girl. You can, like Ginger Rogers, use the brush to make up your entire mouth with a paste or liquid rouge, or simply to paint the outline and then fill it in with your pet lipstick.

However, nature did give the animal kingdom one lucky break. Their hides are adapted to the changing seasons, while human skins (which require constant care because of the artificial conditions under which we live) need extra help at such times. Maybe the Leopard

(Continued on page 90)



# COTTON IN THE MAKING




DRESS SMARTLY—LET PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN AND FABRIC FEATURE HELP YOU

3740—The current Hollywood vogue for light tops finds its way into your outdoor wardrobe. It needn't be the perennial sweater-and-skirt, either, as proved by this two-piece design featuring a white blouse in Everfast's piqué and a red skirt in Everfast's "Caribbee"

3771—Combine spicy sophistication with the welcome coolness of summer fabrics by teaming plaid-and-plain in a hooded blouse and skirt design for evening—using Everfast's white dimity and their seersucker "L'Amour, L'Amour" for the hood and swirling skirt

3734—Accent your tiny waist with a flaring skirt and dig-down pockets! We like this best—don't you?—in Everfast's piqué with red and white checks. You'll find many uses for this practical frock, which can go shopping in town, playing in the country, or pack neatly for travel





Fresh as the daisies that dot her costume is Rosemary Lane in this Freshy playsuit of Cohama's red, green and blue rayon crepe. For public appearances Rosemary keeps on the button-front skirt—for a private romp she strips to the one-piece playsuit beneath. \$6.95 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Saks 34th St., N. Y.; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md. Rosemary stars next in Warners' "An Angel from Texas"

*Welbourne*





*Penny* *Wise*

STED TO USE SEATS  
OF UPPER DECK



The idea of a cotton shopping spree  
 Filled Miss Penny Wise with glee.  
 "I'll pick a charming little dress  
 For fourteen ninety-five or less!  
 I'll choose the newest cotton finds  
 Styled with the very smartest lines—  
 Some with ruffles—some with collars.  
 I'll get big values for few dollars."  
 We think every dress a great success  
 And we hope your answer, too, is—yes!

*Penny Wise Fashions  
 are featured at:  
 Russeks, New York  
 Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
 Shillito's, Cincinnati  
 H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis  
 G. Forrester, Waterbury*

*Fashions*  
 (Trademark)

6.



5.



*Geoffrey Morris*

1. CALICO plays a stellar role in this blue and white canvas-striped frock with its flyaway skirt, quilted jacket bodice, and piqué ruffles. \$6.95. There's a matching calot to pin to your curls, too

2. LINEN, in buttercup yellow, fashions a princess frock with green rickrack braid edgings 'round its sleeves and square yoke, and with four-leaf clovers embroidered 'round the width of the skirt. \$12.95


3. SEERSUCKER in a rainbow plaid, for a dirndl of youthful spirit. \$7.95. Just as young and merry are the Breton sailor with jaunty yellow quills, and the red and yellow Paris Fashion moccasin shoes

4. GINGHAM, checked in black and white, makes a love of an afternoon frock, with organdy ruffles and a velvet ribbon drawstring. The skirt's front fullness is contrasted by the straight back. \$7.95

5. DOTTED SWISS is cleverly teamed with broad bands of crisply starched net in this midnight blue dinner dress iced with white piqué collar and garnished with a cluster of lush red cherries. \$14.95

6. DIMITY, dotted and demure, swirls out into a gown with the tiniest of waists and old-fashioned, off-the-shoulder ruff of white organdy that will make you as bewitching as a Hollywood star. \$12.95





Lively contrast in a frock of white imported linen with bands of navy braid worn by Joan Bennett who will next be seen in Wanger's "The Son of Monte Cristo." Her halo beret is headline news this summer. Both are from I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Cal.



# Cal York's Gossip



OF  
HOLLYWOOD

Entering the Grove, George Raft and Gary Cooper look forward to the 4-A Benefit ball, but Norma Shearer has eyes only for Sandra Cooper's shamrock-shaped earrings

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

*What's going on—and where?*

*Who's doing which—and why? Fol-*

*low filmland's almanac and find out!*

## A Hollywood Bride Tells of Her Happiness:

"I CAN'T tell you the peace and happiness that is mine now." One has only to look at blonde and beautiful nineteen-year-old Lana Turner, Queen of the co-eds and wife of Artie Shaw, King of the Jitterbugs, to know she speaks the truth. Radiance fairly lights her way.

"My happiness is proof that love that comes suddenly and overwhelmingly is best. Long engagements tend to detract rather than add to real love. Too many quarrels and misunderstanding before marriage are not the best foundations upon which to build lasting happiness.

"It's true Artie and I did not get along during the making of 'Dancing Co-Ed,' six months ago. It's true I said I disliked him. But now I know it was because I did not understand him and mistook his earnestness for arrogance. But I will say this—I felt a strong attraction for him even when we were at our *misunderstanding* best.

"This marriage has given me new ambition to go ahead. I have wonderful competition in my husband and we are determined to top each other in our careers, to keep on top and go along the highroads together."

That Lana turned Hollywood over on its ear by suddenly eloping to Las Vegas with the King of Swing, when for three years her only beau had been Attorney Greg Bautzer, is understating for a fare-thee-well.

"I didn't even think of that," the bride told us over a morning cup of coffee in the M-G-M commissary. "There was no sudden quarrel between Greg and me; no rebound love, as has been hinted. I simply went out on a date one evening with Artie, and we drove along the

beach and talked quietly. Gradually, I knew that all I had dreamed of and hoped for in love and marriage and companionship had come to me through Artie, and so—well, we saw no reason for delay. I have new ambitions now in my career and intend to work hard and advance. I know my studio bosses realize this, for shortly I have been promised a new type of role. Artie has new plans too."

The nineteen-year-old Lana and twenty-nine-year-old Shaw, twice married before, had a honeymoon cottage all waiting for them in Artie's newly-purchased Beverly Hills home. The three years that have elapsed since Mervyn LeRoy spied the beauteous Lana on the Hollywood High School campus and established her





Lombard grins, Gable looks wistful, as the Santa Anita season closes with the running of the famous Handicap

Olivia de Havilland (with Jimmy Stewart) and Bette Davis (with an ultrasmart corsage idea), Coconut-Groving for the 4-A (Associated Actors and Artistes of America) dance

in pictures has brought many surprises into the life of Lana Turner. But nothing, not even her first role in "They Won't Forget," has brought her the happiness that her marriage to Artie Shaw has brought.

And we have the bride's word for it.

### Rah for the Irish!

**MAUREEN O'HARA**, that colleen discovery of Charles Laughton's from Ireland, is not only making movie history in Hollywood (you'll love her in "A Bill of Divorcement"), but creating something of a local one-woman riot by her outspoken frankness.

For instance, in a recent conversation with Columnist Harrison Carroll, the subject of important Irishmen arose and Maureen said, "Well, I'll give my list of the ten most interesting contemporary Irishmen, and I don't mean some of these phony Irishers that are called by that name." (Ouch!)

"First I'd choose Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. Then I'd choose in order:

2. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright.
3. John Ford, the director.
4. Gene Tunney, the retired heavyweight champion.
5. James Farley, the politician.
6. James Cagney, the movie actor.
7. Joseph Kennedy, America's ambassador to Great Britain.
8. Frank Murphy, justice of the Supreme Court.
9. George McManus, the cartoonist.
10. George M. Cohan, the actor.

"Yes, but what about that famous Irish actor here in Hollywood, one——" Mr. Carroll asked. Maureen's eyes widened. "You mean you haven't heard about him?" she said. "Why, he's an *Orangeman*."

### Set Capers

**THERE'S** never a dull moment on the set of "Lillian Russell," when Alice Faye and Don Ameche are at work together. The other day when we walked on for a look around there was consternation and much to-do in the air. For Alice had lost her rats and the hairdresser couldn't dress her hair for the scene. Besides that, those very same rats and sundry switches made to match Alice's fair hair had set the studio back a pretty penny and had taken time to manufacture. We joined in the search, knowing from the glint in Don's eye that there was a gag in the offing some place. Then someone thought to search the portable dressing room of the smirking Ameche. And, sure enough, there, hanging from the ceiling, were the missing hair pieces with a large sign attached—"Faye, scalped by Ameche." Incidentally, the corset situation on the set is gradually getting the chorines down. Alice has solved her problem by leaving the armor-like foundations on the entire time she is on the set. But, the chorines have a terrible time getting laced into their stays after lunch and after they have had a breath or two between scenes.

### Recovery Program

**THERE** was no one in the hospital corridor but one nurse, as a pair of very long legs tore down the hall and paused a moment before a door marked, "Do not disturb."

"You want something?" the nurse said.

The long legs whirled around. "Yes. My wife. How is she, please?"

"Just a minute," the nurse announced. "I must have her name, you know."

"It's Mrs. Aherne," the tall man replied obligingly. "I'm her husband."

The nurse did a double-take, swallowed twice and quickly ushered Brian Aherne into the room of his bride, Joan Fontaine.

He'd flown 3,000 miles from New York to be with Joan during the operation. A few nights later, when her picture, "Rebecca," was previewed, he sat in the theater beside her mother and watched the miracle of a little girl who had just been trying to get somewhere in pictures for several long years, become a great star.

The news he carried back to her bedside had much to do with her recovery and all Hollywood rejoices with them.

### Crazy Like a Fox

**THE** job of being a movie star's wife isn't easy. There's competition (innocent or otherwise) from every glamour girl he's thrown with in a picture! But Cal knows one wife who has kept her man for a good long time—Billie Cagney. And he knows a little story which illustrates one of the novel, yet wholly, effective ways in which she's done it.

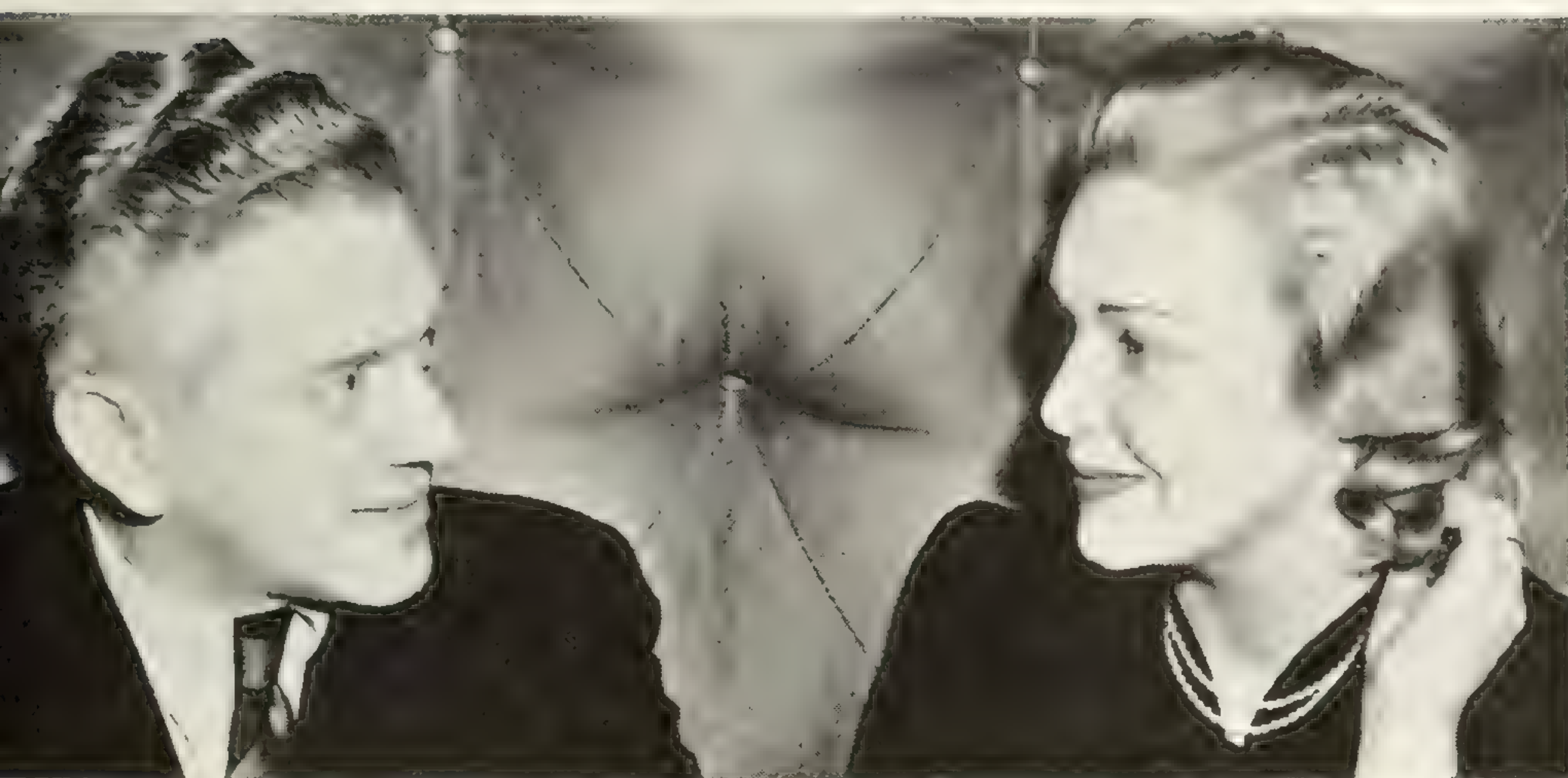
A few years ago a certain screen ingenue who was in a picture with Jimmy fell madly in love with him. The fact that he was happily married meant nothing to her. She was out to get him any way she could. All of which was apparent to everyone, with one exception—Jimmy himself. Being a decent chap and in love with his wife, he saw the young siren only in the role she chose to play for him, that of a misunderstood, helpless female, alone in a bewildering world—meaning Hollywood—in need of masculine advice and aid. So he spent a good deal of time on her, giving her the advice she asked, helping her with her screen problems, playing the gallant male, generally.

Until, one summer's day, after the picture was finished and the Cagneys had left for the East,





Kay Francis and Arthur Hornblow enjoy a laugh at Ciro's, while we get a fashion tip from the clever cut of Kay's collar



"The Affairs of Anatole"—starring Director Litvak and (this week—only?) Madeleine Carroll; the supper setting is Ciro's

things got a bit thick. The young lady actually followed them and invaded their retreat in Martha's Vineyard to ask more "advice" from Jimmy. She arrived right after lunch one afternoon. Jimmy, slightly bewildered, but still courteous, welcomed her, but his welcome was nothing as cordial as Billie's. *She* practically gushed. "Come right in!" she cried. "I'm so glad you are here, because I am going away today and Jimmy needs company."

Whereupon, while Jimmy stood by with his mouth open, she did just that. She got into the car and drove away, leaving the nonplused Mr. Cagney and the visitor behind. She stayed away until after dinner that night. When she finally returned, Jimmy met her at the door—alone and in a state.

"Why in blankety did you leave me that way?" he growled. "Stuck with a strange female! I didn't know what to talk about all afternoon. I—" he mopped a beaded brow—"had a helluva time!"

Which was good insurance that the young lady in question would never be a threat again, even if she had been in the past. Which was, of course, what Billie Cagney had gambled on.

Still . . . it takes nerve to leave your husband alone with a siren. Could *you* do it?

#### Tid Bits and Knick Knacks:

Cal wishes you to get a new's-eye view of:

**CHARLES LAUGHTON**, who has bought himself a new home and who has invited his friends to a *swimming pool warming!* Charlie has had his pool steam-heated, believe it or not.

Lili Damita shopping at the Farmers' Market, spied a young goat for sale and promptly bought it for Errol Flynn. "Hmmm," hummed a friend, "she's returning Errol's goat that she got last month."

(Continued on page 92)



study in suspended animation: Ernst Lubitsch in mid-speech with Leland and Maggie Sullivan Hayward



Joan Bennett (more like Lamarr than Lamarr, since Hedy's hair-cut), with Walter Wanger and Claudette Colbert at the 4-A's

Littlest princess at "Rebecca" première: Pat Hitchcock, with Papa Alfred (who only directed the film itself) and Mama Alma

At the American Legion fights, Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby endorse the casual hat for a more than casual interest in sports







★ **THE BISCUIT EATER**—Paramount

HERE'S unexpected distinction in a picture none thought would amount to much. Charming, sentimental, with superb performances. Made in Georgia, home of blue-blood hunting dogs, it describes the patient effort of a little boy to make a capable pointer out of the runt of a litter. The boy is Billy Lee, the pup is "Promise"—an inspired combination. With the help of a little colored boy, Cordell Hickman, Billy sets out to make Promise the winner of the field trial. Young Billy comes close to earning stardom; Cordell, the blackest little Sambo you ever saw, is also the most amusing. Richard Lane, as Billy's father and Helene Millard, as his mother respond perfectly to Stuart Heisler's sympathetic direction.



**BEYOND TOMORROW**—RKO-Radio

THIS is a study in sweetness and light, as enervating a sermon upon what will happen to you if you aren't good as ever went under the guise of entertainment. The first third of the picture shows three lonely business men befriending a boy and a girl who are adrift in the big city. Then the three men die, but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy, a singer from Texas, makes a success on the radio—but is lured from the straight and narrow by Helen Vinson, actress, who gets him a starring part in her show. She is supposed to be a soulless strumpet, rejected from heaven by God. The piece displays naïveté. Richard Carlson, Jean Parker, Charles Winninger, C. Aubrey Smith, Maria Ouspenskaya and others are in the cast.

# The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE  
NEW PICTURES

## THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **IRENE**—RKO-Radio

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S famous stage success, "Irene," has finally hit the celluloid, with Anna Neagle, of all people, as the little Irish nobody. We say "of all people" because Miss Neagle has been impressed on your minds as calm Nurse Cavell and dignified old Queen Victoria; and in this she sings and dances and bounces about in the gayest manner. Anna is a salesgirl who meets a millionaire, Ray Milland. Milland, struck with her beauty and charm, buys controlling interest in an exclusive dress shop in order to give his new find a job as a model. Along come the conflicts when Anna is assigned to wear a fabulous gown to a ball and ruins it before the evening begins. Worried sick, she puts on a blue satin gown of her mother's and everything turns out all right—about the dress, at any rate. The girl has you worried for a time, because she shows signs of preferring Milland's rival, Alan Marshal, to Ray himself. That little blue number is the inspiration of the haunting melody, "Alice Blue Gown," which duly haunts the entire production, giving it especial charm. The film has a lilting quality throughout; it is a happy thing, despite the simple problems which appear as tragedy to the naïve Anna. Even the *Cinderella* theme, which emerges after the ball is over, is saved from the stigma of its antiquity by the method of presentation. Anna is mistakenly sponsored as *Lady O'Dare*, an Irish debutante, and is set up in style for the benefit of the shop. Billie Burke, May Robson, Roland Young and many veteran troupers assist the principals.



**FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS**—M-G-M

HERE'S a star cast in a no-star picture, because the direction is no better than the story. Getting underway with a large dose of the wide-eyed Cantor pathos, the offering gives promise of being significant, with Eddie in his true-life role as a humanitarian. You will note with relief that the out-moded, stupendous Cantor girl revue seems to have been avoided, only to find the girls have been given a picture-long recess in which to romp. Eddie draws tears when, broke and jobless, he becomes father of a baby by proxy; Rita Johnson didn't *really* mean to abandon her child. Come the tears again when he's in police court on account of stealing a bottle of milk for the kid. Frank Morgan, as judge and ex-schoolmate, gives Cantor a position teaching in a school for girls. There the picture ends and the froth begins. Forty tittering school-girls are too much for Eddie, or any audience, to handle. The girls reveal great imagination in scheming to rid themselves of the sad-eyed new prof, while Madame Judith Anderson and her aide, Nydia Westman (a precious little mouse), are in great consternation over Eddie's seemingly odd behavior. He's hidden that baby out in his quarters, you see. The rest of the film is gagged with the usual gags about diapers, but the complications end happily for all concerned. Miss Anderson, as the mistress of the school, is hilariously ascetic. Youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis (Mrs. William Powell to you), Martha O'Driscoll and Louise Seidel, among others, are excellent.



★ **THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE**—Columbia

WHEN you speak of "fabricated stories" and "typical Hollywood product" you mean this. You can just picture the story conference over at Columbia. "We can have 'em married," says one; "And still *not* married," says another, "so the romance will keep." "Give 'em careers; that'll create situations." "What about the Mistake That Changes Their Lives?" tags the first writer—and they're set. Well, Ray Milland is a doctor, Loretta Young a novelist who has an overnight best seller in her book glorifying the spinster. By the error of a "just married" sign on the wrong car, the papers give out that Loretta and Ray are married. She can't deny it and have a scandal; so they pretend and she starts another book, glorifying the married woman. Meanwhile the situation is fine for Milland, because his new status fits him for a professorship which is much coveted by his colleagues. There is a fiancée to make the risqué setup more so, and there are the usual bedroom scenes and night-club sequences. The new vogue for showing the hero at a disadvantage is here pursued to the point of having Milland in his underclothes; he is quite cute. With all this recognizable studio flam-doodle, it's surprising enough that the film is amusing and worth the money. Loretta is stunning, Milland overplays occasionally and underplays the rest of the time, Gail Patrick (the fiancée) is well cast and Reggie Gardiner is Reggie Gardiner; as ever was and always is. The professors who straggle in and out are a dull bunch and don't matter.





★ TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

GEORGE MURPHY, Joan Blondell and Lana Turner have in this turned out the sort of musical for which you have been waiting. It has all the stuff: Good music, good footwork, and, praised be, an intelligent story. Murphy starts things by opening a wedge for dance-partner Joan Blondell to follow him to Broadway. She arrives with her little sister; it's the lovely Lana. George can't believe she's grownup—but Kent Taylor, producer of the show, needs only one look for proof. You'll get a lump in your throat as Joan is relegated to cigarette-girl status in order to further little-sister Lana's career. There's an excellent dance scene featuring George and Lana, with the veteran Murphy, of course, taking most of the honors.



★ THE DARK COMMAND—Republic

THE number of the fair sex who help shape history mounts. Here it is the blonde Claire Trevor who affects the destiny of territorial Kansas. John Wayne seeks her favor by running for Marshal of the frontier town of Lawrence. Walter Pidgeon, defeated candidate, woos power and Miss Trevor by becoming the ruthless guerilla leader of a band of raiders who terrorize the countryside until Wayne and his men step in. Director Raoul Walsh has caught the rich flavor of frontier life in this action-filled film, and a roster of fine actors make it A-one fun. John Wayne scores as the virile Marshal, Walter Pidgeon is a villainous villain, and Claire Trevor has the necessary charm. Outstanding support is offered by Roy Rogers and Marjorie Main.



★ 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN—Warners

THERE is a tendency lately to dramatize the philosophy that there are worse things than death. Well, in this cheery story both George Brent and Merle Oberon are doomed from the first reel. He's an escaped murderer and she's got coronary thrombosis or something equally lethal. After a very symbolic beginning, with both drinking the same Paradise cocktail, they travel about on boats: George with his captor, Pat O'Brien, and Merle with her ailing heart. A deathless love develops between them and although each discovers the other's secret, each pretends. The piece has moments of extraordinary drama. Brent and Miss Oberon do splendid work, as do Geraldine Fitzgerald, Binnie Barnes and Eric Blore. See it for a good cry.

## SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

### THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

**The Biscuit Eater**  
Irene  
**The Doctor Takes a Wife**  
**Two Girls on Broadway**  
**The Dark Command**  
**'Til We Meet Again**  
**A Bill of Divorcement**  
**Buck Benny Rides Again**  
**It's a Date**  
**Star Dust**  
**Virginia City**  
**Double Alibi**  
**Human Beast**  
**It All Came True**

### BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Billy Lee in "The Biscuit Eater"  
Cordell Hickman in "The Biscuit Eater"  
Promise (the dog) in "The Biscuit Eater"  
Anna Neagle in "Irene"  
George Murphy in "Two Girls on Broadway"  
John Wayne in "The Dark Command"  
George Brent in "'Til We Meet Again"  
Merle Oberon in "'Til We Meet Again"  
Maureen O'Hara in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
Ellen Drew in "Buck Benny Rides Again"  
Jack Benny in "Buck Benny Rides Again"  
Deanna Durbin in "It's a Date"  
Kay Francis in "It's a Date"  
Walter Pidgeon in "It's a Date"  
Jean Gabin in "Human Beast"  
Ray Milland in "French Without Tears"



★ A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT—RKO-Radio

DO you remember how exciting it was some years back when a tall, lean girl named Katharine Hepburn went floating around the screen in "A Bill of Divorcement"? Maureen O'Hara plays the role in this re-make of the same story. It's a somber film at best, dealing as it does with hereditary insanity and the ruin of a young girl's life. Learning of the pathological strain in her ancestry, young Maureen courageously spurns her betrothed and decides to spend the remainder of her life (so long as she's sane) to caring for her neurotic father. The father, you see, has escaped from his asylum and come home, confident that he's got his wits about him at last. Maureen can't very well depend on her mother, Fay Bainter, because that lady has obtained a divorce and wants to marry Herbert Marshall. Adolphe Menjou has the role of the neurotic, previously done by John Barrymore, and is good—but the comment is made with reservations. One feels the character is an excellent conception of a maniac, rather than the real thing, and Menjou's devices sometimes are obvious. Fay Bainter and Marshall carry on admirably, somewhat oppressed by the roles and oppressing in portrayal. It's the fault of the story. Miss O'Hara is enchanting at times, managing to fuse a spirit of youth and hope with the burdensome nature of her part. The film's preachments about divorce are dated today. On the whole, "A Bill of Divorcement" is another in the run of dismal psychological studies, well-done, and dripping with quality. But not for the masses.



★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

BUCKETY-BUCKETY through the sage brush goes Jack Benny on his hobby horse, and you get to see the best adaption of radio personalities to the screen so far done by Hollywood. This cigar-smoking incorrigible does some pretty amusing nip-ups as the Young Man Who Went West, but he has his picture stolen in spots—lots of spots—by that valiant valet, Rochester, by Carmichael, the Polar bear, and by Ellen Drew. The script writers started at home: They created a story about a radio comedian who falls in love with a member of a "sister team." This would be Miss Drew. He thinks she ought to be satisfied with his gags and nice disposition, but what she wants is virility. So Phil Harris persuades Benny to travel out West, to a dude ranch. It's a dilly of a ranch, with a tame Indian on it. The intrepid Benny is in the process of being scared clear back to Waukegan when Ellen shows up. With his arts of persuasion, and with wallet in hand, Buck bribes the ranch hands to let him sock them around during a framed hold-up. Thus, he thinks, Ellen will see, be impressed, and quiver with ardor. It is when an honest-to-Pete robbery comes off that you understand what it is all leading to. Rochester offers his impression of an Indian and with it will knock you in the aisles. Carmichael is cute, and comes in handy. Ellen, as we intimated above, is better than you'd expect, giving so much to her role it's obvious she should have better ones. The dance routines are pretty, the music pleasant.

(Continued on page 95)



# ROUND-UP

BY SARA HAMILTON



Maligned by Hollywood, but glad to be back—  
Erich Von Stroheim of "I Was an Adventuress"



Constancy, thy name is Nan Grey—  
up-and-comer of "Sandy Is a Lady"

**N**O place in all the world offers to its people that dreamed-of opportunity of stepping, even for just a little while, into another world, as does Hollywood; of becoming, through a screen role, another being; a new personality who thinks and dreams and feels as another being. There's always the hope, you see, of that one role that will suddenly lift an actor or actress from the most stubborn of routines into a bright new limelight again.

Perhaps it is this coveted dream which keeps the newcomers constantly pouring in, with a certain bright eagerness to join the parade of veterans, some of whom *have been reborn* through strange channels. One, for instance, as the symbol of Christ-in-all-men, one as the unseen voice of a tiny conscience, one black and shiny as the servitor with the white and shiny heart. And so goes the parade, the newcomers and the veterans, ready to step out of rank when the call comes, into a solo of special achievement. And so, may we present, ladies and gentlemen:

Cliff Edwards—that still, small voice.

No doubt your grandmother as well as mine, constantly warned of that still, small voice within. But never in our wildest dreams did we imagine it would turn out to be Cliff Edwards. Cliffee (alias "Ukulele Ike"), as *Jiminy Cricket*, the conscience of "Pinocchio," is the most amazing conscience we have ever met. For that matter, he's the only one we've ever met, face to face.

For one year and seven months Edwards read lines through a recording microphone at the Disney Studio, without knowing in the least what they referred to. "Break it up, boys," or "Well, it's about time," Cliff would read, while

he wondered, as he says, "What in hell was going on." It wasn't until Edwards was in New York, after a personal appearance tour, that he saw "Pinocchio," and when it was over, he sat there, tears rolling down his cheeks, awed to those tears of reverence at the genius of a man who could take transcribed words and create around them, the living personality of a being, yea an insect, called *Jiminy Cricket*. Cliff Edwards is prouder of his unseen achievement as the Conscience *Jiminy* in "Pinocchio," than he is of any previous glory in his years of show business. *And he waited almost thirty years for that chance.* It could happen only in Hollywood.

I wish I could tell you where Cliff Edwards first saw the light of day. But you see, Cliff himself doesn't know that. I wish I could even tell you the age of this living, breathing conscience. But like all consciences, he has to be ageless for even Cliff himself doesn't know.

Something about Hannibal, Missouri, runs through his mind and he thinks someone once told him he was born there. But his parents died when he was so young and there seemed no special reason to stay in the house in Chicago after they were gone, so he ran away so very young, none of the facts, not even his age, remained in his memory. He went to St. Charles, Missouri, because he thought he had an aunt there, only he hadn't; so he sold newspapers, went to school up to the seventh grade, worked in shoe factories, stamping heels (he's stamped quite a few in Hollywood since then), and then joined a quartette of boys who went on a vaudeville tour, and "has been mixed up in the show business ever since," as he puts it. Mixed up is right. For instance, it was while



Ian (never-gets-the-girl) Hunter rates those  
cheers he's getting in "Strange Cargo"



Muriel Angelus of "Down Went McGinty"  
picked the right man for a headlong collision



# OF *Face Letters*

*A fast track for some, a torturous one for others, but they've crossed the line—winners, at last*

he was on tour with a school act, four bad boys and a teacher telling mildewed jokes, he spied a banjo ukulele in a tiny corner hock shop in St. Louis. He bought it. He couldn't play it, but he adored it, and soon taught himself how to strum it fairly well. For a while he played the trap drums in Joe Frisco's band and in a Chicago night club he'd mingle among the customers, after the orchestra had gone home, strumming his uke for the small change it brought him. One of the waiters would yell, "Hey, Ukulele, play over here." Finally someone tagged "Ike" onto the nickname and he's been "Ukulele Ike" ever since.

The government turned him down when he tried to join the army during the World War, because it too could find no record of his birth and was afraid he was too young. But Florenz Ziegfeld enlisted him and from 1919 to 1927 Cliff was a Ziegfeld star. M-G-M tested him in New York and, when his Orpheum Circuit tour brought him to Los Angeles, signed him to a contract. "Singin' in the Rain" in "The Hollywood Revue" brought him movie fame. He's been with M-G-M off and on ever since. He isn't married—at least not now—and for years he has had the same colored boy, one Clarence Curry, who still can't pronounce "ukulele." Clarence calls it "You-lay-lee." Schwab's Drug Store in Hollywood is Cliff's office, when he's in Hollywood. "I'll see you at eleven-thirty at the office," he'll say. So at eleven-thirty one shows up at Schwab's to meet Cliff.

And here's a secret. Cliff claims he can't play that damned ukulele yet. At least not the pieces in sharps or flats or minors or things. He loves "Star Dust," and "Say It with Music," and can no more play them than a rabbit. Yet

he's made a career of ukulele playing.

His tour as *Jiminy Cricket* with the voices of *Pinocchio* and *Donald Duck* is bringing him the greatest happiness he's had in a long time. Cliff gets a bang out of being some other fellow's conscience.

"Tsch, tsch, mustn't do that," he'll say.

## Blonde and British

Blonde, English Muriel Angelus, the unemotional *Maisie* in "The Light that Failed," will probably be remembered by fans as the girl who didn't want Ronald Colman at any price; the girl who would rather have a career than a husband any day.

To her close friends, here and abroad, Muriel is known as the girl who never talks about her career away from the screen and stage, who thinks people in the every day workaday world the most interesting, and would gladly, yea willingly, give up her career for the man who may one day become her husband. So, you see how very wrong one can be if one judges from a screen character.

Natural, genuine, easy of manner, Muriel, who has been in America two and one-half years, adores it, has that intuitive something that links her affection and heart to things American; its people, its manner of speaking, the idea that a boy from the slums can become the man in the White House, its eagerness to know, these have won her heart.

From some impish fairy godmother on a spree, Muriel must have inherited her theatrical talent, for certainly she couldn't have attained it from Father Angelus, an analytical chemist, or from a forebear of her mother's who actually



1940 edition of what the young woman of means is doing—Janice Logan of "Dr. Cyclops"



He has a message for his fans, this newcomer—Victor Mature of "One Million B.C."



Cliff Edwards has reason to be proud of his unseen achievement in "Pinocchio"

A song in her heart paid dividends to Hattie McDaniel with "GWTW" honors and a grand role in "Maryland"



invented chloroform. You can't get a song and dance out of that, no matter how hard you try. Yet as a child, Muriel was chosen to play a fairy at the old Drury Lane theater, dancing in Fokine's ballet for "Midsummer Night's Dream." Two years later she'd been promoted from a fairy to an angel in a Sybil Thorndike play, and at fourteen she awoke to the hard cold necessity of becoming a chorus girl in a review. She had won medals at the school festivals for her singing, so musical comedy seemed her forte. Once, between jobs as she tramped about discouraged, her dancing slippers and frock in a bag over her arm, she ran headlong into a tall man going in the opposite direction. Out of the bag rolled the slippers and out of Muriel, under his kind imploring, rolled her tragic story. Taking her arm, the tall man led her back to the theater and the next night she danced with wings on her heart in the chorus of "The Midnight Follies."

Incidentally, the fairy prince who got bumped, was our own James Whale who directed some of our better films.

The life of Muriel Angelus can best be told by the people she meets in her own studio (Paramount) commissary. Nigel Bruce comes trotting over with, "Muriel, I haven't seen you since you were my wife in the picture, 'Red Aces,' in London."

Ray Milland is next. "Remember that test we made together in London for this very studio and both got turned down cold? Weren't the type, they told us."

Her chance at English movies came when a producer spotted her in the chorus of the English company's "The Vagabond King." In no time Muriel was playing leads, but the stage seemed more profitable and Muriel left pictures to replace Pat Paterson, now Mrs. Charles Boyer, in the second lead in "Sons o' Guns." The lead in "The Jolly Roger" at the Savoy followed. Next came the starring role in the stage version of "Balalaika," which brought her to the attention of Vinton Freedley, New York producer, and the next thing Muriel knew, she was playing on Broadway in "The Boys from Syracuse," with a contract for Hollywood and "The Light that Failed."

She loves her last picture, "Down Went McGinty," with Brian Donlevy. Lives with her mother on a Hollywood hillside; has an American beau who flies her all through the Western skies; has that English peaches-and-cream complexion that had even Gary Cooper doing a quick double-take toward our commissary table. And no wonder; her ash-blond hair is natural, her figure rounded but lovely, her speech unaffected, her heart ready for life and love, with courage to take both in her very beautiful hands.

#### Mature by Name—Not by Nature

Victor Mature, the young giant signed recently by Producer Hal Roach, had plenty of practice for his role of the primitive caveman in "One Million B. C." For Victor, believe it or not, has spent the greater part of the last five years—in a tent. No, sorry. Victor isn't a fresh air fiend or a cultist or a circus performer. The truth of the matter is, Victor simply had no place else to live. So with borrowed canvas from the Pasadena Community Theater storehouse, Victor pitched his home on the far corner of a friend's garden in Pasadena and there abode he, all six-feet-three of him.

It was Victor's fault, really, that he arrived in California from his home in Louisville, Kentucky, with empty pockets, for you see Victor arrived by the running-away-from-home route. Shortly after his arrival he wired his father—"Dear Dad: Arrived in California safe and sound with eleven cents in my pocket." But instead of the money order he expected, all Vic

got was a return wire from his father saying, "Dear Victor: Happy you are well. When I arrived in New York from Austria I had six cents in my pocket and couldn't even speak English. You're five cents up on me." That's when Victor pitched his wigwam.

Gilmore Brown of the Pasadena Community Theater had faith in Victor and soon he was given a fellowship in the school and became a working student. He played like fury in everything that came his way, doing exactly 136 plays in the four and one-half years he was there. Once, while on a visit back East, he was given a job touring with Cornelius Otis Skinner in "Hedda Gabler," but when that was over, here was Victor back in Pasadena playing the lead in "Autumn Crocus." The flaming posters showing Victor in his role for "To Quito and Back," finally had Hal Roach sending for the persevering young lad from Pasadena. Roach liked him and signed him for his first picture, "The Housekeeper's Daughter."

He's twenty-four now, has more hair, black and curly, on his head than the law should allow, is not married, has melting brown eyes and is a vegetarian, mainly through necessity. Now that he can afford meat he occasionally in-

### Beginning Next Month-

The blazing biography of a great Gallic actor whose genius blossomed dangerously early—and whose career almost ended just as it was really beginning. Follow this romantic cinema hero as he retraces his real-life path from Figeac—through Paris—to Hollywood!

## THE LIFE AND LOVES OF CHARLES BOYER

in JULY PHOTOPLAY

dulges in a steak burned to a cinder. His early life was one constant parade through one school after another, with St. Joseph's College and Kentucky Military Institute among them. Victor claims he ran away because his father wanted him to work in his refrigeration plant. Victor couldn't "took it," for acting was in his soul. He's all over the billboards now with "One Million B. C." behind him and the grand lead in "Captain Caution" ahead.

His clothes, loose and tweedy, are the floppy kind, he never wears hats, and has asked as a very special favor that we tell the many kind fans who have written him for pictures that he's tickled pink and he will send them as soon as he pays his back debts. He's kinda' strapped right now, so please understand, he begs.

And you're welcome, Victor.

#### A Young Modern—in Hollywood

A 1940 edition of Katharine Hepburn, though not quite so startlingly dynamic, is one Miss Janice Logan, America's answer to what the well-bred young woman of means is doing for herself these days, and incidentally, she's Paramount's answer to the new-face problem in pictures. Janice's face, of course, is new only to the public. She's had the same one herself some slight twenty years, not a pretty one to

be sure, but an arresting one with firm square frame, freckles, blue eyes definitely on the slant, and brown hair brushed till it shimmers. Not the doll type, by any means, Janice looked not unlike an animated toy as one of the little people in the picture, "Dr. Cyclops." Reduced to doll size by radium (according to the picture), Janice was colossal. She did all right for herself in "Undercover Doctor," and "What a Life," in which she played a very efficient secretary.

On May 29th, Janice was born in Chicago. Her father, Stuart Logan, was prominent in Midwestern investment circles, and life for Janice was a succession of smart schools for smart young ladies, the last being Sarah Lawrence College.

They laughed when she sat down to a dramatic career. A visit to her older sister in Hollywood brought her in contact with the movies. Gregory Ratoff, a friend of her sister's, arranged for a test at Twentieth Century-Fox that turned out to be definitely on the baddish side. But she did manage to squeeze into Paramount's training school and over at Selznick's for a test for *Scarlett O'Hara*. It was that test that finally interested Paramount. At the exact moment the training school went out of existence, Janice stepped into a Paramount contract.

Now that she's made the grade, her family is delighted at her success. Where they once glared at her with nostrils aquiver, they now applaud. She writes short stories—just for the practice—loves good music, has all the earmarks of 1940 gentility. Night clubs and hot spots never see her. Janice is all a part of that Hollywood the outsider seldom sees—the intelligent, quiet, hidden away, yet vitally alive part that makes the very echoes of this city vibrate round the world.

#### Genius Comes Home

Erich Von Stroheim, the man who made cinematic history with his directing, writing and acting in such pictures as "Foolish Wives," "Blind Husbands" and "Greed," is back in Hollywood once again, after ten years' absence.

This time, Erich, the irrepressible, is acting in "I Was an Adventuress," for Twentieth Century-Fox. It took a man as daringly unafraid as Darryl Zanuck to bring Von Stroheim back to Hollywood. Tales of Von's extravagances when he was on top of the heap had just about washed him out of the picture. When he openly spoke his mind in the wrong direction, the washout was completed, and for five years Von Stroheim walked in endless circles, trying to find some answer to his jobless condition. France finally came as that answer, and for the past three years Von made pictures abroad, among them the unforgettable "Grand Illusion." It was from France that Zanuck summoned him home.

His attitude is still one of defiant hurt. Like a small boy trying to conceal his wounds, he lets fly in all directions his tirades against Hollywood, brands the story of his extravagance as lies; and what's more, he produces facts and figures to bear him out. As far as we can ascertain, then, this man's chief crime seems to lie in the fact he was at least a good fifteen years ahead of his time.

Stocky, sturdy, head-shaven, he smiles as he says, "Hollywood calls me that German, bull-necked, head-shaven so-and-so." In one respect Hollywood is wrong there, for Von is an Austrian who came to America in his youth, joined our army because soldiering was the only job he knew, and when that was over, became ditchdigger extraordinary.

A chance finally came to become prop boy to D. W. Griffith and later his assistant, and at last Von emerged in all his Prussian glory as

(Continued on page 80)





**CLEVER GIRLS** everywhere are taking Hollywood's tip—using Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. This gentle soap with **ACTIVE** lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. It makes you fresh from head to toe—*sure* of daintiness. You'll love this luxurious beauty bath—the delicate, clinging fragrance it leaves on your skin.

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THIS **ACTIVE-LATHER**  
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*Alice Faye*

Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production, "LILLIAN RUSSELL"

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LOVELY FRAGRANCE  
ON YOUR SKIN



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LIKE TO BE NEAR  
YOU—YOU'RE SO  
**SWEET**—

**The  
Complexion  
Soap 9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use**



# We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)



Linda Darnell  
Starring in the 20th  
Century-Fox Picture  
"STAR DUST"

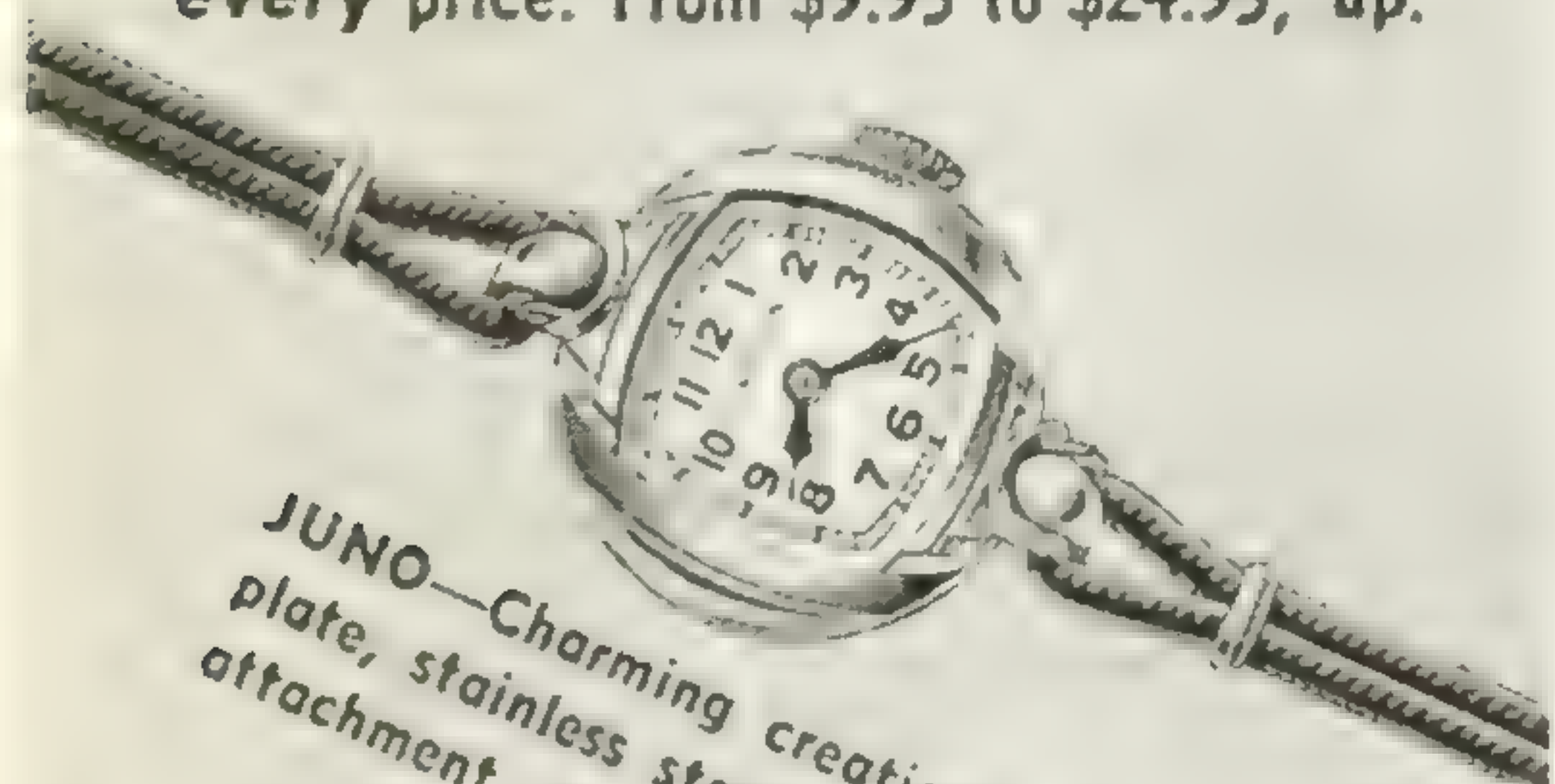
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on the wrists of  
thousands everywhere

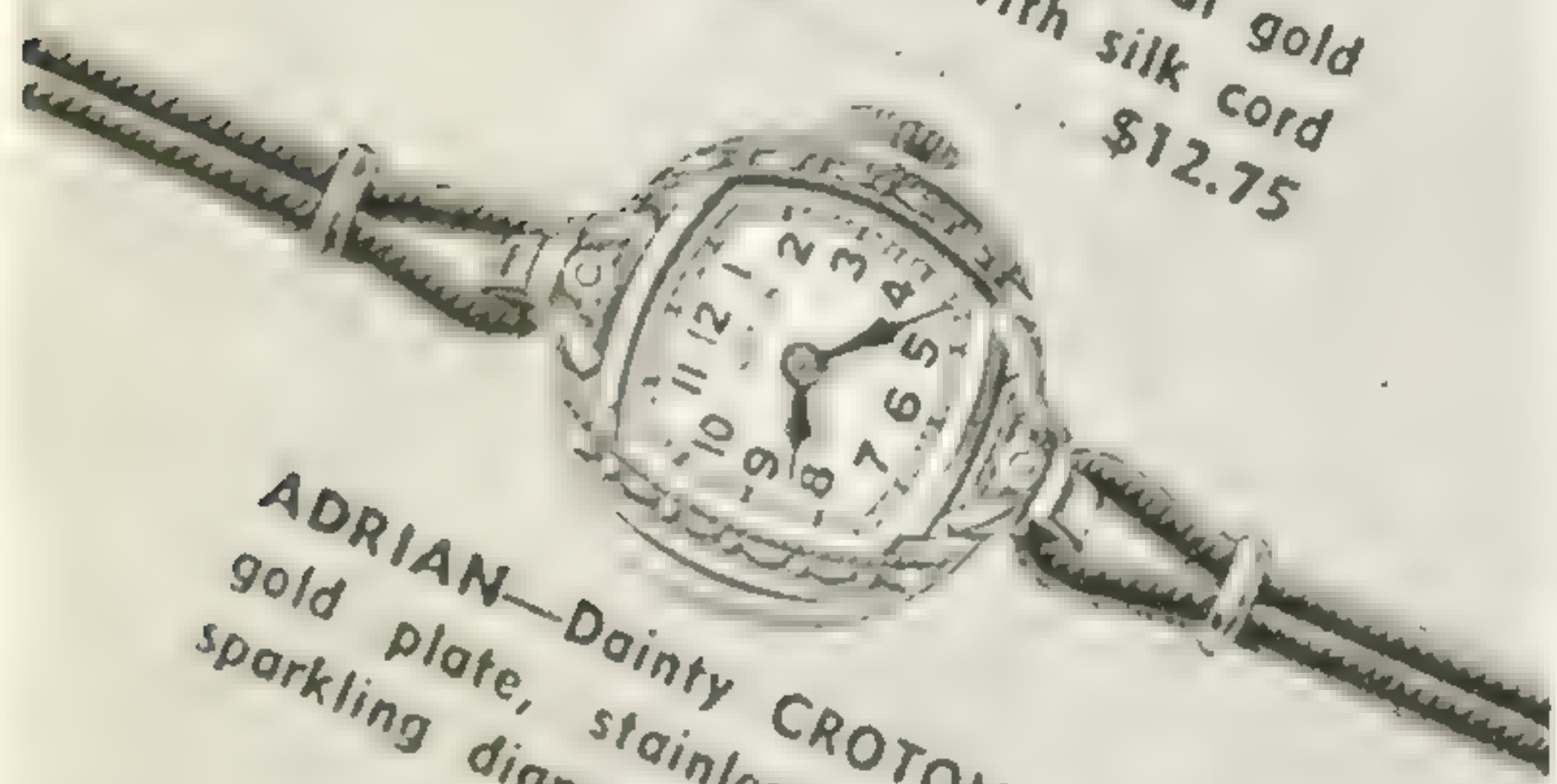
**CROTON  
WATCHES**

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

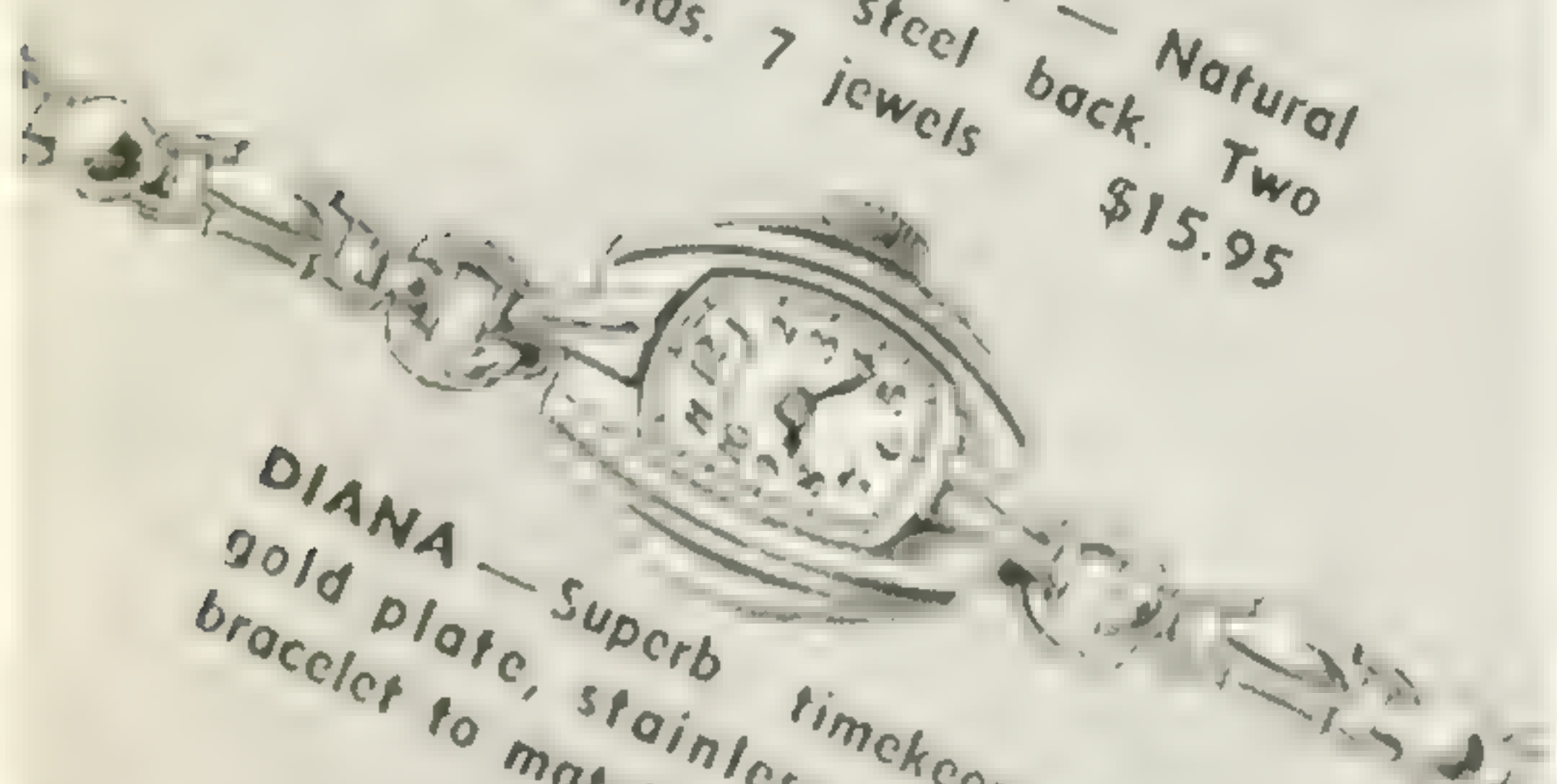
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CROTON WATCH COMPANY • NEW YORK CITY

Preston Foster makes a super slick-looking "Mountie," with flaming jacket and fur forage cap. On the other hand, Gary Cooper is back in his slouchy old Texas rags, with drooping cartridge belt and six-guns and tilted sombrero.

The plot of "Northwest Mounted Police," DeMille cautions us, is no mere always-get-your-man stuff. It goes back into history—to the Riel Rebellion of 1885. That was when the Canadian government sent a handful of mounted police into Saskatchewan to divide up the half-breeds' land for settlement. The half-breeds, several thousand strong, objected—with bullets.

The scene we watch is very simple. Gary and Preston Foster are being properly introduced in Inspector Montagu Love's office. They don't like it a bit, but they salute, turn and leave. After about the fifth take, DeMille is still worried about something. He stalks across the set to his corps of research bookworms. They knit their brows furiously. Then three or four of them dash off the set. DeMille turns and addresses his cast.

"There's some question," he says, "whether a Mountie in 1885 simply turned and left his superior officer—or about-faced in a military manner. Naturally, we can't proceed until we find out!" Naturally. So the picture is temporarily suspended.

**W**HETHER it's good business or bad business making propaganda pictures, one thing is obvious—Hollywood is doing it, and pulling no punches.

"The Mortal Storm" comes from a novel by Phyllis Bottome, dramatically detailing the disintegration of a German family under Nazi persecutions. Besides Dick Rosson, who learned about the inside of a real concentration camp, M-G-M is reaping the benefit of technical advice eagerly supplied by the scores of refugees from Germany.

It doesn't seem like Hollywood when we arrive on the snowy, German village square set where Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Young, Robert Stack and William Orr are at work.

"Maggie" and Jimmy are a familiar Hollywood studio duo to us by now. But handsome Bob Stack and Bill Orr are new at M-G-M, which borrowed Bob from Universal and Bill from Warners.

Bob and Bill march now at the head of a squad of young storm troopers after Jimmy Stewart, who won't join up. From the other side of the set appears Jimmy, seeing Maggie home. When they waylay him in front of her house, the script calls for a terrific fight.

The whistle blows and the red light flickers. The troopers start chanting. Jimmy and Margaret come into the scene—and the fight begins. It's a lulu, too—while it lasts.

Suddenly Margaret cries, "Oh!" and flies over backward in what Hollywood used to know as a "high and gruesome." Jimmy Stewart jumps down beside her. But she's as cold as a pickle.

"I didn't see her," Jimmy croaks. "I thought she was another trooper, and—I—I let her have one!"

Margaret has stopped seeing fireworks by now. She sits up and rubs her jaw. "Lucky you got me on the button, Jimmy," she grins ruefully. "A shiner wouldn't be so good."

"I'm sorry," whispers Jimmy. "I'm a clumsy lug!"

"I think you're simply devastating, Mr. Stewart," says Margaret, touching

her chin tenderly. "And how!"

Nothing, however, could be more devastating to us than the idea of "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante," the current Mickey Rooney embarrassment M-G-M is brewing this month. Marvelous Mickey pitted against a Brenda Frazierish glamour gal in the toils of love, is something we wouldn't miss for all the holly in Hollywood.

Judy Garland has been switched into this *Hardy Family*, for an added attraction; also Diana Lewis, the very pretty Mrs. William Powell. Of course, Ann Rutherford, as *Polly Benedict*, goes with the *Hardy Family* lease.

The idea behind "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante" is a rash boast by Andy that he's just "like that" with New York's Number One Society Siren. A Manhattan trip and circumstances force him to make good his boast.

The scene we see shows Mickey in



Signs of the season: Bill Powell in a raincoat—his wife, Diana Lewis, in summer furs, print dress and hat consisting of one enormous flower

court. Sixty hard-bitten Hollywood extras are sitting around on the benches, yawning. Mickey is supposed to arrive in the courtroom in place of his dad, Lewis Stone. The extras are to register surprise. Director Seitz explains it to them as Mickey stands by.

"Just murmur," instructs Seitz, "a conversation-buzz of surprise—like you would if you saw a little boy suddenly walk up to the judge's bench." Mickey is nudging him in the ribs and frowning. Seitz bends an ear down—then corrects himself. "Er—" he says, "rather, like you would if you saw a young man walk up to the judge's bench!"

"Susan and God," the really A-1 picture of the M-G-M month, is nearby. It has Joan Crawford, Fredric March, John Carroll (M-G-M's white hope), Rose Hobart, Ruth Hussey, Bruce Cabot—and all sorts of attractions, not to mention a reduced Director George Cukor, minus seventy-two pounds!

Joan Crawford was M-G-M's final choice for this Gertrude Lawrence part of a featherheaded wife who gets religion and proceeds to sell it to all her idle rich friends, thereby thoroughly messing up their lives. As if to make her simple do-unto-others creed the more ridiculous for the selfish characters in the script, Cukor has surrounded them with a set that simply drips luxury. But even more lavish is the off-stage, Hollywood side.

In one corner a Ping-pong ball is being swatted vigorously by Bruce Cabot and Rose Hobart. In another, Guilaroff's hairdressers and Adrian's dressmaker's are shuttling up and down, laden with thousand dollar gown creations. On a side of the stage, long rows of gilded chairs, neatly labeled "Mr. Cabot," "Mr. March," "Miss Crawford," and so forth, are lined up in military order. Behind them cluster rows of personal maids, chauffeurs, flunkies and stand-ins.

On the set itself, Cukor seems to be having a mild fit. He isn't, of course. It's just the way he directs. Outside camera range, la Crawford herself, in a quilted bathrobe, is rehearsing her lines. She keeps running onto the set, crying, "It's all a matter of divine guidance!"

After Joan has rushed in crying "It's all a matter of divine guidance" that many times, we're ready to believe it really is! But Cukor is still doing the guiding here. He smiles craftily. "Fine!" he cries. "Splendid! That's the first time you made me believe it. All right—let's start all over!"

**W**E pass on to the comparative sanity of Hal Roach's mixed-up movie, "Turnabout."

"Turnabout" is another fantastic Thorne Smith idea, which Hal Roach seems to fancy. It's based on the cute idea of a man and wife switching their sexes, thanks to an all-seeing and wise little god named Ram.

A real Hollywood wife and husband, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, have important jobs in this, with John Hubbard and Carole Landis, two Roach discoveries.

The set we see is an ultramodern New York penthouse boudoir, glittering with mirrors and chromium and shiny bric-a-brac. All this has been gathered just so it can be wrecked.

The wrecker in this case is *Josephine*, a Malayan sun bear. Hubby brings her home as a pet and *Josephine*, the script says, tears the joint into little shreds. Roach hopes for the best, as he lets *Josephine* loose in all this finery. But to his dismay she trots right over to a little dressing table and sniffs a bottle of perfume ecstatically! It turns out she's simply nuts about honey, and as long as there's anything sweet around there's no chance of a satisfactory wreck job. So they stopper everything up. The cameras turn and *Josephine* kicks over, rips open or smashes everything in the place very effectively.

It doesn't seem to make sense, but Hal Roach, whose property *Josephine* has just cracked up to the tune of a few thousand dollars, beams happily and gives her a lump of sugar!

Well, it's pleasant to get back to normalcy at Twentieth Century-Fox, where Darryl Zanuck's movie-of-the-month is "Maryland." Everyone knows about the Derby, of course, but the annual Maryland Hunt Club race is much more obscure, though much, much more

(Continued on page 76)





**Whitney Bourne's** luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

# Glamorous Society Actress



Miss Bourne at Hollywood's Brown Derby



Arriving for premiere at Carhay Circle Theatre

**BUT BOTH GIVE  
THEIR SKIN THIS  
SAME THOROUGH  
CARE**

**QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:**

With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

**ANSWER:** "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

**QUESTION:** Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

**ANSWER:** "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"



**Miss June Rothe, TWA** air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

# Top-Flight Air Hostess



Happy Landing at Newark Airport

**QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:**

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as an air hostess, Miss Rothe?

**ANSWER:** "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Grand Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

**QUESTION:** Does using two Creams tend to affect the way your make-up goes on?

**ANSWER:** "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, fluffy film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothes the little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"



June dances on off-duty evenings



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**Ray Milland**  
Star of the  
Paramount Picture:  
"UNTAMED"

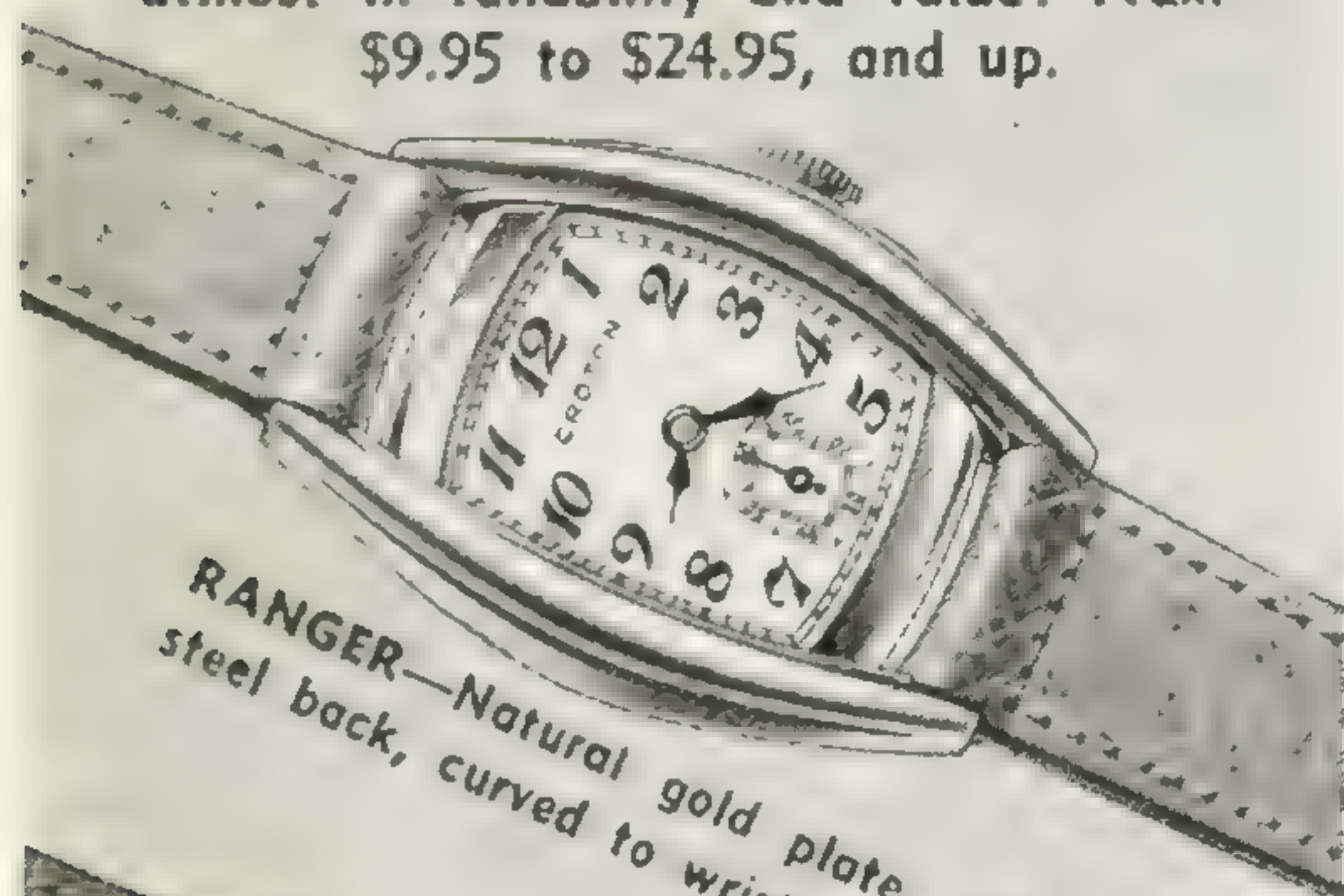
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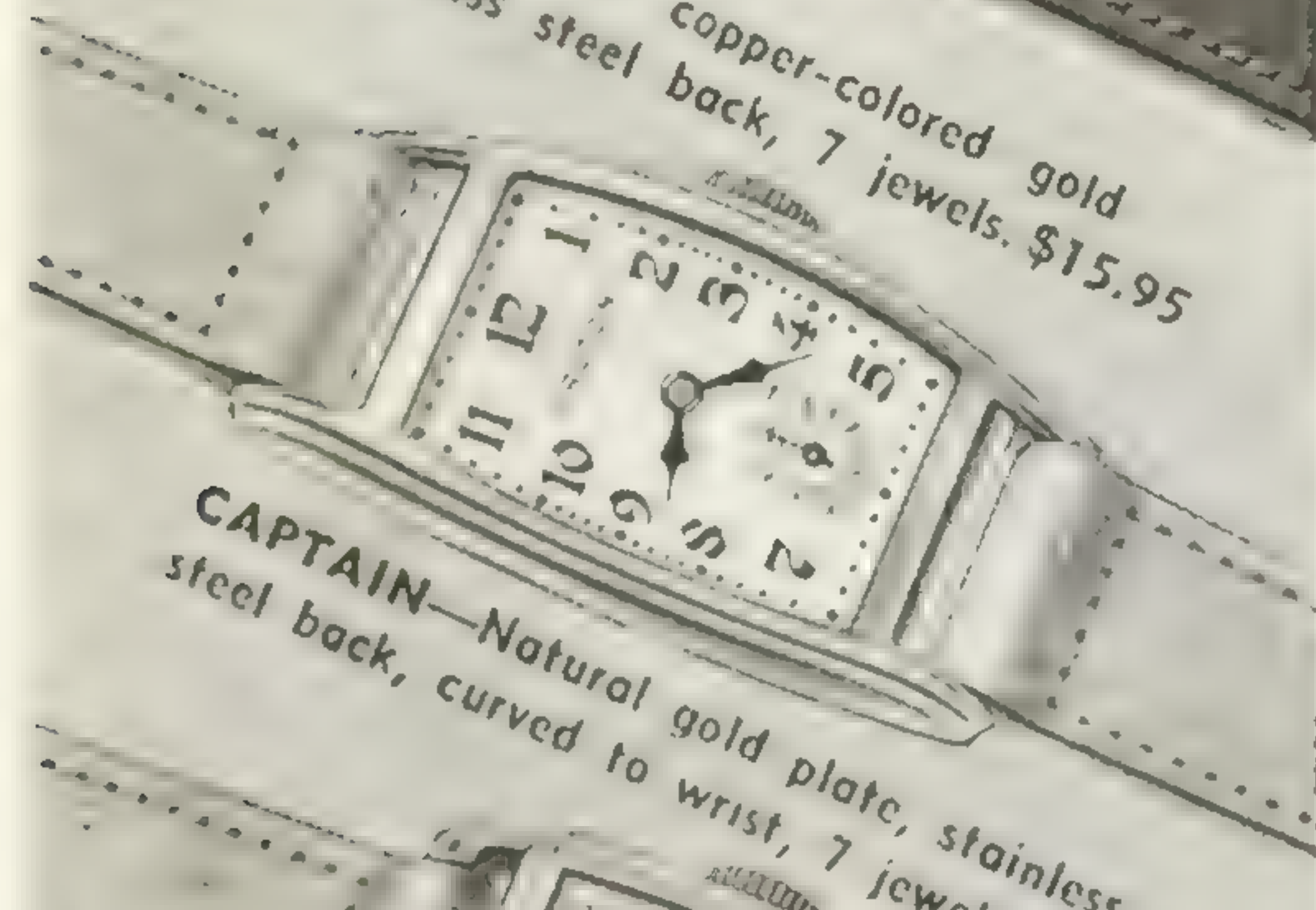
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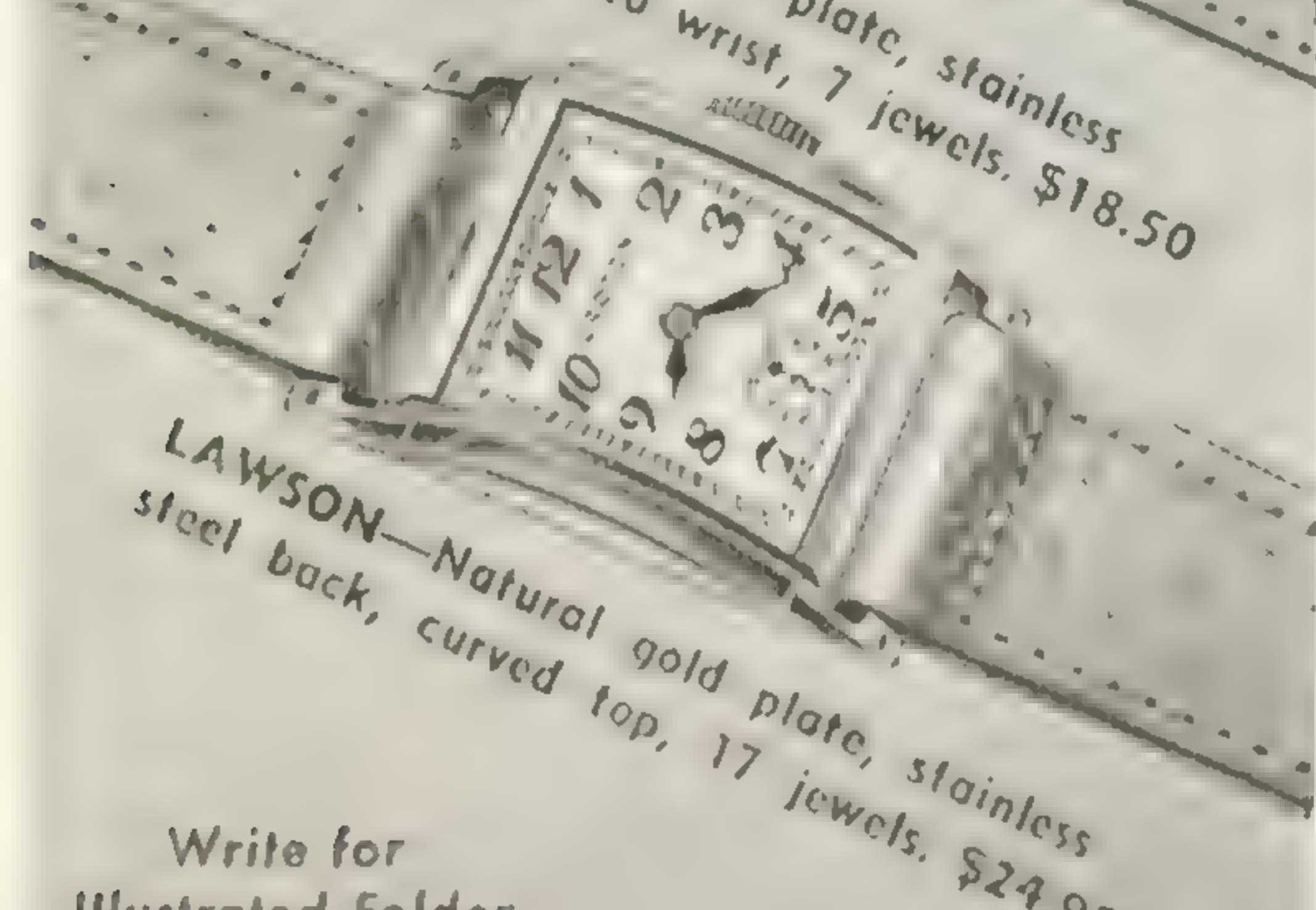
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(Continued from page 74)

swanky. The plot of "Maryland" is woven about this gentleman jockey steeplechase.

John Payne, Zanuck's new fair-haired lad, gets himself another big break in "Maryland." John, Walter Brennan, Fay Bainter and Charlie Ruggles are all grouped around a red plantation house, as Henry King directs Johnny's homecoming scene.

Johnny, returning from abroad, is about to inform his horrified maw that he's going to devote his life to horse-flesh. The sad news hasn't broken yet, though, so the scene is gala. Walter Brennan, the old trainer, Charlie Ruggles, Fay Bainter, and black servants, rush out to greet son John, as he drives up and starts dishing out presents.

Up near us, by the camera, stands a girl looking on quietly and not saying a thing. We recognize her through her smoked glasses as Brenda Joyce, John's love affair in this. The call-sheet doesn't have Brenda down. We're surprised to see her.

"I've never met Mr. Payne," explains Brenda. "And since the first scene we have together is a love scene, I thought I'd just drop around quietly and size him up!" These modern girls!

Mary Beth Hughes, another TC-F modern maiden, is getting a much better chance to size up her man, Cesar Romero, when we look in on the "Rogue of the Rio Grande" set, down the studio line. Cesar's in a bathtub.

"Rogue of the Rio Grande" is standard Cisco Kid drama, so we won't go into that. The set we invade is an old-fashioned Western hotel room, where Cesar is supposed to be using Mary Beth's tub—the only one in town. The tub is hooked to an ancient fire engine outside the stage for heating.

Mary Beth is a sexy, twenty-year-old blonde charmer. The scene is where she finds the Kid sneaking a wash job in her private pool. Several times she slings open the door, very unladylike, and screams, "Get out of my tub!" Cesar just grins and keeps on scrubbing. At the fourth take when Mary Beth yells, "Get out of my tub," Cesar surprises everyone, including Director

"Lucky" Humberstone, by obliging, very nimbly.

It seems the fire engine heating plant has backfired, and the water temperature has shot from 80 to 140 degrees. Luckily, Cesar's wearing shorts.

RKO found Jimmy Lydon, a freckle-faced kid with a wonderful grin, to carry the title role of Thomas Hughes' classic, "Tom Brown's School Days." We find Freddy Bartholomew (so tall now!), Jimmy, and Billy Halop, the ex-Dead-End, having a grand time smashing old flashlight bulbs and scaring the set half out of its wits.

It is the original boys' school plot the movies have filched time and again; that is, the school, infested by holy terrors, gets set right by the new spirit. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the headmaster who does all that, Josephine Hutchinson, his patient wife. The scene we see is a bit of discipline. Billy and Jimmy have been scrapping, and they're up on the carpet, bloody-nosed and black-eyed, with their foppy clothes ripped and torn.

Sir Cedric gives them such a scorching dressing down that Billy Halop bursts into tears and goes to pieces. We expect Billy to be a hysterical wreck when it's over. But the minute the "Cut!" sounds—"Boom!" and "Bop!" go a couple of old flashlight bulbs. He's dropped them behind Jimmy Lydon and Sir Cedric, and when they jump a mile, Billy's tears are vanished in a burst of happy haw-haws. He may be dolled up in an Eton jacket, but we're afraid Billy is still a Dead End kid at heart!

THAT infantile movie confession, "Sandy Is a Lady," is our first set stop at Universal, where we find pictures being made in a slightly cockeyed manner, due to Baby Sandy's language limitations. Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert, Gene Pallette and Edgar Kennedy, a quartet of Hollywood's surest fire funny men, are grouped around the personality tot. Tom Brown and Nan Grey play Mama and Papa, and the two musical kids who made a hit in "The Under-Pup," Billy Lenhart and Kenneth Brown, have been worked into the story. Naturally, directing a baby consists of

keeping on the alert for whatever happens. Director Charlie Lamont tells us he has found out two things—"Tiger Rag" is Sandy's favorite piece, and the word "Cut!" starts her gurgling and smiling. So they reverse things. When they want to start a scene with Sandy, they yell "Cut!" It's a little confusing to the camera crew—but we can testify it works with Sandy.

The long-heralded red-hot mama picture for Ann Sheridan, "Torrid Zone," holds the spotlight at Warner Brothers this month. Down on the "Thirty Acres," a Central American banana plantation has sprung up, with row upon row of real, transplanted banana trees.

"Torrid Zone" is the story of a hard-boiled café entertainer (that's Annie) who shows up in banana land. There she's used by a fruit king (that's Pat O'Brien) to lure back his cocky plantation manager (that's Jimmy Cagney).

Director Bill Keighley gives us a ride on the 1875 vintage railroad to the transplanted trees. Everybody's used to the terrific, stifling smell of ripening fruit—except us—and possibly Annie.

We watch with compassion as Ann hides in a loaded banana car. The cameras are turning now, and Jimmy Cagney gallops his horse down the rows, hot after Annie, the stowaway. She's supposed to elude him in the script—but she doesn't do anything like that. Instead, there's a blood-curdling scream and Ann Sheridan comes tumbling out the sidoor pullman shouting bloody murder.

It takes a few minutes to calm her down. Then she explains that some horrible furry beast crawled over her neck. The prop man grins and pops in the car. In a minute he's out holding a squashed tarantula. "That makes five since the picture started," he says. "They're frozen, and when they thaw out they start going places."

"You're a success, Ann," grins Jimmy Cagney, wickedly. "You're hot enough to thaw out a spider."

From the look Ann throws Jimmy, we'd say she's also hot enough to shrivel a Cagney!

## The Marriage Plans of Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes

(Continued from page 18)

There was, for instance, Mr. Hughes' giving a champagne party to the camera boys. Just a sort of thank-you dinner, said Mr. Hughes. Of course the boys ate the dinner and imbibed the champagne. The joker came out when a few nights later the young sportsman asked the lads if they'd mind, please, not photographing him when he came into night clubs. The reason was, he explained, that his oil business associates didn't like him pictured as a playboy.

Oil business indeed! How do you suppose Ginger felt referred to as an oil business! Amused, I'll wager, from all I know of the girl. The night after the cameramen all solemnly swore they certainly wouldn't photograph their flying pal, she and Howard first appeared in a glittering spot together—Ciro's, of course, the time being now—and what could the cameramen do, poor things, having drunk all that Hughes' champagne, except not to snap them?

There was the sign, too, big as a billboard in Howard and Ginger being out alone together. For both of them have always run in packs up until now, Howard going in for foursomes, and

Ginger favoring clusters of eight or ten. But what has been happening lately is Ginger and Howard out, blissfully dancing, just they two; either that, or sitting at her home looking at movies in Ginger's projection room.

For their love of movies is one of the great things they have in common. Howard has been a producer in the past, you remember, putting "Hell's Angels" and Jean Harlow over with a bang, and he may return to producing again this fall. He has always chosen glamour girls for his companions, so there is no question of Ginger giving up her career for love. Reversely, Ginger won't have to worry over her husband-to-be getting too deeply into film competition with her. Producing is simply an amusing sideline with Howard Hughes. The oil business is his real business. Flying is his hobby (Ginger loves flying, too) but he is no stunt flyer though he is a past master of this art. He is serious, there, working ceaselessly for the advancement of aviation.

Ginger shares this flying enthusiasm. One of the mad delightful factors in this exciting courtship (and one of the

ways that they have kept the glaring eyes of Hollywood from watching their love affair) has been the impulsive way they have made use of Howard's speedy plane. Whenever the whim has seized them they have hopped in his plane to flash down to San Diego for lunch or up to San Francisco for dinner; to make a delightful swoop toward Mexico or way up North to the snow country. If you don't think that's romantic, kiddies, then you are just so many sticks in the mud.

The seriousness of their future plans can be judged by the fact that Ginger is trying to sell her house, and that Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, who adores her, has given Howard Hughes her blessing.

Of course, we admit that a year is a long time in any Hollywood hogan and no one can be considered married out here until everything is signed, sealed and delivered (and not always then). But, really, the illumination in the eyes of Miss Rogers and Mr. Hughes as they look at each other these evenings, across night-club tables, does seem to be that true-for-ever-and-ever glow.



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# Can Hollywood Mothers Be Good Mothers?

(Continued from page 17)

which comes whenever a star is absent from the competitive picture business. There are too many other actresses waiting to fill the vacancy.

Anyway, the Hollywood child is a desired child. Hollywood women want children so much they adopt them, if necessary. The kids of the movie stars are happy and healthy and normal, and when they grow up they have a good chance to turn into respectable, progressive, socially valuable men and women.

For years, of course, parenthood was taboo in the picture industry. At one time all the stars denied having children, if they did have them; now they proudly announce the approach of the stork.

LET'S observe the actress on the job as a mother. I speak as one—I've a son named Dion, who's eight this year.

In the beginning, the Hollywood mother has her children under the most modern medical circumstances, so that the baby has the right start in life. Then she sets about bringing the youngster through its infancy in the best possible manner. There is a nurse, a baby specialist, and, of course, scientific feeding and approved methods all around.

Next comes the school period. I shall never forget the first day of kindergarten for Dion. Joan Blondell was going to start her youngster, Norman, in the same school and we all went down together. Of course as soon as Normie and Dion discovered we were going to leave them they set off into frightened tantrums.

That was at eight o'clock. Joan and I sat huddled in a little anteroom, peering through a whozit in the wall at our young, until one o'clock, when the place closed. Dion and Normie were still yelling. At ten I had turned to Joan determinedly. "It's brutal," I fumed. "They won't be able to eat or anything else. I don't care if Dion never learns anything, I'm going in there and take him home."

"So am I," Joan said, and we turned purposefully. The headmistress was standing just behind us.

"If you do," the headmistress said, "you'll never get them to school again. They'll be all right in a day or so. It's the same with all children."

Joan and I looked at each other. We went back to our observation posts.

We stayed at them from eight until one every school day for two solid weeks! Fortunately, neither of us was working at the time. Dion lost three pounds and went on strike about his ten o'clock milk, but on the fifteenth day he came home with a frightening concoction of paper and crayon marks and glue he'd made, and he was beaming all over.

Now he's reached the age where he wants to stay after school and play football. This coming term, when he goes into the public school in Beverly Hills, he'll be able to do that every afternoon.

THE swank private school is not very popular among Hollywood mothers. I know a couple of stars who found their kids boasting of the big-shot parents the other boarding-school students had. Out came the kids and into public grammar school.

I think the charge that stars' children are snobbish is founded on very weak authority. You must remember the youngsters in Hollywood aren't awed by actors or actresses. Dion

knows simply that Mr. Power and his wife, or Mr. Gable and his wife, are coming to dinner. He knows them as individuals, not as famous names. And goodness knows, Dion isn't impressed by me. He's seen me only once on the screen.

The picture was "Banjo on My Knee," I remember. When we came out of the theater I asked him what he thought. He said he liked the fight between Joel McCrea and that other guy.

"Didn't you like me?" I asked, somewhat wistfully.

"Well, your dress was pretty."

And that was all.

Now about this supposition that because Hollywood women work all day they never get a chance to see their children. Suppose we observe the average mother's day with her little boy. This was an average day at my sister's. She raised our small nephew when his mother died.

Busy with her household tasks, she gets him up at seven-thirty, hands him breakfast and bundles him off to school. He takes his lunch, so she doesn't see him at noon. By the time he comes home, at three o'clock, she's busy preparing dinner—and he wants to play with the kids, anyway—so she gives him a piece of bread and butter and he tears out to play. She calls him in to dinner, and talks with him through the meal, if he isn't too tired to talk to her. Say for forty-five minutes. After dinner, she has more work to do and Junior has homework, so after admonishing him to wash his teeth, and reminding him that he has to get up early for school, she kisses him good night.

Well, I see Dion at breakfast, too. When I'm finished at the studio at six he's waiting in the car, to ride home with me, having been given his dinner earlier. Then until seven-thirty every evening, we talk—about his day and what he thinks and what his problems are. At seven-thirty he goes to bed. That is, when I'm working. He loves it

when I'm working, because otherwise his bedtime is seven.

There's a difference, you see, between the relationship of the ordinary mother and the Hollywood mother. We get fifteen minutes or a half-hour extra with our children. And on week ends and layoffs and vacations we have even more.

AS for spoiling the kids in Hollywood... I've gone to children's parties where little gilt-edged trust funds toddled about, not very impressed by the circus, the clowns, magicians, the color movies or the banquet; and I remembered my own childhood. I didn't get any parties at all. Generally speaking, very few stars had plushy early days or came from rich families.

Thus it's only natural to feel, "I want Junior to have all the things I didn't have." That's understandable, but it's not intelligent. I had to learn that. Had to realize that giving a child a surfeit of things now, dwarfs his perspective later on. I've had to discipline myself to insure his future happiness! I'm not going to rob him of the excitement and triumph of a right perspective on possessions—and other Hollywood mothers discipline themselves on this matter as I do. Christmas before last Dion got thirty or forty expensive presents, from Bob and me and from our friends. No child of seven can cope with so much. Last Christmas I told Dion he could have just five things he wanted.

And that's what he got. The rest were sent to the orphanage. Dion really appreciated his presents then, and has taken care of them.

That is one form of discipline. Hollywood mothers don't spank their children, but they demand, and get, respect and obedience. I made sure Dion knew right from wrong as soon as he could talk or understand; now, when he does something he shouldn't, he's punished by being deprived of something he wants very much. He can't go skating, or he can't exercise other valuable privileges.

He had a date, for instance, to go with his little friend, Joanie Benny, to see "Gulliver's Travels." He was bad for a whole day, and knew he was bad, and didn't care; so Joanie went to the picture and Dion stayed home. It broke his heart, and mine, but it's going to be several weeks before he can see "Gulliver." He knows why, too.

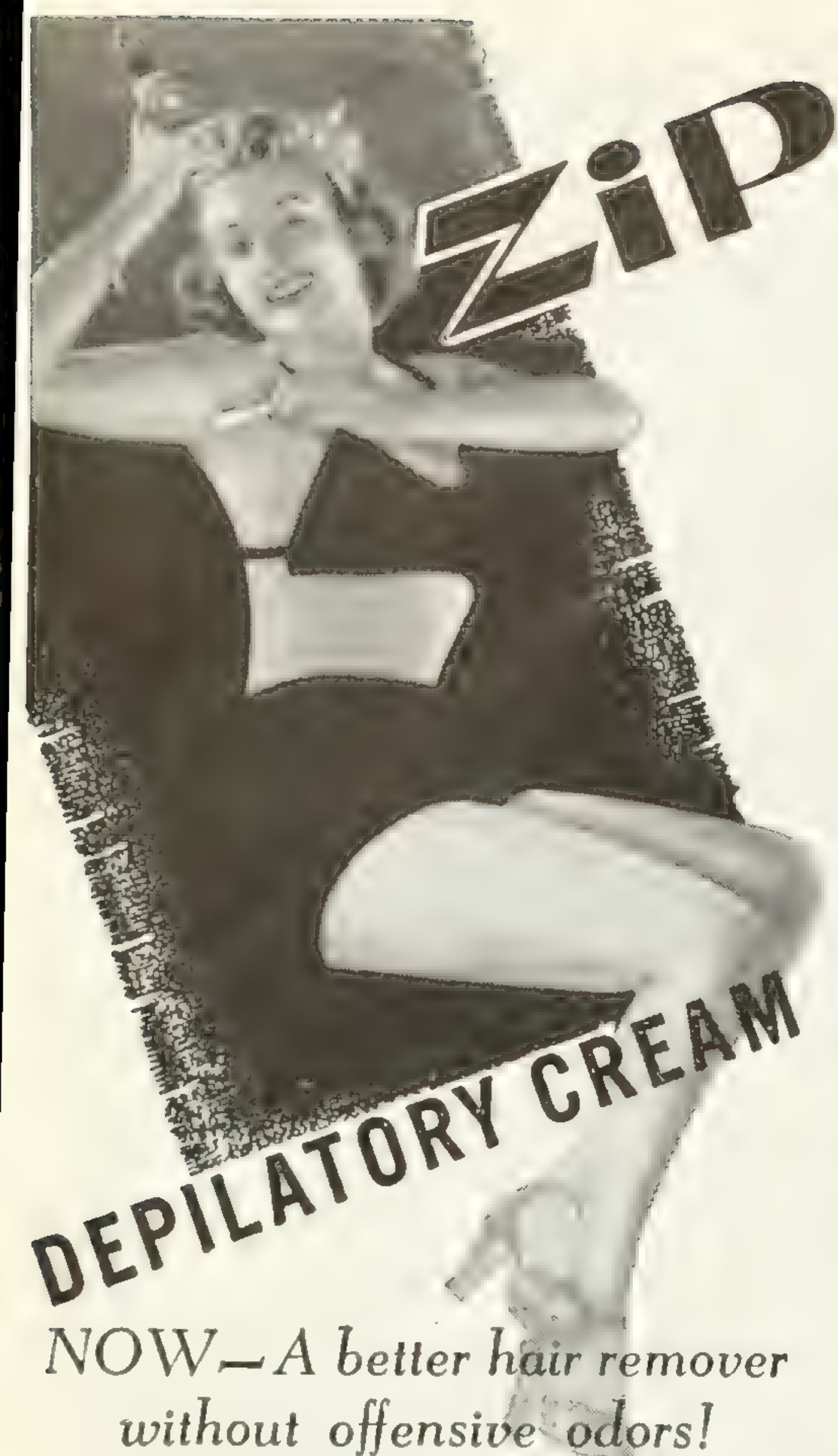
I SUPPOSE the best answer, finally, is in the children themselves when they grow up and show the world how Hollywood's method of child-raising works.

I think it has presented some pretty good examples, which all towns produce. Look at Tim Holt. Look at Lon Chaney, Jr. Look at Noah Berry, Jr. Look at Harold Lloyd's daughters. Look at the dozens of others I could name, if there were space. They're healthy, talented, good-looking, well-mannered.

After all, sociologists continue to remind us that rich, physically strong, intelligent people should have more children than they do. Well, Hollywood seems to be taking the advice to heart. In the face of wars and the rumors of general catastrophe, Hollywood women are taking time out to bear strong, beautiful children, or to adopt them. And whether the rearing of these children is good, bad, or indifferent, at least they'll exist and they'll have healthy bodies, tans, straight teeth, and minds filled with the ideals of American Democracy.



Standing with reluctant (?) feet where the movie chalk lines meet—Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart rehearses for "Sandy Is a Lady"



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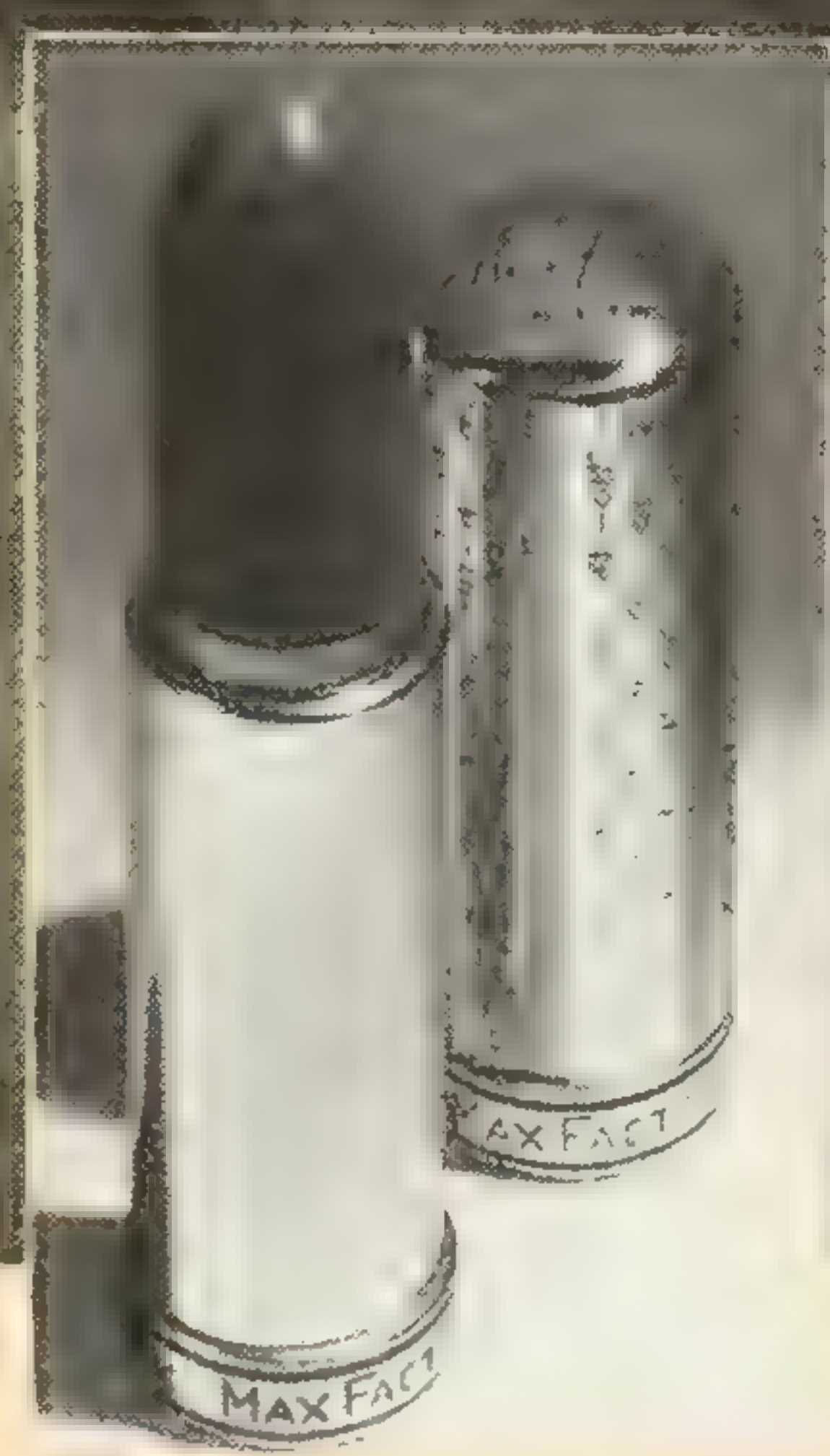
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# Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 72)

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the actor and director who first introduced to the screen "frankness in sex," as he terms it. Today, after all these years, taxicab drivers, writers, icemen, remember the monocled menace of those early pictures.

He became an American citizen years ago and loves this country. Across one brow, romantically enough, he wears a saber cut and on the back of his shaven neck, he very unromantically wears a wound where a horse kicked him.

His smile is news. It completely wipes away the frown, the hurt, from his eyes, and brings out a dimple in his left cheek, revealing the man Von Stroheim that was meant to be. Let's lift our lamps higher that this genius may, once again, find his way home.

## Mammy Goes to Town

From the north, east, west and the very deep south come letters, messages, congratulatory newspaper clippings, to a round-faced, humble, but gifted Negro, named Hattie McDaniel. With that Oscar in her hand, won for her role of Mammy in "Gone with the Wind," Hattie at last comes into her own. For all God's chilluns ain't got Oscars, have they, Hattie? Nor do they have that swell role in "Maryland," which Hattie has just completed for Twentieth Century-Fox.

For the beauty of her soul, the humility in her heart, the spark of genius within, Hattie should have won some award even without the Mammy role.

Born of a Baptist minister in Wichita, Kansas, Hattie, the thirteenth child, has made her way through this world with a song in her heart and on her lips. When the family moved to Denver, Hattie took to singing and reciting with gestures. She ended up winning the gold medal at the Temperance Union meeting for her absolutely amazing rendition of "Convict Joe." She toured the Pantages Circuit with George Morrison's band, all colored, and later branched out into her own little act, written by herself. When bookings were slow, Hattie took to someone's kitchen. Once in Milwaukee when Hattie was down to two dollars and no job, she found a woman who gave her a room on time, and finally a job as maid in the ladies' room of Sam Pick's roadside café. After the orchestra had gone home nights, Hattie in her white apron would come out and sing to customers who showered her with applause and greenbacks. Hollywood found her next. Small jobs here and there came her way, but in between, when the going was bad, Hattie took in washing, still with a song in her heart. Gradually, during her ten years here, the cooking and the laundry jobs grew fewer and fewer and more and more Hattie was seen on the screen.

She didn't talk about how much she wanted the Mammy part. "Long ago I learned to keep my mouth shut," she says. "Too much talking is bad in Hollywood." Everyone in town tested, and then came Hattie's turn, and Hattie just opened her heart and let the tears flow out. There were no more Mammy tests after that, for Selznick put her under contract at once.

With her niece, she keeps her little house in Los Angeles. Every Sunday morning, there sits Hattie in the front row, God love her, at the Independent Church of Christ, her face beaming with the joy of the message.

To her we give PHOTOPLAY's special

award of esteem to a great heart that will never die.

## Opportunity Knocks at Last

On a Santa Monica hilltop overlooking a temperamental Pacific ocean lives Ian (pronounced E-an) Hunter, his wife, and two young sons. The man who scored so unforgettably in "Strange Cargo," is a natural, genial Englishman, voted by all Hollywood as tops.

Most of his stories deal with his boat. Mrs. Hunter, pert, English and a good scout, accompanies him on his thirty-five foot sailboat, and the two spend all their spare time sailing the Pacific.

Ian spent the first fourteen years of his life in Cape Town, South Africa, where he was born on June 13th. When the war tore apart his part of the world, his three older brothers enlisted in the English army, and Ian followed them to England. He failed to fool the recruiting sergeant with his age, however, and entered Aldenham College for two years until he grew old enough to enlist, and for two years he lived under fire in France. When the war was over, there were but three Hunter boys, and the two older boys decided definitely on the stage. Ian, as usual, tagged along. In 1919 Basil Dean, well-known English theatrical figure, gave Hunter his first big opportunity and Ian proved a hit in the stage plays "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Best People," and in Broadway's "The High Road."

Hollywood was only 3,000 miles from Broadway, and Warners soon placed the tall, blue-eyed and quite handsome actor in a dozen or so movies where he never quite got the girl. Ian was that actor that everyone said of, "I like Hunter. Seems like a good fellow."

In "To Mary—with Love," for Twentieth Century-Fox, the town suddenly changed the lyrics to, "Say, that Hunter's a damned good actor, no fooling." On loan to M-G-M (where he is now under contract), he made steady progress until his unforgettable portrait of that soul in all men, *Cambreau* of "Strange Cargo."

He collects etchings, builds elaborate bridges for his ship models, swims in the ocean and not his own swimming pool, plays the piano, loves to listen to good stories and good conversation, trains his two dogs. In short, Hunter is the hero in every good book or story we've ever read, only in Hollywood, for some con-founded reason, they never let him get the girl. Let's start a campaign!

## A Real Winner—With a Photographed Finish

Blonde, nineteen-year-old Nan Grey, Universal starlet, has been in love with the same man (Jackie Westrope) for seven years, has been married to him

for one, has acted in pictures seven years and came into her own in "Three Smart Girls," followed by "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Nan is still growing up in the midst of life while most youngsters are preparing for it.

At twelve, Nan left her native Houston to visit friends in Hollywood with no thought of pictures. Her father was an official of the Motion Pictures Operator's Union in Houston, so naturally Nan had heard movies discussed from the behind the camera angle all her life, and felt none of the thrill of it most youngsters do. Nevertheless, an agent friend of the family was so impressed with this natural young beauty from Texas, he secured her a contract at Warners, with Nan nonchalantly expanding her thirteen years into sixteen and playing a bit in "The Firebird," with Verree Teasdale and Ricardo Cortez, and "Mary Jane's Pa."

Her year at Warners completed, she moved to Universal and has been there ever since. She's made a full dozen or more pictures there, including "Tower of London," "The Invisible Man Returns," "Sandy Is a Lady," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Radio has also taken up her time.

Contrary to most girls, Nan married her childhood hero. With Houston newspapers screaming the achievements of Jockey Jackie Westrope at the Epsom Downs track (the Texas Epsom Downs), Jackie, at fifteen, was the rage of the town. Just before she left Houston Nan met her idol, and shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, Jackie appeared to ride at the California tracks. There has been no one else in her heart from that moment, seven years ago. Nor in Jackie's either.

Together Jackie and Nan ride bicycles, roller skate, ride horses (well, naturally) and play golf. With her own hands, Nan bakes wonderful eggless, milkless, non-baking powder cookies, which Jackie consumes by the jarful, and then he must steam off the resulting poundage. It's true love, believe me. They take their careers sensibly and as matter-of-factly as most young moderns. Between pictures, Nan flies to wherever Jackie is riding, always making it back in time for the broadcast.

Sports clothes are her forte, and the other day while helping her husband pack his belongings for the Tanforan track, she perched his jockey cap atop her blonde head, and instantly got an idea. She's going to popularize feminine jockey caps for sportswear. That will be me coming in next to last around the home stretch, my jockey cap flying to the breeze.

In that number, we wouldn't even make show money.

Gracie Fields and Monty Banks had reason for smiling at the 4-A Ball; not so many hours later, the British star and producer (the latter a popular comedian of silent screen days) were quietly wed—and then sailed back to England!





# "My Mother was a Flapper!"

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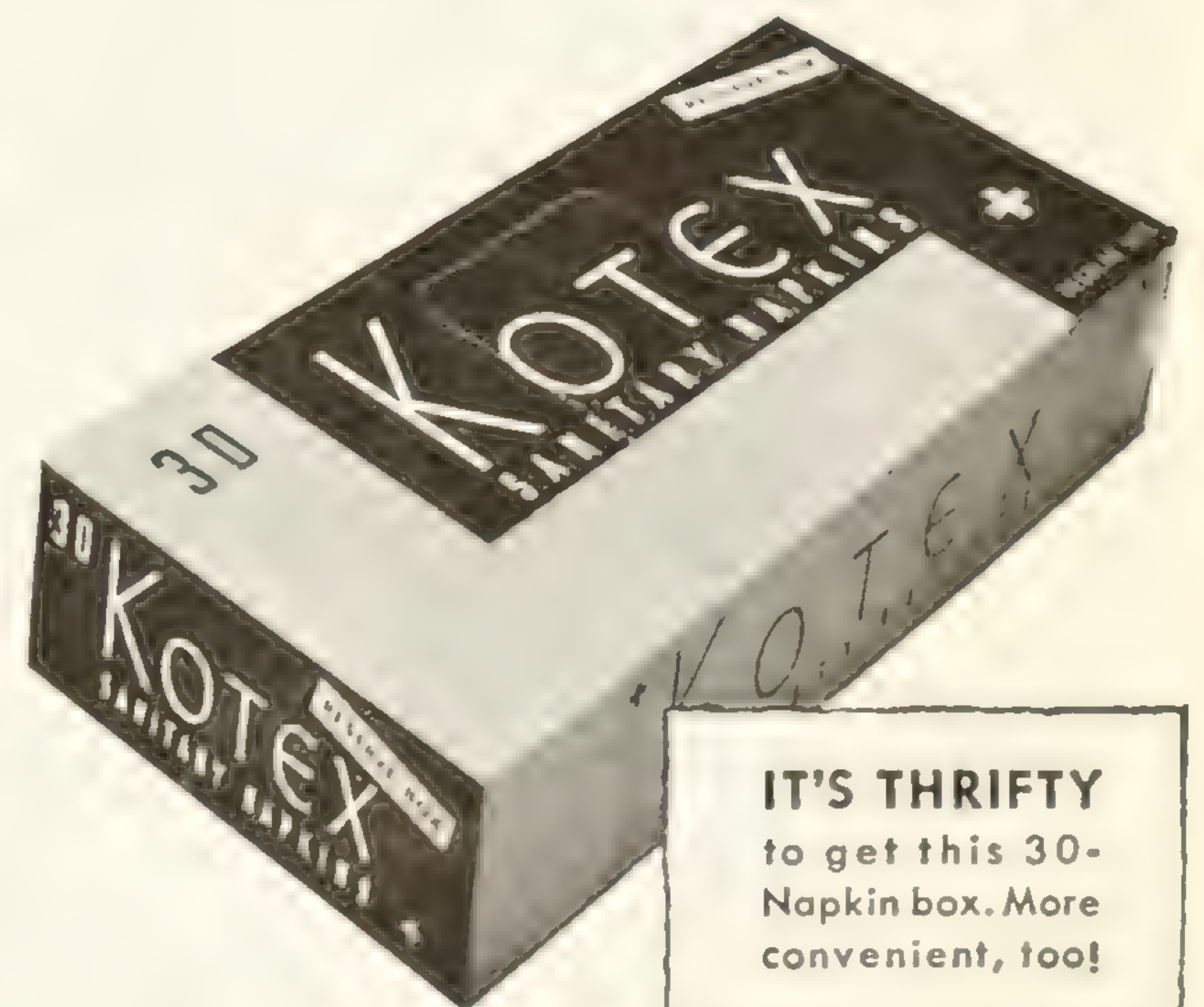


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SIGNALS STYLE!



COTY

## Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 25)

front, the waves slipping away under the stern of the boat, the bulk of Diamond Head looming ahead, the monstrous, upturned cup of the sky covering them and though everything was beautiful she found no comfort in it.

Through the main cabin door she could see Angus MacBride studying a map. In the entrance to the first cabin, Laurel was twisting and tying a bright bandanna over her sleek black hair, leaving enough framing her face to make it more a beauty than a utilitarian measure.

Caroline sat in a wicker chair on one side of the main cabin with a look denoting thorough disapproval of everything. On the opposite side, in an identical chair, Randy sat with a look denoting exactly nothing.

Angus put down the map, opened the icebox and brought out seven bottles of beer. He opened them and, as he did so, handed them one by one to Alastair. Alastair relayed one to Randy who took it without comment, one to Caroline who took it with the comment "I don't want any," handed two down to Laurel, one for her and one for David, who was in the second cabin forward. Alastair said to Caroline, "Where's Ann?"

Without looking up, Caroline said, "Funny, she was chained to my wrist a moment ago. She must have gnawed off her hand and escaped."

"I'm in the fish box," Ann said mournfully. Laurel was not in view. Was David kissing her now? Were they looking into each other's eyes and thinking, "Soon we'll be free to belong to each other openly"? Or were they just sitting on bunks opposite each other, drinking beer? Oh God, how awful it was to be a woman and not belong to anybody!

Alastair came out with her beer. He loitered. "Lonely?" he said.

"Yes, it's awful being on a desert island," said Ann. "Just the rustling of the wind in the trees, you know? And thinking about civilization and eating clams. I'm getting very sick of clams but then, one has to live, hasn't one?"

"You're getting so you talk just like Caroline." There was a note of resentment in his voice. He took a big swig of beer.

Ann said, "Come back when I'm really up in the part. I'll show you something."

Inside the cabin Angus picked up a ukulele and started strumming it and Alastair wandered back to listen. Laurel and David came and stood on the steps side by side.

Angus sang, with a rather nice voice,

"Whe-en Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop  
There's no-ot a bit of use for a traffic  
cop  
For ev'rything and ev'rybody comes to  
stop  
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop.

She does her very best to satisfy  
She shakes her holoku and she winks  
her eye,  
You'll always find the fellows hanging  
round her lanai,  
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop."

"What," said Randy, "is her holoku?"  
"Dress, libertine," said Caroline.  
"Oh," Randy went back to his beer.

"That wahine has an opu with a college  
education,  
There's no motion she won't go through,  
She doesn't leave a thing to your imag-  
ination. . . ."

"Opu?" Randy said, with a stir of interest.

"Stomach," said Angus.

"O-oh, Hattie's sure to die from too  
much gin  
But she will never pay for her life of  
sin . . .

St. Peter's going to take a look and say,  
'Come on in.'  
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop."

"Very misleading, this language," Randy said.

Caroline threw down her magazine and came out on the afterdeck. She discovered Ann in the fish box and sat down in one of the swivel chairs. "What's that huddle in there on the steps?" she said. "And what are you doing out here? Aren't you woman enough to protect your own interests?"

Ann said, "Lay off me. Just because you're mad at Randy."

Caroline said tartly, "This Mormon village that's springing up right under Alastair's nose is going to look sweet in print, isn't it?"

"What do you expect me to do, go in and sit on their laps?"

"I expect you to get her out of his lap," Caroline said.

"Sorry," Ann said, "I'm an actress, not a magician."

Abandoning the subject abruptly, Caroline looked thoughtful for a moment. "Where," she said, "is Diamond Head?"

"Behind us," Ann said.

"Right behind us so you could reach out and touch it?" Caroline said. "Or is that a wave?"

It was a wave big enough to obscure Diamond Head. And that, in any man's language, is a wave.

Caroline put her hand on her head. "I'm beginning to feel odd, really I am. If I'd known we were going to ride steeplechase, I'd have brought a horse."

THE Humuhumunukunuku nosed gallantly into another mountain of water, struggled to the top and took a belly dive into space. She groaned as she hit the trough, shook herself and seemed to have a moment of indecision about which direction to take. This decided, she attacked the next liquid Mt. Everest.

"I feel," Caroline said, in the voice of one hypnotized, "like an ungrateful rat, but I don't like this. I want to go home."

She rose, groped her way into the

main cabin and collapsed in a heap on one of the long bunks, emitting low, piteous moans. Randy hovered over her. "Try to think of something else," he urged.

"Try to mind your own business." Caroline's equilibrium had gone but her spirit hadn't entirely taken flight.

THEY were pitching in earnest now. Leaning out, hanging fast to the fish box and looking toward the prow, Ann saw endless walls of water rolling up out of the darkness with seeming glutinous intent. There was nothing behind them except limitless black, rolling, pushing water. David and Laurel had disappeared. They must have, she decided, gone forward again. Ann shivered a little. She was wet through from the spray. She climbed out of the fish box feeling desolate and, clinging to the swivel chairs in order to keep her feet on the slippery deck, made her way into the main cabin. Even with her eyes closed, Caroline wore a look of singular and admirable determination. As Ann leaned over her, she opened one eye. "If anybody asks, later," she said weakly, "my relatives all went down on the Titanic. We have a way, we Hathaways, of picking the most inconvenient form of death."

Ann looked across the cabin. Angus was jiggling keys and pushing buttons on the radio telephone. She went over to him. "What're you doing?"

He frowned. "Trying to reach shore. I didn't tell anybody we were coming out." Abruptly he abandoned the effort. "Can't get a rise out of them."

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Of course not," said Angus. "Have another beer, Ann?"

"No thanks. It's pretty rough, isn't it?"

Willi, at the wheel, gave her a peculiar look and made a little hissing noise through his teeth. Angus said, "It's rougher than usual."

Ann felt her way down the companionway.

Laurel and David were in the second cabin. Ann stopped in the doorway saying, "May I come in? There aren't very many places one can go on a small boat, are there?"

Laurel was sitting on the bunk opposite David, smoking. She said, "I'm glad you came down. David and I have been talking."

Ann slid up onto the bunk beside David, careful not to sit too close and thereby seem to be establishing a claim.



Very proud papa! Deprived of an opportunity to be with his wife, Frances, when their second child (and first son) was born, Henry Fonda hurried from the "Lillian Russell" set to New York, where the two celebrated at La Conga



"Things might as well be talked out now as any time," Laurel added, with a businesslike air.

"What things?"

"Oh . . . details," said Laurel.

David was staring at his shoes. Ann had seen him look just this way before, when he was considering whether or not to sign a contract for a picture.

Ann said, "What details? It seems to me everything is settled. David is still in love with you and I'm going to divorce him so he can remarry you. Have I left anything out?"

Laurel smiled winningly. "Nothing of importance," she said. "But unimportantances have to be discussed too, unfortunately."

"For instance?"

"Well," Laurel said, "for instance, David tells me you haven't discussed a settlement."

Ann felt a slight pressure from David's elbow. Had she imagined it? He was still staring at his shoes.

"Money?" Ann said.

Again the winning smile. Laurel's voice was very gentle and friendly. "It's customary," she said, "when two people get a divorce, to make certain financial arrangements. I want to know . . ." she laughed a little, ". . . as David's former and future wife, just how much money you expect from him. I want to know where we stand."

"Why?" Ann said. "Isn't David enough?"

There was a flash of hatred in Laurel's eyes for a moment, but only for a moment. "You mustn't be bitter," she said. "I'm only being . . . as everybody has to be sometimes . . . practical."

"I'm not bitter," Ann said. "Just curious. I don't see what money and settlements have to do with love, that's all. I was only asking."

David said, "I think you're being a

little hasty, Ann. It's only natural that Laurel should want to know what to expect in the future." He looked at Laurel. "When we were first married," he said, "I was earning well over fifty thousand a year, wasn't I?"

"Fifty-three, to be exact," Laurel said, "with the agent's commission deducted."

"Mmm." David looked at his shoes again. "I'm getting a lot more now. But you've no idea how income tax eats into those figures."

"I know," Laurel said sympathetically. She turned back to Ann. "What do you think would be fair, Ann?"

Again that slight pressure. This time Ann knew she hadn't imagined it. "I'll have to discuss it with my lawyer," she said. "I hadn't thought about it really."

"Of course," Laurel said, "it isn't as though you didn't have a huge income of your own."

"No," Ann agreed. "I have a very good salary. But of course an actress can't count on more than . . . well, ten years at best."

"Oh, but you'll marry again," Laurel said patting her knee. "Then it will be your husband's place to see that you're taken care of. A girl as attractive as you are. . . ."

"That's very kind of you," Ann said. "But at the moment I'm just counting on the money I earn myself."

Laurel laughed. "You're making at least two thousand a week."

"Yes I am," Ann said. "I'm making more."

ANN looked at David. He wore a different expression now. He seemed to be listening to something. Ann said, "What is it?"

"Does it strike you," David said, "that there's something missing?"

"Missing?"

"The motor seems to have stopped," David said. "Excuse me a moment." He got up and left the cabin. Laurel and Ann looked at each other. Laurel smiled. "I hope we're going to be very good friends afterward, Ann. I've really grown quite fond of you."

"Have you really?" Ann said.

"Yes. There's something about you. You're so . . . so . . ."

"Simple-minded?" Ann said.

"I don't think that's a very nice way to accept an offer of friendship."

"I don't either," Ann said. "That is, I don't, if one wants the friendship. But I don't want yours, you see. You're not my type, Laurel." She followed David out of the cabin.

Above, she found David, Willi and Randy leaning over the gaping aperture made by lifted deck sections. Angus was at the wheel. He said, without regard for courtesy, "Get out of the light."

Ann stepped aside and made her way carefully to the bunk where Caroline was lying. The *Humuhumunukunuku* was pitching like a bucking horse. The sound of the waves crashing against her prow was louder and more menacing.

Laurel came up from below and said to Angus, "What's happened?"

"Nothing," Angus said.

"The engine's stopped," Laurel said, as though Angus had with deliberate malice thrown it overboard.

"Yes," Angus said quietly, "the engine's stopped."

"Is it broken?"

"If it weren't, it wouldn't have stopped." This was a different Angus. Ann realized for the first time, watching him, that they were in a serious situation unless Willi, diligently poking into the engine's interior, was successful.

Willi dashed that hope when he straightened up and said into space,

"It's no good. The block has cracked."

Angus said, "Take the wheel." Without a word Willi threw down his wrench and took Angus' place. Angus, rubbing his arms, leaned against the table and looked around. "I'm sorry," he said, "but without a motor we can't get to Molokai. I'd like to be able to say that somebody is on the way out to pick us up but I can't seem to get through to Honolulu on the radio telephone. And nobody knows we're out here."

Caroline sat up. "What's going to happen?"

"We're going to drift," said Angus.

"Unless," said Randy, "we capsize."

David went out to the afterdeck. Ann followed and stood beside him. She realized for the first time how big the Pacific Ocean is and how little she was. David, hanging to the rail, cupped his hand against the wind. "Afraid?"

"Yes," Ann said. Soberly she watched the massive waves rolling behind them.

"I'd like to say," David said, "that the money discussion down there was not my idea. I hope you know that, Ann."

"I do," Ann said, and then in her ears rang the same words spoken at another time and meaning something quite different. She put her hand out on an impulse and took his arm.

"Oh David!" she said.

"What, dear?"

"Nothing. Just . . . oh, David."

They weren't divorced. He might be divorced from her but she would never be divorced from him. She knew that now.

"'Til death do us part" was Ann's vow—and, every moment, death seems more imminent than divorce, despite Laurel's stranglehold on David. Strange things happen in the crippled boat, adrift in an angry sea; follow its course in July PHOTOPLAY!

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- HI-LIGHTS HAIR OUTSIDE



# "My Life With John"

(Continued from page 26)

timental novel, most likely, and it had one of those mawkish deathbed scenes. But it said one thing which seemed to me wise then, and still does. The heroine was a woman who lived in the future. One day she woke up and found herself dying, with all of life un-lived.

"I made up my mind then and there that the only thing I'd ever regret was not having lived my life to its fullest. Today is all you're sure of, so take what today offers—whether it's a walk in the park or love or pain even. If I were to pass out this minute, at twenty-four, I will have lived twenty-four years completely, and I have every intention of living the rest of my life the same way.

"AS for my life with John, it's built on two things—love and similar tastes. And I think the second is more important. It was my passion for the theater that brought us together.

"I was majoring in journalism at college, and we had an assignment to do an interview. I'd read that John was in town. I'd been nutty about him from childhood—about all the Barrymores, in fact. I had scrapbooks filled with pictures and clippings. I thought, what a marvelous scoop if I could get an interview with John Barrymore." Her face turned impish as she murmured, "Longest interview on record, I imagine. Lasted five years.

"I wrote him a note, and when he phoned, I thought it was a gag. Then I recognized his voice and almost keeled over. When I got to the hospital, he

started interviewing me. I told him about my mad love for the theater. I told him about the scrapbooks, which amused him. I told him I'd had some auditions with NBC, and he asked if I'd like to bring the script over next day and read it to him. He talked to me about Shakespeare. Have you ever heard John talk about Shakespeare? Then you'll know that I sat enthralled. Figuratively, I soaked my head in water. I said to myself, 'He's bored to death at the hospital, you sap. Once he gets down south, he'll forget all about it.'"

Not till John phoned from Florida did Elaine begin to take the situation seriously. He had planned a five weeks' cruise on his yacht. He was back in ten days. It was a whirlwind courtship in the most dazzling romantic tradition. They were married the following November.

The most fundamental of the interests they share is an exhilarating zest for life. The notion has got abroad that John is a thoroughgoing cynic. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"That's what makes living with him such fun," says his wife. "He's a terrific enthusiast. He'll decide one morning that he can't live another minute without going through the Museum of Natural History. That doesn't mean let's do it tomorrow or next week. It has to be now. I may have my whole day planned, but I might as well call it all off, and I do. If anyone had ever told me that I could be fascinated by stuffed animals and geological exhibits, I'd have said, 'You're crazy!' But that was before

I'd seen stuffed animals with John.

"He never does anything in a mild way. Suppose he wants to read a book. It wouldn't occur to him to pick one off the shelf. He has to buy out the bookshop. Before I knew him, I'd never read a mystery. He adores them, especially these honest-to-God horror stories. Now he's got me going, and it's a race as to who can find the most gruesome.

"WE both loathe routine, we both loathe set hours. It's usual for people to get up in the morning and have breakfast and lunch and dinner and go to bed. That's not our way. If we feel like talking half the night, we sit round the fire and talk half the night.

"Last night, for instance, he started reminiscing about the old musical comedy halls. That's the kind of talk people pay money to hear. And there I had it all to myself, for nothing. Then we got into a wonderful argument about the acting technique of Hayes and Bankhead. Which reminds me of another thing. People always treat John's acting with reverence—the great John Barrymore. He hates hero worship. Being on a pedestal makes for no fun in his life. His acting isn't sacred to him. He's human and makes slips. I may be brash, but I'm also an average playgoer, so I criticize him as such. He likes having someone around who'll see him honestly and give him an honest reaction.

"My husband will clamor for food in the middle of the night. It's never anything casual he wants, like scrambled

eggs, that I could throw together myself. No, it has to be oysters or game out of season, so I start phoning restaurants. Sooner or later we're bound to track it down, so that occasionally you'll find the Barrymores breakfasting at the normal hour—but on lobster thermidor, not bacon and eggs.

"The other Sunday night John was reading the paper. Dinner was about to be served, when he leaped up. 'Look, here are two pictures we've been perishing to see.' We hunted up the schedule and found that by dashing right out, we could catch them both. We saw 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington' first, grabbed a bar of chocolate to eat in the movies, hopped into a taxi, and saw 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips.' We had a wonderful time and ate at twelve.

"JOHN has some cute tricks around the house, too. He fancies himself a cook and tosses little masterpieces together, the point being to use every condiment in the kitchen. The stuff's so hot, it's as much as your life's worth to taste it, but you can't hurt his feelings by turning it down. Then, periodically, he'll get ideas—that the coffee should be made with eggshells, for instance. He generally pulls that one the day we get a new cook.

"He loves to go shopping with me. We agree mostly on dresses, but never on hats. They'll bring out an import worth hundreds of dollars, I'll catch that certain gleam in my husband's eye, and shudder. It takes more than a shudder, however, to stop John. He'll go into a

SHE SHALL HAVE "FANS"  
WHEREVER SHE GOES



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lengthy and picturesque discourse on the subject of women's hats in general and this horror, quotes, in particular. "It takes a stick of dynamite to get him to the tailor's, but once he's there, his imagination soars, and he orders by the dozen. Oh yes, and he has his own peculiar way of acquiring shoes. Theoretically, they're made-to-order. Then he gets annoyed by the idea of fittings, and phones his measurements in. They're always wrong. The shoes are made up at some outrageous price, they arrive, they don't fit, he slings them into the closet and goes out and buys ready-made shoes."

ELAINE was enjoying herself. I was afraid to inject a word, lest she stop. She went on. "There is also the matter of animals. John's insane about them—from dinosaurs on down. I have visions of his bringing home a baby elephant some day. He would see nothing extraordinary in it. 'It's a cute thing I picked up,' he'd say. I remember a certain seal named Flipper who was in a picture with him. I'd wake every morning not at all sure that I wouldn't find Flipper draped over the bed like that seal of Thurber's.

"As for dogs, there's something uncanny about it. We have three in California and two here. We had to find a place with a terrace for the Great Dane. That was as important to John as his bedroom. He seems to have a certain language with them. I'm not in on it, because he whispers to them mostly."

She likes New York better than California. "For one thing, my friends are here. For another, John worked all day in Hollywood and I was left pretty much to myself. You can see just so many movies, you can read just so many books, and I don't like driving to nowhere. If you're the outdoors type, you can go forth briskly, play thirty-six holes of golf in the morning, and tennis after lunch. I'm not the outdoors type. I ferried between Magnin's and Bullocks Wilshire, looking at the clothes."

In New York she and John are appearing in the same play—a comedy success called "My Dear Children." Even before she knew him, she had dreamed of his returning to the stage. She felt it was a pity that neither she nor any of her generation had seen him in the theater. He was willing, provided a suitable script could be found. They decided that "My Dear Children," with changes, would do.

Elaine's opening night was a nightmare. Now the play's an established routine which she loves. She and John have a light meal at home and reach the theater a little after eight. They generally go home between matinee and evening performances because she feels that John can rest better there. His birthday was an exception. As a birthday gift, she'd had his dressing room redecorated, and spent the devil's own time trying to keep him out. She told him the pipes had burst and the room was flooded. He was bent on a prompt

investigation, and she had to hold him back by the coattails. Somehow she managed. They had dinner that evening in a beautiful blue and gold dressing room—John's favorite colors.

They usually go home directly after the show, "—and then we really eat. Oh, what a blessed feeling—to get into a housecoat, sit down at a table in front of the fire and smoke and lounge and talk. And there you have us up-to-date—except for a couple of interludes," she added, with a gamin's grin.

Which emboldened us to inquire about the interludes. She explained them with the same candor that had distinguished her throughout.

"No two people, unless they're both endowed with angelic dispositions, can adjust themselves to marriage within six months or a year. Our case may have been aggravated by the fact that we both have definite minds and no hesitation about speaking them. But the point is, we weren't left to ourselves to make that necessary adjustment. If you have a difference of opinion with your husband, you make up and no one's the wiser. Our differences became a matter of public interest. Everyone interfered. The newspapers raised such a howl that the whole thing fell out of perspective.

"We're wiser now. We know what the papers can do and we're not going to let them do it again. We know how miserable we are apart. We're not so foolish as to believe that we'll never again argue about anything. Differences stimulate, and make for variety. But I've reached the conclusion that my life with John is more important to me than anything else, and I'm ready to do my best to keep it. He's twenty men in one," she added on a lighter note. "Where could I find another like him?"

ONE fact seems to have been lost sight of in the melee. Barrymore has consorted with the great of the earth, and could still take his pick of them. He's a man of wit and charm and sophistication. "I've been married four times," he said once, "and this is the first time I've known what it's all about." Since he chose Elaine, it's reasonable to suppose that he, too, would have had to go far afield to find another like her.

Her maid is a quiet, self-effacing, middle-aged woman—the kind you'd expect to find in an English country house, if you read English novels. She spoke to me while Elaine was phoning to John. I could hardly have been more astonished if the table had spoken. Her voice was soft, but its tone was scathing. "You know," she said, "sometimes I feel like taking these newspaper people and knocking their heads together. The things they say about Mrs. Barrymore! She's not like that at all."

What she is like, you may have gathered. Blunders of youth and inexperience she may have made. They're of no consequence, stacked up against her basic honesty, courage and kindness. She carries her head high, because that's the way it comes natural to her.

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— and appeal to "him"—  
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LEFT

**KAY GRIFFITH**, 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Player in "Maryland", wearing the new "Hour Glass"—a soft, shimmering creation of beauty and distinction tailored in *Water Velva*, Jantzen's new fabric sensation, \$6.95 in U.S.A. Other Jantzen styles \$4.95 to \$10.95.

RIGHT

**IRMA WILSEN**, 20<sup>th</sup> Century-Fox Player in "Maryland", wearing the "Mademoiselle"—slenderizing suit of youth. The fabric is *Velva-Lure*, soft, rich, velvety, \$5.95 in U.S.A. Other Jantzen styles \$4.95 to \$10.95.

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## PHOTOPLAY'S STORE WINDOW

Many of the costumes featured on the fashion pages will be found in the following stores throughout the country.

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Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood  
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago  
G. Forrester, Waterbury  
A. Harris, Dallas  
Harzfeld's, Kansas City  
Himmelhoch's, Detroit  
Jos. Horne, Pittsburgh  
Higbee Company, Cleveland

Famous Barr Co., St. Louis  
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle  
LaSalle & Koch, Toledo  
Mary Lewis, New York  
Shillito's, Cincinnati  
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis  
Neiman Marcus, Dallas  
Yunker Bros., Des Moines  
Denver Dry Goods, Denver

The White House, San Francisco

Prices on this merchandise may vary in different sections of the country.



If you want to keep your hair **DRY**, you'll insist on one of these unique, patented caps (the only kind used by Billy Rose's "Aquacade" Swimmers)



(lower left) The "Dry Seal" really stays on without strap. (lower right) The popular Lane "Stay-Dry" in Aviator style. Plenty of other styles, too.

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● In and out of the pool twelve times a day—seven days a week—all summer long. That's the routine of the "Aquabelles." No wonder they insist on bathing caps that really keep their hair dry... Seamless Caps, with the ingenious patented "inner rings" which seal the water out. But that's not all. Like these professionals, you'll enjoy the all-day comfort of caps that fit snugly without binding... and the patented lining that keeps your hair from sticking to the inside. Style? Of course... loads of it! And a wide selection of colors to top off 1940's smartest beach wear.

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RED-SEAL  
VALUE



The  
**SEAMLESS RUBBER**  
Company

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

## Hollywood Birth Rate—Going Up!

(Continued from page 17)

Never have I seen so proud a father as Ray, nor a home where a baby was wanted with such desperate longing. For both Ray and Muriel it was a dream of eight years miraculously come true, for in all those years, since their marriage in 1931, a child was the one thing they wanted and the one thing which seemed destined to be denied them.

"How could I help but have faith in the future?" Ray asked. "We ourselves can give our son everything of love and comforts. We have insured his financial security insofar as it is humanly possible by planning and saving for the tomorrow in which he will live. And, as for his liberty and freedom, his inherent right to build a life of his own making, American liberty will guarantee it tomorrow as surely as it does today. That is the great heritage I am giving my child."

Ray and Muriel used to live in Coldwater Canyon, but when they learned of the baby's coming they immediately called in architects to start work on a new house with emphasis on the nursery. A lovely room it is, too, in dainty pinks and blues and equipped with every comfort and convenience. Crisp white curtains hang at the six windows of the room, tied back with bows of blue and in one corner stands the old-fashioned crib in which Muriel's own grandmother slept as a baby.

Close on the tiny heels of the Milland baby came the first child of Douglas Fairbanks and his lovely wife, Mary Lee Epling. Unlike Ray Milland, Doug was on hand to welcome his little one, having reserved a room for himself in the hospital before the arrival of daughter Daphne, who weighed in at seven and a half pounds.

Her coming was the signal for the gathering of members of both Mary's and Doug's family—Mary's mother and sister; and Doug's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whiting, and his grandmother, Mrs. Sully. As another family link with the past, little Daphne was carried home from the hospital wrapped in the same quilted blanket in which her mother was wrapped twenty-six years ago.

A spankin' new home awaited the baby in Pacific Palisades. The house was bought several months ago and re-decorated from top to bottom, but Doug and Mary refused to move in until they could take possession of it as a family.

NOT all homes of Hollywood babies are as lavish or complete as the Millands' and Fairbanks' babies will occupy. When the baby of Bill and Grace Durkin Henry arrived home a few days after the Fairbanks', it was to find a nursery in readiness but a living room and dining room strangely bare.

Bill frankly admitted, "We're on a strict budget. We've got the house all paid for, but we're doing the rooms one by one."

"But you could afford the baby?" I asked.

Bill and Grace beamed. "You bet!" they said. "What are a few sticks of furniture compared to our baby!"

They have level heads on them, those two. They know that contentment fills those two rooms bare of furniture, while the breakfast room and small library, complete with books, easy chairs and lamps, meantime gives all the creature comforts two young people in love need. They are building for the future in the real sense of the word.

Each was twenty-one when they mar-

ried four years ago. That means they were born in 1914, the year of the outbreak of the World War.

"People were making the same prediction of a disastrous future then as they are now," Bill said. "Yet look at the fine lives we have had, lives that would have been denied us if our parents had paid any attention to the caterwauling of the pessimists of that day. As I see it, the boy of today will have no graver issues to face in the future than any other generation before him. And the girl of today will have opportunities in her future far greater than any her mother or grandmother before her possibly could have known."

While Grace and the baby still were in the hospital, Bill gave himself the added thrill of picking out the nursery furniture, simple pieces in washable cream-colored wood, and personally supervised the installation. Grace already had prepared the room with wallpaper in fine pink and blue stripes, crisscross curtains of white and blue and white linoleum on the floor. Place of honor in the room was reserved for the mahogany cradle with its old-fashioned foot pedal for rocking in which Bill's grandmother once was cradled.

Almost duplicating the Henry nursery was the one into which the baby of Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin was carried two weeks after the Henry baby arrived. It's not surprising, for Gertrude and Grace are sisters and had a great time comparing notes and making plans together in the months of waiting for their babies.

MAY flowers will be blooming along the Hudson when the eagerly awaited child of Geraldine Fitzgerald and the Hon. Edward Lindsay-Hogg is born.

Geraldine wanted the baby born in their house in Ireland. Chaotic conditions abroad making that impractical, she has chosen to join her husband in New York where his work with the Irish Emergency Fund keeps him busy.

No name will be given the baby until after the traditional family conference; such an event is not treated lightly in either Geraldine's or her husband's family for it involves the bestowal of an ancestral name as well as one of her own choice.

Radiant with happiness and completely indifferent to the physical discomforts of prospective motherhood, Geraldine is almost militant in her antipathy towards women who can have children and do not do so.

"A woman always can find a dozen excuses if she doesn't want to have children," she charged. "Actually there is but one valid excuse, when the parents are not mentally or morally equipped to be parents. Blaming it on fear of the future and world conditions is so much bosh. It is the handy alibi of the defeatist."

Actually it takes less physical courage to have a baby today than in our mothers' time, she added. Science today offers both mother and child so much greater protection and care and can do so much to alleviate pain and suffering which heretofore had to be borne as a matter of course. Even that retreat for the escapist no longer is open.

New York also will be the birthplace of the second child of John and Robbie Garfield which is due in July. John currently is appearing in the stage play, "Heavenly Express," and does not plan to return to Hollywood until some time in the fall. Although young by modern

standards to be the parents of a two-year-old daughter—he is twenty-six and she twenty-four—both view world conditions today through coldly analytical eyes. Before leaving Hollywood recently, John said to a friend:

"In all honesty, I cannot see where the world or humanity is any worse off today than it has been in the past and why bringing children into it should raise any new problems or fears. Both Robbie and I grew up among poverty and trouble on the East Side. We had only those advantages we made for ourselves. Why, then, should we have fear for our children when they have the same heritage we had, plus the advantages of added comfort, education and security we now can give them in America? How great that heritage is you never realize or appreciate until you compare it with the virtual slavery that exists in other lands today."

JULY will be a busy month for the Hollywood stork. Three other stellar babies are due in that period, including those of Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian, Anne Shirley and John Payne, and Russell Hayden and Jane Clayton.

While happy beyond words at the prospect, Janet and Adrian steadfastly have refused to make any plans about the event; both entertain a nameless superstition, not uncommon among parents-to-be, that plans of any kind may rob them of later joy. Naturally they are entitled to respect for that feeling.

It will be Master Clayton Michael Hayden or Miss Sandra Ann (Sandy Ann) Hayden who arrives late in July for the Russell Haydens. He is *Lucky* of the "Hopalong Cassidy" series. She is the former "heart interest" in the same series. They were married in October of 1938 and are the two most excited youngsters in town about their coming baby.

Everything down to the last detail of godfather (Russell Harlan, cameraman on the "Hopalong" pictures) has been settled. The nursery in their new home in Cheviot Hills will be done next month. Already Jane has completed half of the layette which she is making by hand and the christening dress which her grandmother wore is freshly laundered and ready.

Youngest of the prospective Hollywood mothers is twenty-one-year-old Anne Shirley who will bear twenty-eight-year-old John Payne's son or daughter late in July. Serenity seems to envelop them and gratitude for the happiness which has been given them.

The name for the new baby will be a "brand new name." Oddly enough, they are reserving the name of John Payne, Jr. for their second child to come some time in the future. The nursery will be the transformed guest room of the house, done in delicate pink and cream. They plan to build a new home in the next few years when there will be need for more room.

Latest baby thus far scheduled on the 1940 Hollywood calendar is the Weissmuller child due in September. Both Johnny and Beryl Scott feel it is too soon to begin concrete plans, but in several weeks they too will be chin deep in talk of nurseries, names and layettes.

There will be others to follow them before the year is out. Hints of it leak out every day to be confirmed as news as the months wear on. Having babies definitely is in style. A heartwarming style Hollywood has needed—and wanted—for a long, long time.



## Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 10)

ular screen drama, beautiful from an artistic standpoint, that made a farce of the "Old Guard," whitewashed the civil conflict between the states, and gave us a pretty ingénue whose fragility could never have stood up against the harsh, heinous reality; who supposedly did withstand it and conquer it almost unscathed, after twelve years of endurance; who was an amusing, unconvincing little girl, dressed up in her mama's clothes—after she had torn to bits the conventions of a sweet aristocracy, trampled men's hearts, bearded cruellest realities and sold her soul for a mercenary god!

The book will remain with me always. The picture leaves me untouched.

It's just as well; we certainly don't need another Civil War.

LOUISE PORTER,  
Apalachicola, Fla.

### NO MORE "CONQUESTS"

I AM writing you because I am sure you have influence in Hollywood and, if you tell the movie producers what we fans desire in the way of movie entertainment, they might listen to you.

I am referring in particular to my favorite of favorites—Greta Garbo. After "Ninotchka," please can't something be done about keeping Garbo out of another "Conquest"? That was such a terrible picture (not Garbo but the picture—her acting was flawless, as always) that I fully expected it to win the Academy Award. And now I hear that she is to make "Madame Curie." I want to enter a great big protest! There is no one else in the movies who can wear modern clothes like Garbo, no one else who is quite as modern as she, and all these heavy, old-fashioned dramas are killing her popularity. "Ninotchka" was delightful, funny without being silly, the most entertaining picture I've seen in a long, long time—and I see them all. All of which means that I want to see Garbo in more "Ninotchkas" and in no more "Conquests."

I suppose this is asking too much, but I would like to see Spencer Tracy and Greta Garbo in a modern love story with a happy ending.

LOUISE NORELL,  
Salem, Ore.

### CHECKING UP ON US

SEVERAL years ago, in your "Close Ups and Long Shots" department of PHOTOPLAY—the issue of January, 1933, I believe—it was stated that PHOTOPLAY could conceive of Boris Karloff still being a star ten years from then, when many of the outstanding stars of that time would be forgotten.

Here it is 1940 and Mr. Karloff has just finished "Black Friday," his twenty-third starring vehicle, his first being "The Mummy." I believe it's about time for a story with pictures on Mr. Karloff in PHOTOPLAY. How about it?

FREDRIC HEALEY,  
Charlestown, Mass.

### IT'S A FAMILY TRADITION

THIS snapshot (below) might well be entitled, "When Mother Was a Girl." It was taken about twenty-five years ago, and should prove to movie fans that even in those days a young lady who wanted to be "in the swim" perused PHOTOPLAY diligently for news of her favorites.

I have no inkling of who the siren of the silver screen decorating the cover of PHOTOPLAY that month was, and probably couldn't have identified her anyway, since I have but recently celebrated my twenty-first birthday.

But the other beauties in the picture are my Aunt Helen, now Mrs. F. G. Roth, holding that precious copy of PHOTOPLAY; my mother, Mrs. J. A. Hoffman, standing beside her; and a girl friend, who is now Mrs. J. Drwall, seated on the arm of the wicker chair beside the owner of the magazine.

MISS B. R. HOFFMAN,  
Winona, Minn.

They read Photoplay just as avidly twenty-five years ago! Miss Hoffman's letter identifies the eager readers of this June, 1915, issue; siren on the cover is Mary Fuller



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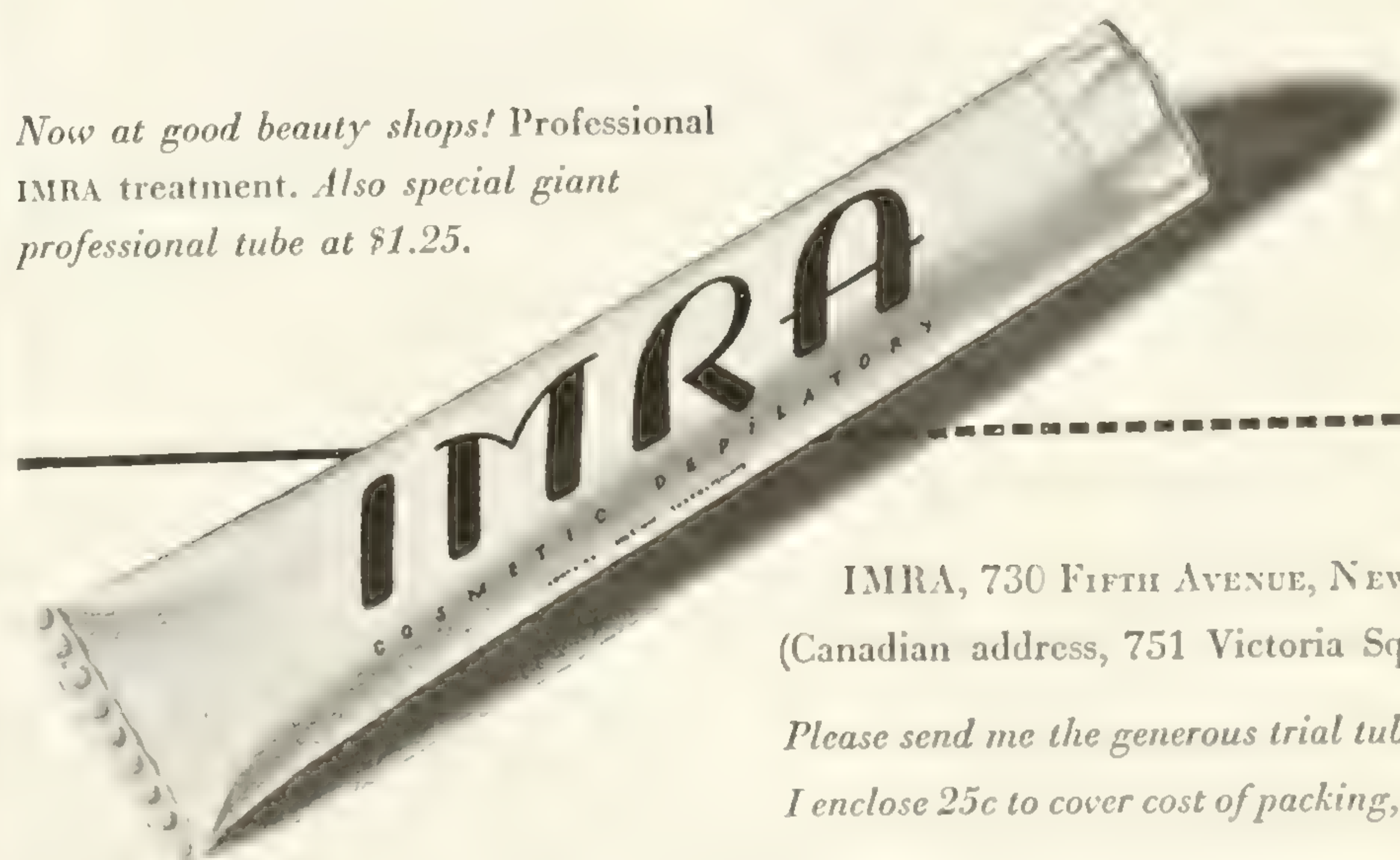
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## SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 4)

### 11. A SILENT BUTLER

The very thing to give to every home-loving friend you have. To every June bride as well—and to yourself, of course. Actions speak louder than words, and in a twink the chromium silent butler empties the overloaded ash trays, storing the debris till the evening's over. \$1.19 wins you great gratitude from your friends.



### 12. BEDTIME BEAUTY BOOK

Du Barry's "Bedtime Beauty Story" will send you to sleep in the pink... your skin really cleansed of the grime of the day... exhilarated with Skin Freshener and lubricated against whatever ravages tomorrow may bring. A \$3.50 beauty routine in a special but limited edition at \$1.95. A book with a happy ending for your skin.



Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:  
**Fashion Secretary, Photoplay**  
122 East 42nd St., New York City

### 13. FLOWER FRESHNESS

Yardley brings you the loveliness of "Lotus Lavender," of "Fragrance" and of "April Violets" in three sweet new bottles housed in a handsome flower-sprinkled hexagon. Every bottle wears a bright new plastic cover, and the three together add up to nearly four fragrant ounces at the trifling sum of \$1.50 for the trio.



### 14. HOW'RE YOUR HANDS?

Don't blush for your hands. Make a ritual, instead, of using Campana's Hand Cream. It's new... smack out of the laboratories where they brew Italian Balm, the Campana lotion you love so well. Rub in the cream, then watch your hand grow white, smooth and sweet-smelling—a hand you're proud to extend to friends. In 10c, 25c and 50c jars.



### 15. SOMETHING THE BRIDE WILL KEEP!

You know the fate of most wedding presents! The blushing bride exchanges them for something she can **really** use. But not this little treasure! Oneida has something here! A four-piece coffee service with table, that converts itself into a tray at the flick of a wrist. \$30 complete—believe it or not!—in Tudor Plate's Haddon design.



### 16. NEW! THE DRAWSTRING SHOE

Can you think of a cuter trick than to borrow the drawstring-neck of this season's smartest sports dresses for this season's smartest sports shoes? Grinnel did it—adding tassels to "Leona"—a walled-last moccasin in white or beige Nurocco Kid (it looks like pig) with a contrasting crepe rubber platform and sole. \$4 to \$5.





# One-Man Studio

(Continued from page 49)

"I remember the day I took it," he says pensively. "It rained all morning and we were sitting and waiting for the sun to come out. There was no such thing as floodlights or klieg lights, at least not in my studio, so we had to hope that the sun would come out, sooner or later. Nowadays, when some of the models get as much as ten dollars per hour, I would go broke in no time at all if I had to wait for the sun, but in those days the very best models were satisfied with earning from three to five dollars a day.

When Brownie says "the very best models," he means men and women like Norma Shearer, Joan Blondell, Paulette Goddard, Jack Mulhall, Henry Fonda, the self-same Fredric March, Neil Hamilton and many, many others who are known today, not as models, but as motion picture stars. No other illustrator in the world feels as much at home in Hollywood as that quiet, soft-spoken man who used to wait for the sun to come out. He refers to Joan Blondell as "Rose" because when he spotted her in an Atlantic City beauty contest her name was still "Rose."

"Never saw such an ambitious kid in all my life," he adds. "The other girls thought of dates and clothes and boy-friends but she was always trying to learn something. Reading books . . . Taking a secretarial course . . . Studying French and German . . . Small wonder she succeeded. . . ."

Norma Shearer? He certainly remembers her. To him she will always remain a frightened Canadian who was badly scared by New York. . . .

Jack Mulhall? "About the nicest kid that ever came from Brooklyn. . . ."

Florence Rice? "She was six when she first posed for me. I was illustrating Tarkington's 'Seventeen' and I thought she was a natural for Jane. . . ."

June Collyer? "I nearly dropped my camera when I heard that kid say, 'Some day I am going to Hollywood; then watch them mistake me for Garbo!' . . ."

Is Arthur William Brown the only illustrator in America whose models try to "make" Hollywood? Not quite. But he is the only illustrator in America who employs an out-and-out motion picture technique while illustrating serials, novels, novelettes and short stories. He talks about his "camera" because he was the first artist in America—probably in the world—who understood that he would spare himself lots of grief if he would follow in the steps of the motion picture directors. Instead of making his models stand in the same pose for hours and hours while he was painting a picture, he decided to rehearse them in a scene—just as a motion pic-

ture director does—to photograph them, then to paint a picture from the "still." That is why the people in his illustrations look so real and that is why a "good" Arthur William Brown model is more likely to have the makings of a motion picture player than any other illustrator's model. The following is a play-by-play description of the way he works:

Assigned a story by an art editor, Brownie reads it carefully. Then he begins "casting." He does his best to find models who look and act like the story's characters. He calls up one of the large agencies, such as John Powers, that represents them and makes an appointment. When they arrive, he explains to them what the story is about.

"And now," he says, "let's rehearse the first scene. You, my dear, are supposed to be *Mary White*, a girl whose husband does not love her. He is drinking heavily. You plead with him. . . ."

The girl and the boy go through a regular rehearsal. Brownie watches them critically. Rehearsal over, he fixes his camera, arranges the lights and says, "Attention, now . . . Resume your positions. . . ."

He does not yell—"Camera, cut . . ." since he is his own cameraman but—let's repeat once more—he follows the motion picture technique from "A" to "Z." It goes without saying that he supplies the clothes required by the story. All in all, he is a one-man picture studio.

The photographs taken, developed and printed, Brownie selects what he considers the best "still" and then he ceases to be a motion picture studio and becomes an illustrator.

On page 15, is PHOTOPLAY's presentation of the Arthur William Brown method. For the beautiful drawing of Vivien Leigh as a bride, our fashion editor, Gwen Walters, found a wedding dress of the type she thought Miss Leigh might wear on her Day of Days and a model who was a double for the future Mrs. Olivier—and very much of a bridal atmosphere was created for artist Brown to work with.

It naturally pleases him tremendously when one of his models gets signed by Hollywood, but at the same time it causes him many a headache. Nine times out of ten, his protégés leave him while he is in the middle of a serial. Then he has to find a girl or a boy who looks and acts and photographs more or less like the one who left for Hollywood. His philosophy is a simple one:

"If Clarence Budington Kelland," he remarks stoically, "does not mind having his hero change his face and figure somewhere around the fourth installment, why should I?"

## HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Carole Lombard                                     | 11. Hedy Lamarr (to Gene Markey); |
| 2. Bing Crosby  | Merle Oberon (to Alexander        |
| 3. Brian Aherne (Six feet two-and-a-half inches tall) | Korda)                            |
| 4. James Cagney, Spencer Tracy                        | 12. Adolphe Menjou                |
| 5. William Powell, Clark Gable                        | 13. Anne Shirley (from Dawn       |
| 6. Myrna Loy  | O'Day); Mickey Rooney (from       |
| 7. Kay Francis  | Mickey McGuire)                   |
| 8. Eddie Albert                                       | 14. Horse racing                  |
| 9. Jean Arthur  | 15. M-G-M (Broadway Melody)       |
| 10. Colin Clive                                       | 16. Chained, Love on the Run      |
|   | 17. George Murphy                 |
|   | 18. Ann Sheridan                  |
|   | 19. Ken Maynard                   |
|   | 20. Edward Arnold                 |



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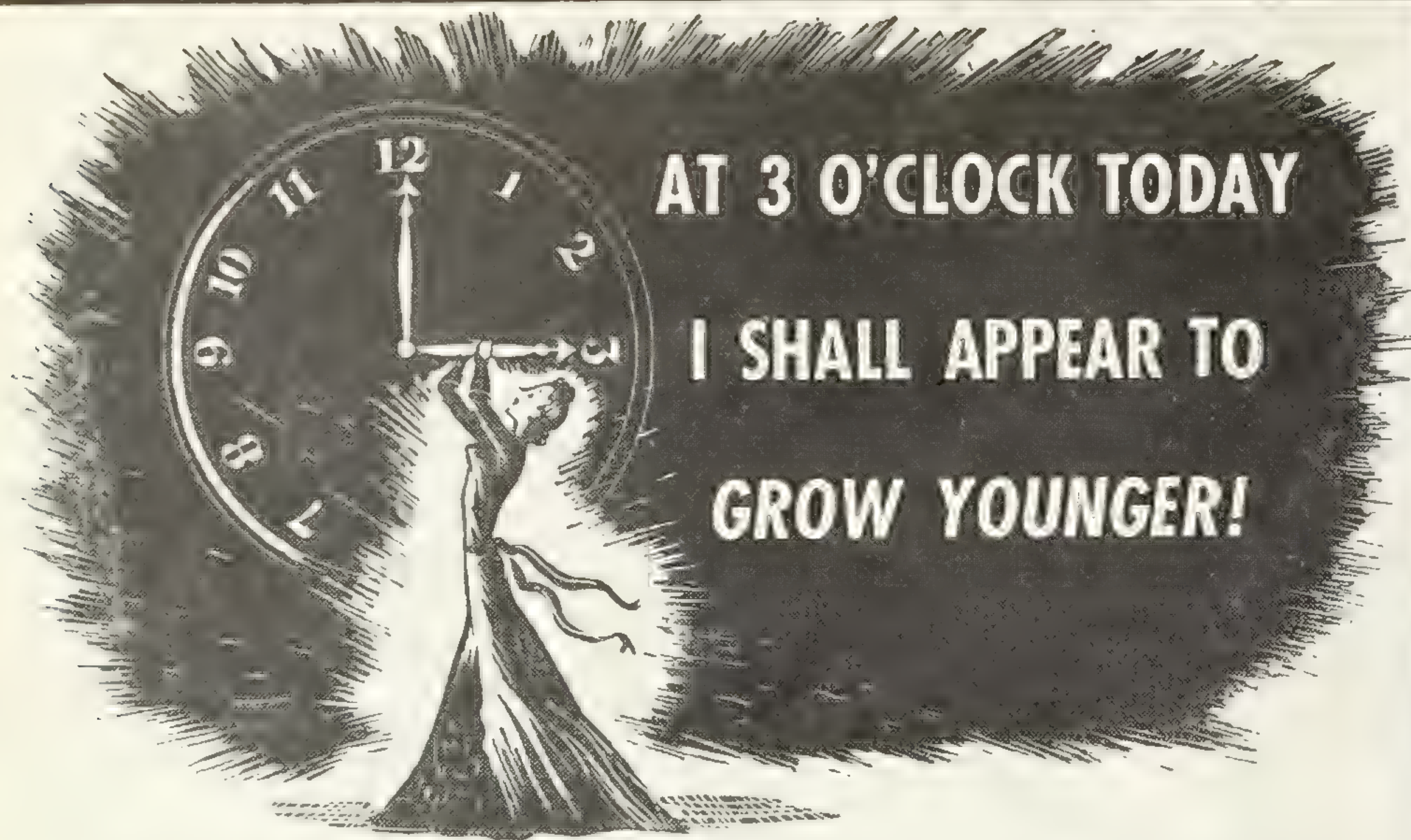
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I shall begin by entering my beauty salon. There, trained eyes will inspect my dull brown hair, note every streak of gray. Soon, a shower of foam will bubble around my head, and I shall shut my eyes, relax every tired nerve in my body. When I open my eyes again, it will be to see what appears to be a new face in the mirror—my face, framed by sparkling, lustrous hair that has the soft appearance of youth. I will straighten my body. My eyes will come alive. I shall walk out, feeling 15 years younger. I shall have had an Eternal Treatment.

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## Animal Crackers

(Continued from page 59)

can't change his spots. We can, by keeping our skins scrupulously clean, inside and out. Massage with cleansing cream will do both, by stimulating circulation and by removing every trace of surface soil. Keep away from your eyes, though, for those delicate, easily-broken-down tissues should never be rubbed or pulled.

At this season, that drying summer sun robs your skin of natural oils and lays a foundation for future wrinkles. Here's where we females literally "get it in the neck"—and there's nothing like a crepy neck to make a girl feel as conspicuous as the Giraffe! It's never too late (or too early) for you to start taking care of that troublesome area with a special cream and gentle, invigorating massage. Upward, ever upward, of course, as with all facial manipulations, for those muscles simply mustn't be encouraged in their tendency to droop.

Alas for the careless Camel! He can't even keep himself clean, since what little water he meets up with in his life has to be stored up in his special, patented contrivance to sustain him in the desert. Fortunately, we human beings have plenty of water and cleansing agents, but we do need to do something about perspiration odors, particularly during increased summer activity. The stars, working under the hot studio lights, have always taken special care. Today, there are so many excellent deodorants for all types of skins that nobody has an excuse for carelessness any more.

The same thing's true about depilatories. Frankly, we think the Monkey would look rather weird, to say the least, without his blanket of hair. But womankind looks almost as weird with any suggestion of such a thing, particularly when summer exposes us so mercilessly in our cute new play suits and swimming togs, even though we don't have to face the all-seeing eye of the camera. If you've been shaving, shame on you—especially when you have such a choice of products designed to do the job gently, as well as effectively.

We sympathize particularly with the huge Hippopotamus, whose overwhelming lack of contour has made her very name the antonym of shapeliness! All excess fat cries for attention to diet, but flabby waistlines call for rigorous acrobatics, too. The new theory, inspired by and adapted to the ultrafeminine form so fashionable today, is that all anti-waistline exercises should be designed

to keep the ribs and pelvic girdle as far apart as possible. Remember that, in choosing from among your repertory of exercises. Select the ones that make you stretch, and concentrate on those with a backward pull.

**ARE** you a Lion? With an untidy mane of hair which simply doesn't have the sheen you crave? Or are you being a little lamb and following a regular system of brushing every day? You should give your mane at least a hundred licks daily—and double that if you have long hair like Dorothy Lamour's—to awaken that tired scalp and distribute the natural oils evenly from roots to tips. Again, as with massage, the movement is upward, away from your scalp, never down toward your shoulders. It's one of the most refreshing beauty treatments you can give yourself, and so effective if you use the right brush—one with bristles long enough to reach every millimeter of your scalp.

No girl likes to be told that she looks like a clown. It's an accusation you'll never have to face, if you take advantage of the color-harmonized cosmetics you can get today, now that Technicolor has thrown such emphasis on matched make-up. By keeping all your cosmetic tones in the same key, you can avoid that startling contrast of shades which makes the Clown's make-up so gaudy. And by testing the texture of face powder on the smooth back of your hand before you buy, you can guarantee that you'll never have that flour-barrel look.

We even have a trick or two to show the Magician, who must keep his fingers as smooth and supple as a beautiful woman's. However, beautiful women themselves don't have too easy a time keeping their hands that way. Summer simply adds to the problem, because it means you'll have your hands in water so much. Whether you swim or not, you wash even more frequently than at other times of the year—which means more drying. So don't forget that hand creams and lotions are just as essential as using a towel.

Aren't we the lucky ones, though? The beauty problems that looked so insurmountable to the animals in our little fantasy are no problems at all to human beings—not so long as we have the Hollywood stars to point out the road to charm, and so many easy-to-use preparations to open up that highway to happiness for us all!

(If you wish to know the names of the products referred to in this article write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.)



Look (as the Robert Youngs are doing) at the beard Joe E. Brown raised in the hospital! It was on display at the Turf Ball at the Ambassador



# Categorically Speaking

## Nelson as Seen by Jeanette MacDonald

(Continued from page 23)

### Jewel?

A little boy's pet marble—the kind they call an "aggie."

### Window Display?

Military boots, shiny and new, with spurs on them; sheet music in the background; a wing fireside chair with an open book left on the cushion.

### Painting, or Picture?

A Currier and Ives print.

### Bird?

An albatross with a nightingale's voice. Contrary to the opinion of most people who have never lived in the

South, the nightingale is a baritone. And the albatross is large and blond and deliberate on the wing.

I dislike summaries of any sort—it's like pointing a moral—but Nelson Eddy is difficult to describe in any fashion because his personality is so integrated, his character is so particularly normal, his abilities so defined that any flights of fancy ill become his portrait. Nelson has arrived. He has what he wants from life, and his future is settled for him. I count him one of my favorite people almost without reservation—one of the reasons being the fact that I don't have to worry about him, as I do about so many of my friends.

## Jeanette as Seen by Nelson Eddy

(Continued from page 22)

which you guess things. Post office, maybe, should be added here; and a delicate feminine type of horseshoes, where the players sit and toss light cardboard shoes at stakes not very far away. Jeanette likes to win at games. So it should be something that's quickly won and over with.

Jeanette is a Viennese Waltz with just an occasional fox-trot step worked in, slyly; she's a tall glass of very cold lemonade under a shade tree—and the lemonade would have three or four maraschino cherries in it, instead of one, and a double portion of sugar.

She is a nosegay set in a lace paper ruffle, with Bouvardia—you know, that strong little white flower—and with a rare gold and flame orchid in the center. So far as books are concerned, Jeanette MacDonald cannot be described in the title of just one book. She's an entire case of them. Let's say the Jeanette Bookshelf (only one edition, very rare) would start with a Prayer Book in a white satin cover, and contain an album of music, "Etiquette" by Emily Post, "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," "Joe Miller's Joke Book," "The Wizard of Oz," a collection of Peter Arno cartoons, "Madame Bovary" and "Alice in Wonderland." And perhaps a copy of Voltaire. We must not ignore that somewhat surprising sophistication, always bound by good taste, which is an angle of Jeanette's nature; nor her deep religious sense, nor her insistence on convention, nor her love of a good anecdote. But no heavy reading, ever, may find room on that shelf.

If Jeanette were a mechanical device she would be a metronome in rare teak, tuned to tempo by a special committee composed of Caruso, Toscanini and Elizabeth Arden.

Jeanette, as a jewel, is a cameo; as a metal, gold, yellow, 24-carat, in the shape of an old-fashioned wedding ring. As a perfume, cologne, and heather. I say cologne rather than perfume because the personality here is a more fragile thing than any essence of musk and myrrh.

Don't strain your eyebrows over this, but in terms of clothes Jeanette is a handmade princess slip, without embroidery. And an ostrich-feather bed jacket, in case the doorbell rings. She is a music box playing "Here Comes the Bride" in swing tempo; and if she were a sport it would be jumping rope—very brisk action for a moment, then a period of rest.

Suppose she were a car. It would be one she could drive herself occasionally, but by dint of mild effort a window would roll up between the driver's seat and the tonneau, whereupon the machine would become a limousine with a chauffeur and possibly a footman.

Metamorphose the girl into an animal and I think you'd find a deer—suspicious, distrustful, gentle, lovely; but capable of being tamed. Make her a song and she'd be any coloratura aria, "The Star Spangled Banner," "Coming Through the Rye," a potential lullaby, and any popular song.

Jeanette is a formal miniature in a jeweled frame, suspended by a velvet ribbon. She is a combination of a Cathedral thrush and a young eagle—you know what I mean by the Cathedral thrush, and the young eagle signifies strength, an unsuspected fortitude. Eagles put branches and rocks in their nests, instead of down, so when the youngsters once start to fly they won't have any impulse to come back. Jeanette doesn't try for a soft life; she gets a kick out of forcing her way past obstacles. There is also a Redheaded hummingbird. How about that?

You see? I warned you. My portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Gene Raymond, in all probability, does not approach the one you had in mind. But I must say this about Jeanette: She is an amazing woman, possessed of unbelievable personal strength—a feeling for living life smoothly, like a silver spoon cutting into frozen custard—a determination which surpasseth all understanding—a canny Scotch money sense, in the tradition of those gentle American Capitalists who pride themselves on their ability to live on the income from an income—an intense sophistication which breeds a subtle but distinct form of delicate cynicism—a driving ambition which is not matched by her physical capacity for hardship, so that she drives herself further than she should to get what she wants—a fine, genuine sense of music, and a talent (shall we say genius?) for translating it in terms of her own magnificent voice—a hoydenish strain of happy-chappy humor, never too old-lavender-and-lace to snub a laugh even if it's bred in lower minds than hers—a kind of beauty—a heigh-ho-little-girl-does-your-mother-know-you're-out?—thing that's hard to describe.

And a capacity for making friends which, thank heaven, has seen fit to include me among them.

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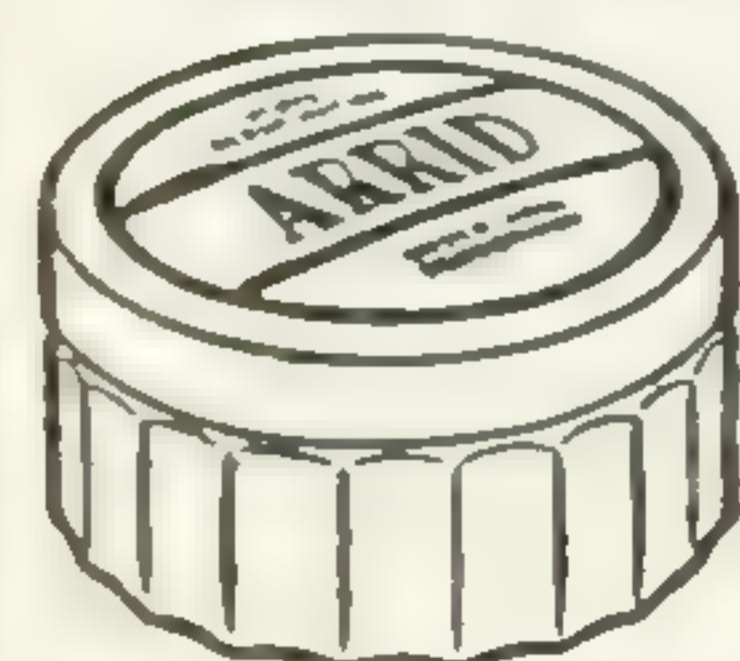
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*Betty Barrett*

# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)



Wardrobe variety: Freddie March in country loafing clothes, Joan Crawford in a smartly quilted robe—in "Susan and God"—and Florence Eldridge March, in the perfect "casual" suit, visiting them both

It may be of the puppy-love variety, but it's the staunchest and cutest romance in town—naturally we refer to the crush Billy Halop has on Georgianna Young, Loretta's youngest sister. Such ice-cream soda-ing—mercy on us.

## Cal, the Bearer of Good Tidings:

WE think Bette Davis is a young lady who heeds her fan mail. Or maybe Bette has been snooping into Cal's particular little pile of letters that decry the actress' plunging headlong into so many character roles.

At any rate we grabbed an opportunity on the "All This, and Heaven, Too" set to bring up the subject.

"They're right," Bette said, in her positive, forthright manner of speaking. "I feel too many heavy characterizations, such as the ones in 'The Old Maid' and 'Elizabeth and Essex,' are not good for me. While I'm young, I want to be young," she said, her arms flinging wide to express the vim and joy of youth. "I intend, and you can tell everyone I said so, to play only young parts in the future like *Judy* in 'Dark Victory.' I've proved to myself I can play those other heavier roles. My inner self is satisfied, but now I see no reason to disfigure myself for more such roles. So I'm going to stay young on the screen."

And somehow, the way she said it, had us stepping two feet high and twitting to the birdies.

## Rumor Refuted

THEY really should change the name of movietown to "rumordom," the way the whispers fly thick and fast. For instance, after the Dolores Del Rio-Cedric Gibbons separation (after ten years of marriage), rumors had it Gene Markey and his bride, Hedy Lamarr, were on the verge of parting; the "rumorers" basing their supposition on the fact that if one beauty, Dolores, left her husband, another great beauty, meaning Miss Lamarr, may very well leave hers.

All this has been most distressing to Gene and Hedy who have recently adopted a baby whom they love devotedly, and who may find itself minus a home, if too many false rumors bring

unfavorable attention to the Home from which he was adopted.

Let Cal say here and now, that while Dolores and Cedric have reached an amiable agreement of separation, Hedy and Gene are extremely content and happy together.

## Glamour Pets?

YOU'D rather expect a real glamour girl to have glamorous pets, if any. Perhaps most of them do, but we know one whose pets include—three Texas terrapins and a rooster! Meaning Miss Linda Darnell, Twentieth Century-Fox's gorgeous young starlet, acclaimed by many connoisseurs as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

But she's also the most loyal. These pets were given her when she was a child (of course, she's not much more than that, now) and she loves 'em. In fact, she loves them so much that she brought them to Hollywood with her and the quartette occupies an honored place in the Darnell menage.

The terrapins are Red Leg, Shellback

and Terrapin Tommy. They're about eight inches in diameter and look exactly alike to us. But not to Linda. She knows them apart and insists they have distinct personalities. They have one thing in common, though. Although they are land turtles, born and bred on the Texas desert, each can swim. Linda taught them to—in the family bathtub.

As for the rooster, his name is Weedy and he was an Easter gift to Linda from a Dallas newspaper man. He is a white leghorn, really, but when Linda got him (in his extreme youth) he was dyed Nile green.

Linda has taught him to curb his natural urge to crow at the crack o' dawn, to eat from her hand, to ride complacently in the family automobile, to come when called. She spends a lot of time on his grooming, trims his tail feathers regularly and—it's the gospel truth—paints his toe nails red!

Recently the terrapins helped with the tail-feather trimming. They pulled out nearly all of them and Weedy was so disgruntled he stayed under the front porch for three days.

## True Love's Course

BOB TAYLOR seems jinxed when it comes to his screen love-making. In "Camille," for instance, he was pouring forth his soul to Greta Garbo when a light fuse blew out and caught Greta's dress on fire—which, as you might guess, kind of spoiled things. While he was in the middle of his screen wooing of Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," they found themselves ankle deep (more or less) in water because some one had left the tap on in Joan's dressing room, and a small flood had resulted. During a love scene with Greer Garson in "Remember?", played (of all things) in a ditch, he caught cold and began sneezing at the tenderest moment. And in "Waterloo Bridge," just as he was making ardent love to Vivien Leigh, a couple of lights fell down from the rafters with a crash resembling Judgment Day!

## An Academy Award Winner Speaks Her Piece:

"I'm not ready for *Juliet*."

Miss Vivien Scarlett Leigh sat on the "Waterloo Bridge" set, her knitting needles clicking, and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" open on her lap.

"No, I'm really not," she said, in answer to our look of surprised amazement. "I feel I shouldn't play *Juliet* for at least another six years. I have so much to learn yet. But I promised I'd go on this tour with Mr. Olivier and I'll have to go. But oh, there's so much to learn first."

And this is the young lady who just won the Academy Award for the best actress of 1939 for her work in "Gone with the Wind!"

## 'Til We Meet Again

HE walked into the commissary of Twentieth Century-Fox for the last time after twelve years of tramping for that studio, and not a man or woman there but failed to call out, "Warner, you will come back to see us?"

And Warner Baxter smiled, a bit misty-eyed, at these men and women who had been so closely associated with him through the years—before the camera, behind it in executive, writers' and producers' offices, script girls, camera-



Just a candid camera shot at *Ciro's*—but it proves that Claire Windsor is every bit as beautiful today as when she was a "silent movie" queen



men, make-up men, all whom he knew so well and was now leaving behind.

When Warner left Twentieth and movies behind him (although he may be lured back for an occasional film in the far future), he set out on a small boy's dream come true—a pirate cruise for buried treasure. With him and his wife will go Frank McGrath, his stand-in, and Mrs. McGrath, three sailors and a cook. The cruise is Warner's idea, the buried gold, the stand-in's dream. With three maps in his possession, Frank is sure he'll strike gold. Warner is just going along for the ride.

Hollywood and movies will sorely miss Baxter, who hit the top of his career, stayed there, and is leaving there with many true friends and fans always to wish him well.

### Who Has Red Faces Now?

**ATTENTION**, all you young things who have been writing those reams of admiring lines to William Holden! We have made a discovery, and we feel it only our duty to tell you of it. Bill's mother took over his fan mail job and (here it comes), reads all the letters. Awful, isn't it?

But don't fret too much. Bill's all on your side. He says, "When Mother looks down her nose too much at some of the—er—more familiar letters, why we have a good heart-to-heart talk about it. I have to lecture her about it and for berating fans who criticize my performances. Gee, the letters Mother wrote back to them before I discovered it, were pips."

Now don't get the idea curly-headed Bill is a mama's boy, but Mother wanted the job and Bill doesn't feel he can hire a secretary to help.

Anyway, kids, we thought we'd warn you, before Bill creates new havoc in feminine hearts, after his starring role in "Arizona." Maybe you'll want to reword those fervent ideas before writing again, eh?

### Yes Girl

**SONJA HENIE'S** romance with Dan Topping, ex-husband of Arline Judge, has so changed the little blonde skating star that her friends can talk of nothing else. "Did you notice how Sonja listened and loved it?" they say, knowing full well that hard-working Sonja, smart business woman that she is, never allowed anyone to tell her what to do and what not to do.

But now the change is startling. Sonja listens, while Dan, who is definitely head man in her heart, does all the bossing—and—Sonja loves it.

### On the Record

**ADDING** to the brightness of the musical situation is "Road to Singapore." Bing Crosby, the hero himself, does what is known as a very showmanly record job on three of the songs he features in the film. For the love interest, there's "I'm Too Romantic," and "The Moon and the Willow Tree"; for novelty: "Sweet Potato Piper" (Decca 2998-9). Dorothy Lamour shows what she can do with the aforementioned pair of romantic ditties (Bluebird 10608). Ray Noble has whipped up four tantalizing waxes in dance-time which include Bing's and Dottie's three melodies plus the ultracute "Captain Custard" (Columbia 35385, 35392).

With La Lamour wandering from one lot to another, it is no surprise to hear her pop up with "This Is the Beginning of the End," from "Johnny Apollo," the 20th Century-Fox opus wherein she collaborates with Ty Power. "Your Kiss" is her other offering (Bluebird 10630).

RKO's "Irene" is another musical



"My son-in-law"—Brian Aherne with Mrs. Fontaine, mother of Joan, his wife, and of Olivia de Havilland, as well! Supper-snapped at *Ciro's*

which shows great promise. The title song has been recorded by Johnny Green and for "Irene's" partner, Johnny has recorded "I Walk With Music," an attraction of the stage's "Three After Three" (Royale 1848). Trumpet-playing Harry James sets the gates a-swing-in' with "You've Got Me Out On a Limb"—also from "Irene"—and "How High the Moon" (Varsity 8221).

Glenn Miller has put his boys to work on "My! My!" and "Say It" from the new Jack Benny starring venture, "Buck Benny Rides Again." (Bluebird 10631).

### Emergency Call

**BOB HOPE'S** wife, Dolores, still doesn't know what the taxi driver thinks about it all, but anyhow she heard Bob's program, which was the important thing to her. The Hopes have just moved into their new home, and while they have various and assorted radios, for some reason or another they were all jiggled out of kilter in the move—and, came time for Bob's program, Dolores couldn't find one that would work. So what? Well, after discovering that Bob had taken the car with the radio, she phoned the cab company to rush a taxi over—and then had the astonished driver go around the block once and pull up to the curb while she listened in on the broadcast!

### For the Honor of the Series

**CREDIT** the funniest wisecrack of the month to Laraine Day—the gal who plays *Nurse Mary Lamont* to Lew Ayres' *Dr. Kildare* in that series. This is the fourth picture they have



Two highlights in a scene at *Ciro's*: The ingenious way Loretta Young uses a flower pin and narrow ribbon to form a necklace—and the fact that her partner is Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's "ex" from 'way back

made together and when Laraine went into the office of Harry Bucquet, the director, she grabbed for the script in a breathless sort of fashion. "Let me see it quickly," said Laraine excitedly, "I've got to find out if I marry Lew in this one—and I better had, because Mother is beginning to ask questions already!"

### Girls, Quick, to the Vocal Teacher

**DIANA LEWIS**, the so-youthful bride of William Powell, claims she won her handsome husband with a song. "We were having dinner at a local restaurant and suddenly I began singing to Bill. I didn't sing the new Hit Parade tunes at all. I sang the old numbers, the sweet and sentimental tunes. And when I had finished, Bill said, 'I love you, Diana.'"

So there's how you do it, my beauties. One quick, easy lesson on how to win a husband, and not a red cent does Cal ask for the tip.

### Hollywood Says:

**THAT** boat trip (a freighter, if you please) through the canal made by Cary Grant was not so much a trip for rest as Mr. Grant gave out, as a chance to untangle the meshes of his heart and definitely ascertain just where Miss Brooks stands in the picture. It seems the two just can't stay apart, despite the bitterness that lay between them when they parted, for at parties they just naturally gravitate toward each other and to the surprise of worried hostesses, who fretted over asking both Cary and Phyllis, there they are dancing together, his very dark head bent over her very blonde one.

Whatever it is that stands between these two, we hope it will be ironed out satisfactorily, and Cary can see through the tangled mesh of his emotions to a newer clearer path.

Anyway, they say there's nothing like a boat trip to stir the old heart—so don't be surprised at whatever happens between these two swell people.

### Honeymoon in China

**FAY BAINTER** has made up her mind! Rocking back and forth in her special rocker on the set of "Our Town" (Earl McKee, the Sol Lesser prop man, worked with Fay two years ago and remembered her partiality to rockers), she told us that Hollywood is just going to have to get along without her for about six months in 1941. In answer to our upraised eyebrows, she explained that 1941 marks her china anniversary and that she and her husband and son are going to do the thing right by packing up and having their celebration of the event in CHINA!

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# SAVOY-PLAZA

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## Glamour Girls Off Their Diet

(Continued from page 21)

everybody in the joint. From the moment she picks up her first fork until the moment Gene Markey picks up the check, she is really a sight to see.

Lunching at the St. Regis, she prefaces a full-course table d'hôte with an order of caviar large enough to feed a Russian battalion. At "21," she follows oysters with two portions of ham à la king, a salad, and dessert. At the Stork, three nights in a row, she downs breast of pheasant Lucullus. If you don't think this is substantial eating, get plump trying it some time.

Joan Crawford, whose reputation and waistline indicate that her food is measured out daily on a jeweler's scales, is my choice for runner-up in the tablecloth sweepstakes. Once she gets off the train, Joan is a pushover for a menu, and I have seen her nibbling frogs legs Provençale at Colbert's, minute steak at "21," and blinis, one after the other, at Fefe's Monte Carlo.

In case you think blinis are something to reduce with, here is the recipe—wheedled along with some others from the elegant, worldly, and so-wise chefs of Manhattan's best known hangouts for Hollywood's hungry:

### BLINIS

Use prepared buckwheat flour. Add a little milk and cream, and make the batter as you would for griddle cakes, but make the cakes a little bigger than a silver dollar.

When ready to serve, heat the cakes in a pan with butter. Top with butter, caviar, and sour cream.

**DOROTHY LAMOUR** is another flicker siren whose teeth are used for more than smiling. She usually washes down a thick "21" steak with two glasses of milk. Her interest in fattening food is so acute that she often passes up dinner at one of the more platinum goldfish bowls to put away a meal at the Villanova, an unpretentious Italian restaurant in the west Forties, where her idea

of a snack is Italian spaghetti with plenty of sauce (no grated cheese), ravioli, breadsticks, and a healthy portion of spumoni.

Anita Louise would send any calorie expert howling into the night. At the St. Regis, where she usually stays in New York, her room-service order included either French croissants or brioche at breakfast time, chicken with cream sauce or crabmeat à la Newburg at night. She achieves that underweight look by ordering for dessert little whipped cream whimsies most girls haven't tasted since they realized you can't have your cake and a size twelve figure, too. Anita has been known to eat, for example, this anti-slimming dish, just as the chef whispered it to me:

### FROZEN MACAROON CAKE WITH EGGNOG SAUCE

One sponge cake about nine inches in diameter, cut in three layers.

Place one layer in bottom of cake ring. Make a mixture of one pint of vanilla ice cream and one-half pint of whipped cream. Cover the layer with half of this mixture and add a few macaroons. Sprinkle with rum and cover with second layer. Cover second layer with remaining mixture and put third layer on top.

Place cake in refrigerator and let remain until well frozen. Take out of cake ring and mast with sweetened vanilla-flavored whipped cream. Sprinkle crushed macaroons on top and sides. Serve with eggnog sauce.

### EGGNOG SAUCE

1 pint light cream

6 yolks of eggs

4 oz. sugar

Vanilla

Cream sugar with yolks of eggs, boil the cream and add to above. Bring together on fire to thicken but do not boil. Put aside to cool and add rum to taste. Strain through sieve. Serve cold.

Barbara Stanwyck, at Leon and Ed-die's, let go of Robert Taylor's hand long enough to do away with an order of Chicken Mexicaine. (Chicken with vegetables, condiments, and rice.) Barbara usually waits until Bob has decided what he will have, then orders the same thing, which means in the ordinary course of events she annihilates many a steak, for Bob is strictly a chop-house man.

Paulette Goddard has the kind of a figure that looks as if it could be achieved only by torture, but I know better. Maybe she suffers in Hollywood, maybe she eats carrots every day of the week and spinach on Sunday, but in Manhattan she lunches at the Colony on the famous Chicken Encore. This, friends, is no diet dish, as the chef proudly stated.

### CHICKEN ENCORE

Cut a very thick slice of bread, and trim it to the shape of a box. Brown in a hot oven until golden brown, then scoop the inside out. Fill this toasted bread box with creamed chicken hash, put a little cream sauce and grated cheese on the top. Brown top slightly.

**WHEN** Annabella came to the Algonquin Supper Club with Tyrone Power, she ate, not orange peel, not lemon-soaked lettuce, not devitalized sole, but a huge plate of macaroni cooked with ground beef, butter, onions, mineral oil, chili, eggplant, bread crumbs, and green peppers!

So from now on, until I see a doctor's certificate of pernicious anemia, I will not believe that Shirley Temple is starving herself, or that Marlene Dietrich is subsisting on ice water until she gets down to 102.

From now on, I will only believe my eyes, and the girls' dinner plates. And so far as I am concerned Hollywood is wasting its precious time promoting the Legend of Hollow Tummy.

## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

delicious figure and the lightsome smile . . . so you go to the theater and you get Missy Lombard in "Vigil in the Night," an oh, so-worthy film that is about as warm and friendly as a buzzard resting in a dead tree . . . it's true that Carole's performance is a triumph of acting . . . every word Carole said in her correct English accent was sincerely rendered . . . but jeepers creepers, what fun is it to see Carole suffering, loveless, without one crumb of powder on her aristocratic little nose? . . .

Comes Miss Ginger Rogers in "Primrose Path" . . . you remember Miss Rogers of the dancing feet, the enchanting husky voice, the saucy comedy . . . remember her, and sigh, for you'll not find her in the "Primrose Path" . . . herein you will see another "artistic" performance . . . Ginger hides her glamour behind a sweat shirt, a shapeless skirt, dirty sneakers and tight dark pigtales . . . even as Carole, she does her role magnificently and even as Carole, she does it powderless . . . but I do wonder why she prefers being morbid to being merry. . . .

Then there's Joan Crawford in

"Strange Cargo" . . . another non-powder role . . . if Joanie, as I suspect, wanted to show versatility by doing such a character, she succeeds . . . she is very sincere as the water-front no-account who gets religion . . . but still, and for why, dirty Crawford up? . . . what are these beautiful girls up to? . . . are they trying to persuade the world that a well-groomed exterior denotes a low moral character and that souls are found only beneath dowdy dresses? . . .

**THE** month was made happy for me, however, by the "comeback with a bang" of Kay Francis, an ex-glamour girl, in Deanna Durbin's "It's a Date" . . . give this Francis woman a hand . . . she's the most charming example I've ever been privileged to see of an actress who beat Hollywood at its own cruel game . . . a year ago, she was taking a terrible beating . . . she was supposedly through in movies . . . so what did she do . . . she did that most difficult of all things when the breaks are going against you . . . she remained a lady . . . she didn't pull hard

cracks at any one or alibi either . . . and she did the best she could . . . she did a supporting role in Carole Lombard's "In Name Only," and now the mother to a very grown-up (and very endearing) Deanna Durbin . . . she is beautiful, humorous and alluring . . . and a most exquisite object lesson in what the word "dignity" means. . . .

And the case of Kay, and all these others, too, also illustrate what Hollywood is . . . and why it always retains its charm . . . in "Rebecca," little Joan Fontaine renders a performance that makes her a star . . . in "It's a Date," you behold Deanna Durbin moving with as much surety toward her maturity as she moved through the shoals of adolescence . . . while in "Rebecca," the brilliant Laurence Olivier seems a little disappointing . . . one can never be sure, you see, until one goes to see the finished picture just what will be in it . . . and that's why for us out here, when the preview searchlights flash out against the sky, nothing can keep us at home . . . in a town of unending drama, it is impossible ever to be bored. . . .



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

## FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

WHEN this was a play it had rather good success both in London and New York; now it's a movie and all right entertainment. Ray Milland and Ellen Drew head the cast. The story concerns a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Then Ellen comes into the picture; she is predatory in a nice way, holding staunchly to the viewpoint that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her catches is a Commander, another is Milland. The latter has never done better work, Miss Drew plays her assignment with assurance and the others—Roland Culver, Jim Gerald and sundry unpublicized English names—are good.

## ★ IT'S A DATE—Universal

MEMO to PHOTOPLAY Audiences: Here-with top Hollywood product of month.

Memo to Producer Joe Pasternak: This makes seven Deanna Durbin hits in a row. Can this be genius?

Memo to Deanna Durbin: How do you do it?

Memo to Kay Francis: This is what is called a comeback de luxe.

... and we mean it. This is a great picture. It is full of charm, good music and superb performances. Deanna has grown up. She plays the young but precocious daughter of a famous actress; both are approached by a producer to star in a play. To the mother, Miss Francis, the role means the triumph of her fading career. To Deanna it means the beginning of everything. There is also a man, Walter Pidgeon. Deanna thinks she is in love with him, but he is in love with her mother. The unraveling of this mess is done in the most entertaining fashion imaginable. In sum, there just doesn't seem to be anything the matter with this picture.

## ★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

THEY say that this movie was taken from a portion of its star's own career. Linda Darnell gets a better chance than before to display the charm which captivated you in "Hotel for Women," and John Payne has a role worthy of his talents. Hollywood stories have a tendency to seem unreal and exaggerated, but this one appears authentic. Linda, of course, plays a girl trying to get a break at the studios. Roland Young is very amusing as an ex-star and Charlotte (Legs) Greenwood emerges from long obscurity to bring you hearty laughter.

## ★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warners

THE Warner Brothers' annual historical-western is out again, called "Virginia City" this time, instead of "Dodge." The film is a darn good, expensive, adventure movie, with Errol Flynn the hero in the traditional manner. There is a chase, an attack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U. S. Cavalry; there is a Suhthuhn gal, played by Miriam Hopkins, who falls in love with Errol, and there is a Confederate captain, Randy Scott. The photography is fine. The direction is capable. Take a bag of peanuts with you: They just seem to go with this sort of thing.

## FLORIAN—M-G-M

IT'S hard to find a basis for any clear-cut criticism of "Florian." It has so

many elements of entertainment, such as lavish and professional production, such sweep and color. . . . On the other hand, it is curiously mixed up; the story starts, stops; the cutting is bad, the dialogue indifferent. *Florian* is a stallion, champion of the Lippizans, Austrian animals bred for the Royal house. Robert Young is his trainer, and is in love with a Duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. The magnificent horse's life and his influence on the lives of people, forms the theme of the film. So long as *Florian* is on the screen, any audience must be enchanted. There is a side intrigue between Lee Bowman, an Archduke, and Irina Baronova, a ballet dancer. This is La Baronova's American debut: She is a beautiful dancer. Charles Coburn is cast as a philosophical veterinarian, and Reginald Owen plays Franz Josef. Young performs well, as do the others—however, Miss Gilbert seems to be remembering incessantly that she must act like a Duchess, even in the most emotional moments.

## ★ IT ALL CAME TRUE—Warners

PHOTOPLAY's March Movie Book, the fine novel by Louis Bromfield, makes a good movie. In the beginning you'll think it's another gangster melodrama, but then the pace picks up and it all ends on a gay musical note. Ann Sheridan contributes oomph and also a good performance. She is the stage-struck roomer at an old and very shabby boardinghouse, run by old and very shabby women. Another roomer, with musical ambitions, is Jeffrey Lynn. Into the scene comes gangster Humphrey Bogart. He knows something or other about Ann and Jeffrey and buys sanctuary with his silence. The idea is that the boardinghouse can be turned into a night club if they all work very hard. All the performances are nicely turned, with Lynn looking particularly clean-cut beside the menacing Bogart. However depressing the piece gets in spots, it is saved by a recurrent touch of humor. ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor, Jessie Busley and others fill out the cast.

## ★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

FOR once a film dealing with murder and newshawks is not tiresomely botched. Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down who-did-it. Against City-editor William Gargan's wishes, Margaret Lindsay starts snooping around, teaming up with Morris. The story moves swiftly and directly to an unusual terminus. Gargan is well-cast but his new mustache isn't. Miss Lindsay was probably meant to benefit from co-starring with Morris; at least both are very good, which is all that matters. Roscoe Karns is in there, and the direction is superb. You'll have a fine time trying to dissect the plot and should duly appreciate that it does not insult your intelligence.

## ★ HUMAN BEAST—Juno Films

THIS is screen fare not designed for the pleasure of six-year-olds; and there will be grownups, too, who will find it too grim for their tastes. There is nothing to relieve the steadily mounting mood of tragedy in Director Jean Renoir's mature treatment of pathological tendencies. A family of drunkards has

produced Jean Gabin, who is powerless to conquer an insane lust to kill. A warped childhood gives the woman he loves, Simone Simon, no strength to help him overcome the curse of his ancestry. A brutal climax is inevitable. Jean Gabin, superb French actor, creates a powerful study of a tortured human mind, while—Hollywood, please note—Mlle. Simon proves that she can act. A third star performance is given by Ledoux, the jealousy-maddened husband of Simone Simon. Here is stark realism that will grip you from the opening scene to the final reel.

## THE STARS LOOK DOWN—M-G-M—British

THIS forceful story, written by A. J. Cronin, and produced in England, exhibits all the British production niceties and faults. The photography outdoes any recent American efforts; the individual cast members are fine; the trouble is in the development of plot. It is not lucid. True, the subject matter of this grim tale—coal mines and miners—has ever been packed with confusion; but Hollywood would have given the piece a fluency which would have made it import more powerful. Michael Redgrave plays the idealistic schoolteacher who tries to combat all the social injustice. A counter theme is the sordid marriage of Redgrave to Margaret Lockwood. The film concludes without heroic rescues, moral victories, or any promise of government action.

## AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

POSSIBLY you read Alice Duer Miller's story, with the above title, some months ago and thought at the time that it would make a swell movie. Well, here's the movie, and it's pretty good. Laraine Day, the prettiest newcomer in Hollywood ("My Son, My Son!") plays the younger sister who suffers and suffers. Jean Muir surprisingly enough is cast as the glamour gal, who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a prison rap for a manslaughter she herself committed. Laraine it is who, beauty shining through without benefit of make-up, sticks by Robert and works for his release. Billie Burke is the mother.

## THE COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

SECOND in this newest series, "The Courageous Dr. Christian" presents its main personality, Jean Hersholt, in the role of small-town philanthropist. He tries for better housing in the shanty district and meets opposition from civic leaders. Undaunted, he carries on, supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. The picture obviously was prepared with attention to detail and sincerity.

## VIVA CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

SINCE the *Cisco Kid* series apparently has been doing well, the producers are relaxing—and you'll see the results in this one. Cesar Romero, sideburns and all, spends most of the footage rescuing Jean Rogers, who's very pretty and extremely good in her role. She seems to have a lot of trouble with her Pa, Minor Watson, who isn't all he ought to be; still, the *Kid's* honorable Robin Hood attitude remains staunchly the same.



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at least three murders, and George Sanders in a dual role (because a diamond-smuggler goes around impersonating him). Helene Whitney is the girl in the case. (Apr.)

#### SEVENTEEN—Paramount

Tarkington's famous story of teen-age love, with all the troubles left in—tuxedo, the horrid little sister (Norma Nelson), etc.—gives Jackie Cooper an opportunity to strut his stuff. Betty Field is perfect as the siren from Chicago. (May)

#### ★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE — M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan) who are working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (March)

#### ★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Vivien Leigh is a *Scarlett O'Hara* character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "busking" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are fine scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (March)

#### ★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, and then Pat's secretary are killed,

things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the little singer who pursues Pat. (March)

#### SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

Popular singing cowboy Gene Autry breaks into the Big Time as a Federal agent who sets out to foil a foreign-inspired revolution in South America. It's the best picture Gene has ever made. (Apr.)

#### STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

This weird, allegorical preachment has to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. A deglamorized Joan Crawford turns in a superb dramatic performance as a brothel gal who is kicked off the island. Clark Gable seems a little embarrassed with his role, but Ian Hunter is praiseworthy as a Christlike figure who brings regeneration to these unfortunates. (May)

#### ★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, song writer, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (March)

#### ★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

Towne-and-Baker's first production adds a new opening theme to the childhood classic, with Thomas Mitchell packing up his family (Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, et al.) and moving them out of the London of Napoleonic days. But their famous adventures on the desert island on which they're shipwrecked are here in *to*. (Apr.)

#### THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a minister who takes the confession

of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (March)

#### THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH—Warners

Thomas Mitchell plays the blustering Irish cop, ready to fight at the drop of a pin. His beat is taken over by a young Scotchman, who falls for one of Casey's lovely daughters. A good homey comedy with plenty of laughs and a dig or two at the politicians. Dennis Morgan as the Scotty, Priscilla Lane as the daughter, and Alan Hale as Casey's right-hand man take the other acting honors.

#### ★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia

Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worry over the problem of bigamy when Jean remarries, thinking her first husband has been drowned. But the fun begins when he returns and Jean can't make up her mind which she wants to keep. Full of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes, played with flair. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary. (May)

#### WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy. Plenty of suspense. (May)

#### ★ YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

A biographical film—the story of Thomas Edison during his early youth, up to the time he left home to become a telegraph operator, but with Mickey Rooney playing the role, the character could have been named John Smith, so warm, so sympathetic and completely entertaining is his interpretation of the great inventor. Fay Bainter, Virginia Weidler and George Bancroft are excellent. (May)

## Casts of Current Pictures

"AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Clark. Based on the story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: Ridley Crane, Robert Cummings; Kate Lattimer, Laraine Day; Helen Lattimer, Jean Muir; Mrs. Lattimer, Billie Burke; Gertrude Hunter, Ann Morris; Margaret, Esther Dale; Stephen Harridge, Charles Waldron; George Olcott, Frank Milan; Joe Havens, Rand Brooks; Arthur Prince, Paul Stanton; Zillah Torrington, Ruth Toby.

"BEYOND TOMORROW"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Adele Comandini. From an original story by Mildred Cram and Adele Comandini. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Cast: Michael O'Brien, Charles Winninger; James Houston, Richard Carlson; Madame Tanya, Maria Ouspenskaya; Jean Lawrence, Jean Parker; Arlene Terry, Helen Vinson; Allan Chadwick, C. Aubrey Smith; George Mellon, Harry Carey; Josef, Alex Melesh; Phil Hubert, Rod LaRocque; Officer Johnson, J. Anthony Hughes; Sergeant, Robert Homans; Radio Station Secretary, Virginia McMullen; Jack Taylor, James Bush; David Chadwick, William Bakewell.

"BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Based on the stage success of the same name by Clemence Dane. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: Sydney Fairfield, Maureen O'Hara; Hilary Fairfield, Adolphe Menjou; Margaret Fairfield, Fay Bainter; Gray Meredith, Herbert Marshall; Hester Fairfield, Dame May Whitty; John Storm, Patric Knowles; Dr. Alliot, C. Aubrey Smith; Dr. Pumphrey, Ernest Cossart; Bassel, Kathryn Collier; Susan, Laurie Beatty; Abbie, Louise Cabo.

"BISCUIT EATER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Lillie Hayward. Based on a story by James Street. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: Lonnie McNeil, Billy Lee; Text, Cordell Hickman; Mrs. McNeil, Helene Millard; Harve McNeil, Richard Lane; Mr. Ames, Lester Matthews; 1st and 2nd Thessalonians, Snowflake.

"BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William Morrow and Edmund Beloin. Based on an adaptation by Zion Myers of a story by Arthur Stringer. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: Buck Benny, Jack Benny; Rochester, Eddie Anderson; Joan Cameron, Ellen Drew; Phil, Phil Harris; Andy, Andy Devine; Virginia, Virginia Dale; Peggy, Lillian Cornell.

"COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Ian McLellan Hunter. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: Dr. Paul Christian, Jean Hersholt; Judy Price, Dorothy Lovett; Roy Davis, Robert Baldwin; Dave Williams, Tom Neal; Mrs. Hastings, Maude Eburne; Mrs. Stewart, Vera Lewis; Harry Johnson, George Meader; Jack Williams, Bobby Larson; Ruth Williams, Bobette Bentley; Sam, Reginald Barlow; Martha, Jacqueline de River; Tommy Wood, Edmund Glover.

"DARK COMMAND, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Grover Jones, Lionel Houser and F. Hugh Herbert. Based on the novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Mary McCloud, Claire Trevor; Bob Selon, John Wayne; William Cantrell, Walter Pidgeon; Fletcher McCloud, Roy Rogers; Doc Grunch, George Hayes; Angus McCloud, Porter Hall; Mrs. Cantrell, Marjorie Main; Buckner, Raymond Walburn; Bushropp, Joseph Sawyer; Mrs. Hale, Helen MacKellar; Dave, J. Farrell MacDonald; Hale, Trevor Bardette.

"DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by George Seaton and Ken Englund. From the story by Aileen Leslie. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: June Cameron, Loretta Young; Dr. Timothy Sterling, Ray Milland; John Pierce, Reginald Gardiner; Marilyn Thomas, Gail Patrick; Dr. Lionel Sterling, Edmund Gwenn;

Slapovitch, Frank Sully; O'Brien, Gordon Jones; Jean Rovere, Georges Metaxa; Dr. Streeter, Charles Halton; Dr. Neilson, Joseph Eggerton; Dean Lawton, Paul McAllister; Johnson, Chester Clute; Charlie, Hal K. Dawson; Burkhardt, Edward Van Sloan.

"DOUBLE ALIBI"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Harold Buchman and Roy Chanslor. Based on a novel by Frederick P. Davis. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: Stephen Wayne, Wayne Morris; Sue Carey, Margaret Lindsay; Walter Gifford, William Gargan; Jerry Jenkins, Roscoe Karns; Chick Lester, Robert Emmett Keane; Captain Orr, James Burke; Dan Krale, William Pawley; Inspector Early, Cliff Clark; Lennie Nolan, Frank Mitchell.

"FLORIAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Noel Langley, Geza Herczeg and James Kevin McGuinness. Based on the novel "Florian" by Felix Salten. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: Anton, Robert Young; Diana, Helen Gilbert; Hofer, Charles Coburn; Oliver, Lee Bowman; Emperor Franz Josef, Reginald Owen; Countess, Lucile Watson; Trina, Irina Baronova; Victor, Rand Brooks; Max, Soke Sakall; Archduke Franz Ferdinand, William B. Davidson; Borelli, George Lloyd; Bantry, George Irving; Editor, Charles Judels; Auctioneer, Dick Elliott; Ernst, Adrian Morris; Ring Master, Jack Joyce.

"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost and Ernest Pagano. Based on a story by Jean Guitten. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: Gilbert Jordan Thompson, Eddie Cantor; Madame Granville, Judith Anderson; Marian Edwards, Rita Johnson; Doris, Bonita Granville; Judge Joseph M. Williams, Ralph Morgan; Marcia, Diana Lewis; Mademoiselle Cliche, Nydia Westman; Eleanor, Margaret Early; Nettle, Martha O'Driscoll; Lois, Charlotte Munier; Betty, Louise Seidel; "Chum," Baby Quintanilla.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by A. DeGrunwald and Ian Dalrymple. From the stage play by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Anthony Asquith. Cast: Alan, Ray Milland; Diana, Ellen Drew; Jacqueline, Janine Darcey; Chris, David Tree; The Commander, Roland Culver; Brian, Guy Middleton; Kenneth, Kenneth Morgan; Marianne, Margaret Yarde; Chi-Chi, Tony Gable; Professor Maingot, Jim Gerald.

"HUMAN BEAST"—JUNO FILMS.—Based on the novel "La Bete Humaine" by Emile Zola. Directed by Jean Renoir. Cast: Jacques Lantier, Jean Gabin; Severine, Simone Simon; Roubaud, Ledoux; Pecqueur, Carrette; Flore, Blanchette Brunoy; Dauvergne, Gerard Landry; Philomene, Jenny Helia; Mme. Misard, Germaine Clasis; Grandmorin, Berlioz; Cabuche, Jean Renoir.

"IRENE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Alice Duer Miller. From the musical comedy, "Irene." Based on the book by James H. Montgomery. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: Irene O'Dare, Anna Neagle; Don Marshall, Ray Milland; Mr. Smith, Roland Young; Bob Vincent, Alan Marshal; Granny O'Dare, May Robson; Mrs. Vincent, Billie Burke; Betherton, Arthur Treacher; Eleanor Worth, Marsha Hunt; Jane, Isabel Jewell; Lillian, Doris Nolan; Freddie, Stuart Robertson; Princess Minelli, Ethel Griffies.

"IT ALL CAME TRUE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Michael Fessier and Lawrence Kimble. From the novel by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: Sarah Jane Ryan, Ann Sheridan; Tommy Taylor, Jeffrey Lynn; Grasselli (Chips) Maguire, Humphrey Bogart; Miss Flint, ZaSu Pitts; Maggie Ryan, Una O'Connor; Mrs. Taylor,

Jessie Busley; Mr. Roberts, John Littel; Rene Salmon, Grant Mitchell; The Great Boldini, Felix Bressart; Henri Peppi de Bordeaux, Charles Judels; Mr. Van Diver, Brandon Tynan; Mr. Pendergast, Howard Hickman; Monks, Herbert Vigran.

"IT'S A DATE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by William Seiter. Cast: Pamela Drake, Deanna Durbin; Georgia Drake, Kay Francis; John Arlen, Walter Pidgeon; The Governor, Eugene Pallette; Freddie Miller, Lewis Howard; Sidney Simpson, Samuel S. Hinds; Sara, Cecilia Loftus; Oscar, Fritz Feld; Carl Ober, S. Z. Sakall.

"STAR DUST"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on a story by Jesse Malo, Kenneth Earl and Ivan Kahn. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: Carolyn Sayres, Linda Darnell; Bud Borden, John Payne; Thomas Brooke, Roland Young; Lola Langdon, Charlotte Greenwood; Dane Wharton, William Gargan; June Lawrence, Mary Beth Hughes; Mary Andrews, Mary Healy; Sam Wellman, Donald Meek; Miss Parker, Jessie Ralph; Napoleon, Walter Kingsford; Ronnie, George Montgomery; Bell Boy, Robert Lowery; Wellman's Assistant, Hal K. Dawson; Maid, Jody Gilbert; Announcer, Gary Breckner; Lab Man, Paul Hurst; Clerk, Irving Bacon; Cameraman, Billy Wayne; Secretary, Fern Emmett; Girl, Lynne Roberts.

"TIL WE MEET AGAIN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff. From an original story by Robert Lord. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: Joan Ames, Merle Oberon; Don Hardesty, George Brent; Steve Burke, Pat O'Brien; Bonny Coburn, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Countess Capricci, Binnie Barnes; Achilles, Frank McHugh; Sir Harold, Eric Blore; Jimmy Coburn, George Reeves; Herb McGillis, Victor Kilian; Captain Stoddard, Cy Kendall; Mrs. Hester, Marjorie Gateson; Dr. Cameron, Henry O'Neill; Assistant Purser, Frank Wilcox; Tommy, Herbert Anderson; Bartender, Frank Orth; Policeman, Chester Gan; Junior Officer, Jack Mower; Louise, Doris Lloyd; Boat Bartender, William Halligan; Joan's Friends, Maris Wrixon, Jane Gilbert and DeWolf Hopper; Sailor, John Ridgely.

"TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov. Based on a story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: Pat Mahoney, Lana Turner; Molly Mahoney, Joan Blondell; Eddie Kerns, George Murphy; "Chat" Chatsworth, Kent Taylor; Buddy Bartell, Richard Lane; Jed Marlowe, Wallace Ford; Ito, Otto Hahn; Judge, Lloyd Corrigan; Announcer, Don Wilson; Bartell's Assistant, Charles Wagonheim.

"VIRGINIA CITY"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Kerry Bradford, Errol Flynn; Julia Hayne, Miriam Hopkins; Vance Irby, Randolph Scott; John Marrell, Humphrey Bogart; Mr. Upjohn, Frank McHugh; Olaf Swenson, Alan Hale; Marblehead, Quinn Williams; Marshall, John Littel; Major Drewery, Douglas Dumbrille; Cameron, Moroni Olsen; Armistead, Russell Hicks; Cobby, Dickie Jones; Union Soldier, Frank Wilcox; Gaylord, Russell Simpson; Abraham Lincoln, Victor Kilian; Jefferson Davis, Charles Middleton.

"VIVA CISCO KID"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long. Suggested by the character "The Cisco Kid" created by O. Henry. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: Cisco Kid, Cesar Romero; Joan Allen, Jean Rogers; Gordilo, Chris-Pin Martin; Jesse Allen, Minor Watson; Boss, Stanley Fields; Moses, Nigel de Brulier; Gunther, Harold Goodwin; Proprietor, Francis Ford; Pancho, Charles Judels.



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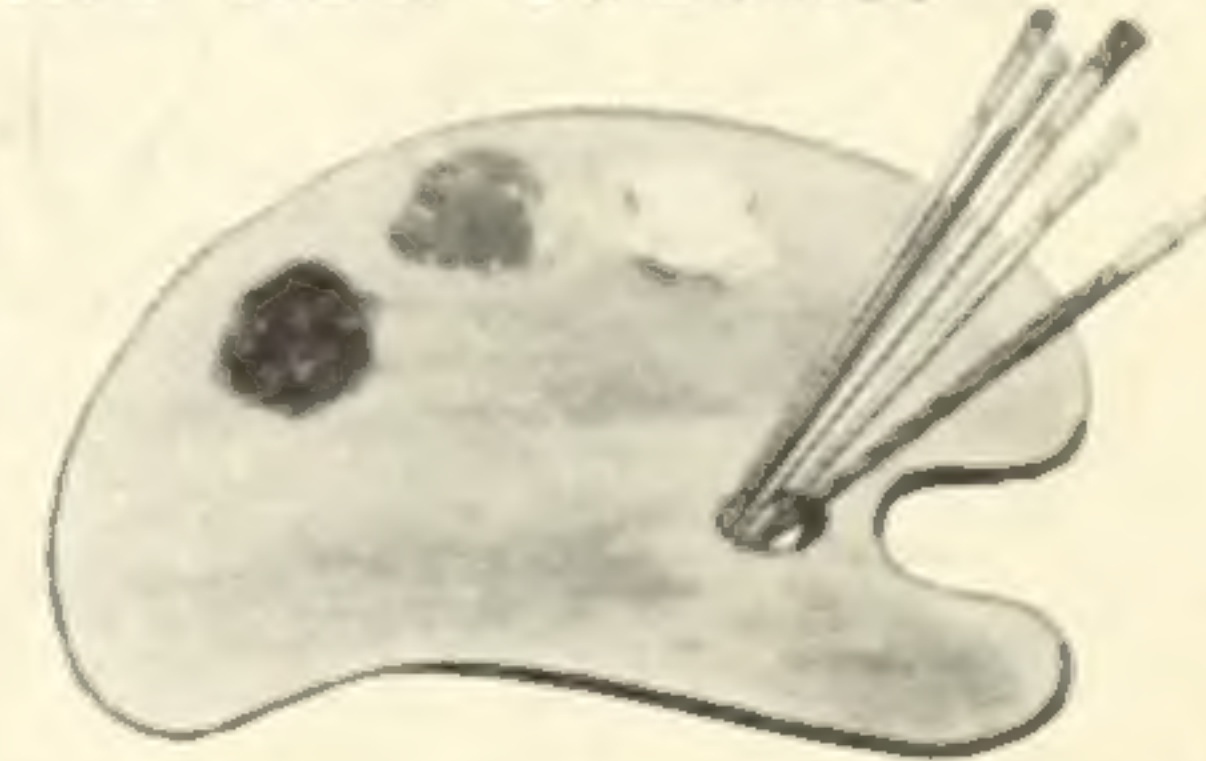
Marjorie Weaver and  
Robert Lowery in 20th  
Century-Fox production  
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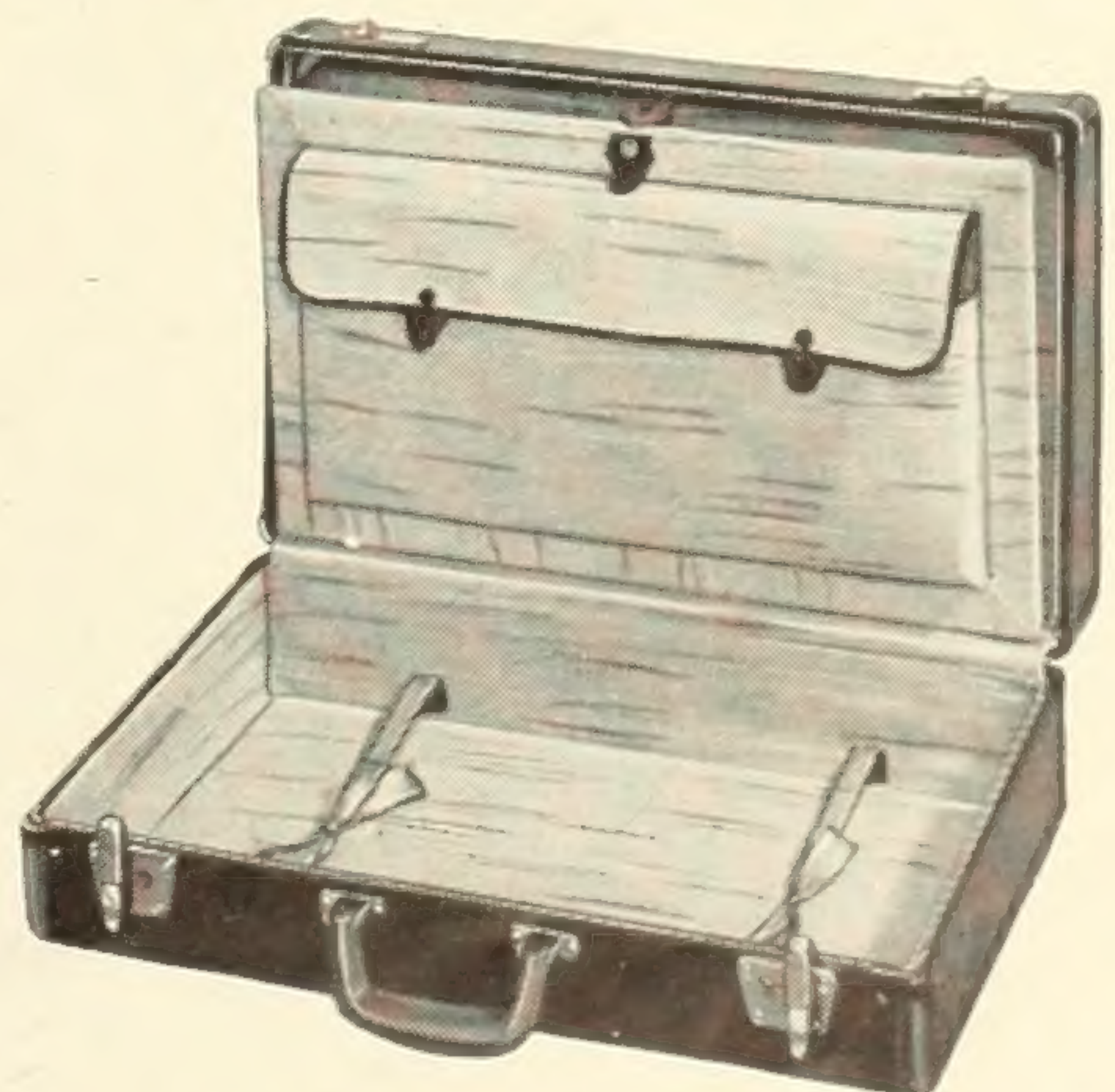
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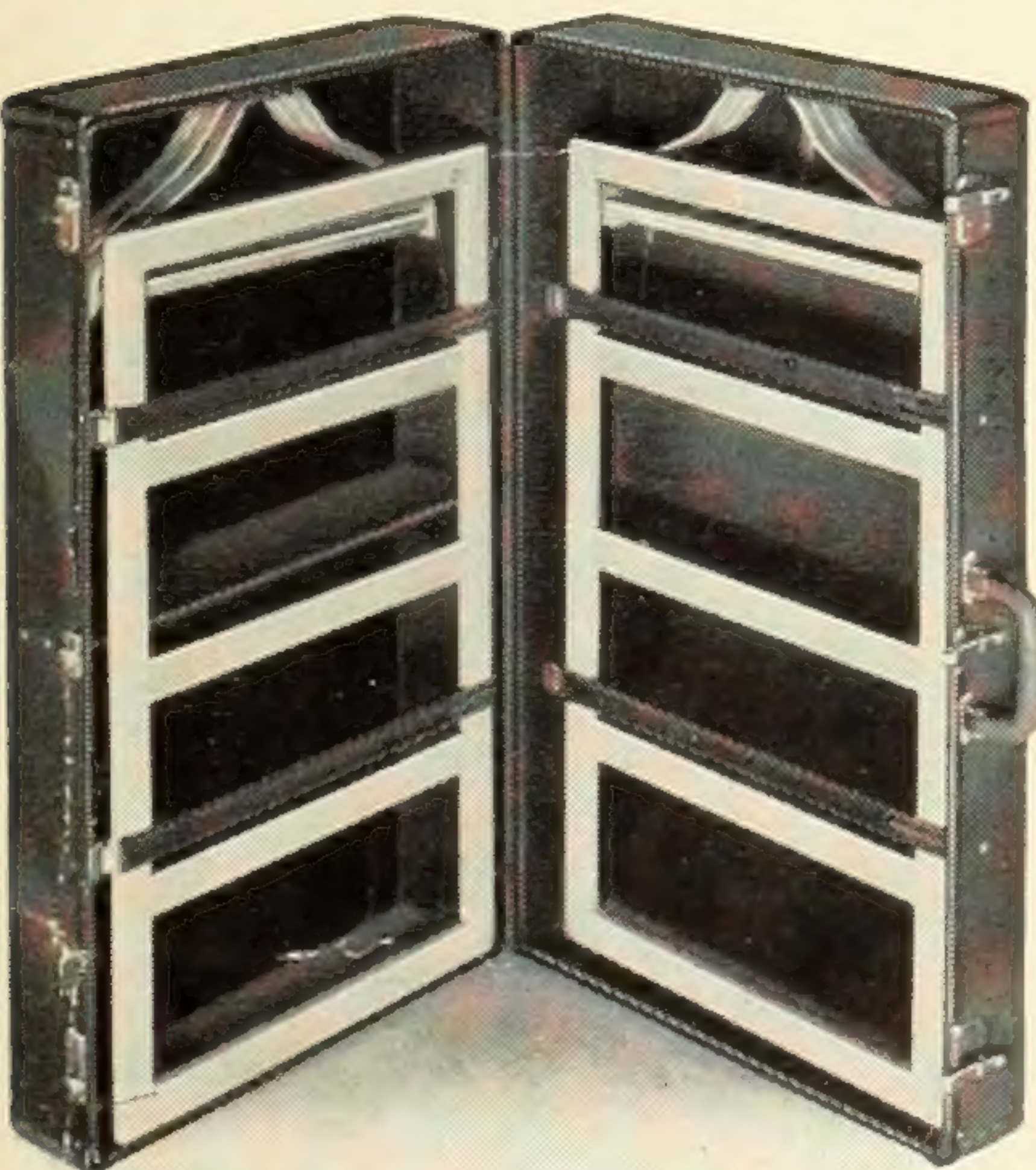


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